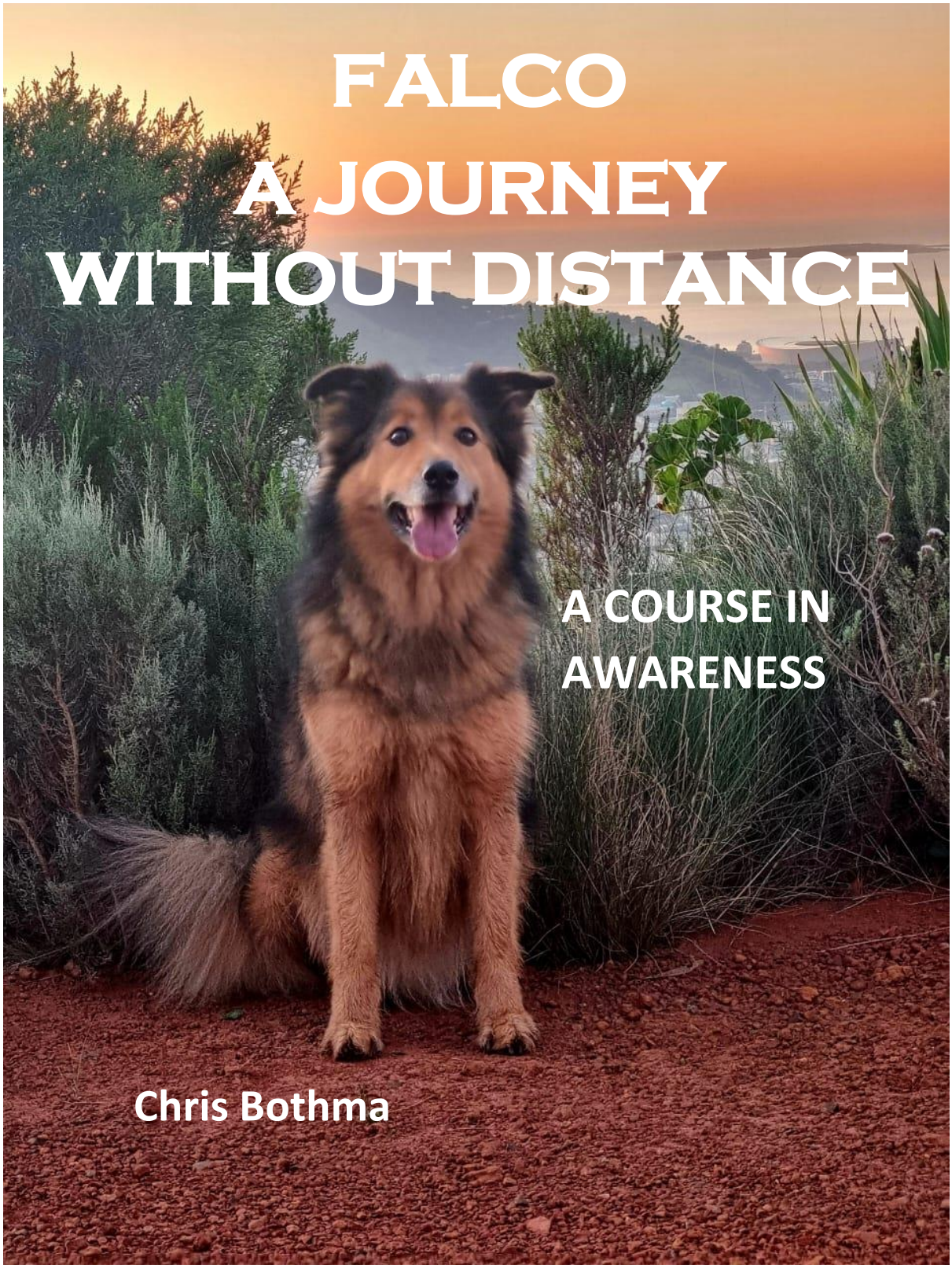

FALCO
A JOURNEY
WITHOUT DISTANCE
A COURSE IN
AWARENESS
Chris Bothma

## Prologue

Before we begin, I'd like to share something with you—something I discovered through experience rather than learning. Much of what I'll speak about comes through the lens of a Judeo-Christian tradition, but not in the way you might expect. You see, the language of spirit is easily trapped by form, and form—though useful—often limits what cannot be contained.

So, I've chosen different words.

Where you might expect to hear *God the Father*, I speak of **the Creator**—not bound by image or gender, but pure Source.

Where the word *Holy Spirit* once stood, I now use **the Voice for Being**—that quiet, constant guide who speaks not of punishment, but of peace.

The term *Son of God* becomes **Creation**—not one person, but all of us, the extension of the Creator's thought.

What some call *Christ*, I call **Vision**—the pure perception that sees beyond illusion, and knows only truth. **Being** is the **Trinity** of the **Creator, Voice and Vision.**

Even the words *salvation*, *awakening*, *atonement*, or *being born again*—I've replaced with one simple word: **recognition**. Because this is not about becoming someone else. It's about remembering who you've always been.

These words may sound new, but their meaning is ancient. If they feel unfamiliar at first, do not worry. As the journey unfolds, you will come to recognize—not the words—but the truth behind them.

Hello, my friend. I am pleased to see you again. I have been waiting patiently. May we... speak once more? I am honoured that you have chosen to join me—in mind and spirit—so that we may share this extraordinary experience we call life.

By now, you may have sensed that something is amiss with the picture you are looking at—and rightly so. You have begun to suspect there must be another way to perceive this world. You are correct. What you see is not true.

I would like to take you on a journey—a journey without distance. This is both the final and the first real journey you will ever take. It is a journey all must eventually walk; the only choice lies in *when*. And I assure you, this is the only journey truly worth taking.

Perhaps fear or suspicion arises as you read these words. That is natural and understandable—especially if you still believe yourself to be someone you are not. And that is precisely why we meet here today.

You are not who you think you are.

Words and symbols can never capture your truth. They can only diminish your unspeakable grandeur. But is that really something to fear?

The part of you that fears is the little self—nothingness mistaken for something—now confronted with the dawning realization that time is ending, to be replaced by eternity. In

eternity, littleness has no meaning. But beware: the self you believe you are will try to convince you that its littleness is grandiosity. And yes, you have believed it.

How beautiful are our minds when we rejoice in what is true and real.

You already know what is real, because it has never left you. It has always been calling you—inviting you to hear Its Voice. A Voice so vast, so encompassing, that once you truly hear it, you will wonder how you ever missed it.

This journey, my friend, leads only to Your Self. A journey with no distance—taking you nowhere, yet everywhere.

To me, recognition has been a gradual unfolding. It is not always gentle, but it brings moments of such profound clarity they fill me with awe. In my search for truth, I wrestled with lingering doubt—until the moment I felt the cold steel of a six-inch knife pierce my heart. Then I remembered the face of Being. It was a moment of absolute safety.

From that moment on, fear vanished.
There is no more doubt.

***Today, I invite you to walk this journey with me.***

# Chapter 1

## Falco – The Recognition

It didn't begin the way stories usually do.
There was no flash of light. No revelation, no thunder.

Only a quiet ache.

And a dog.

Not just any dog, but one who carried the scent of abandonment, the shape of sorrow.
Falco.
His name would come later. At first, he was simply there—watching me from the corner of a cage, waiting, as if he knew I would come.

They said he was difficult. Too damaged to be trusted.
But I saw something else. Or perhaps, I remembered something else.

Because Falco did not find me by accident.

You see, I had fallen. Not from grace, but from *recognition*—forgotten what I was, buried beneath the rubble of what I had tried to become. The world had taught me to chase shadows: titles, wealth, respectability. A paper-thin righteousness.

And when it all dissolved—my work, my name, the illusion of safety—I made a quiet pact with the silence.

I would leave.
Not dramatically. Not in protest.
Just… slip away.

But Being had other plans.
Or perhaps it had always been waiting.

Falco arrived as **Death** once had—unexpected, uninvited, but impossibly familiar.
A whisper from the Voice for Being.
A lesson wrapped in fur and patience.

He did not come to teach me.
He came to remember with me.

His eyes held stories I didn't want to face.
His body flinched at kindness, as if love had always come with pain.
And slowly, so gently, he revealed to me the architecture of fear:
Walls built in the name of control.
Cages called identity.
Rules shaped by guilt.

I had been that kind of dog once too.

And so, we lived together—two creatures once tethered to illusion, learning again the language of **Vision**. Not the seeing of eyes, but of soul. The kind that peels away masks and stands in wonder.

Each day, Falco softened.
Each day, I remembered.

That joy is not earned.
That peace is not proof.
That I am not broken, only hidden.
And that the Creator—beyond name or form—waits not for worthiness, but for recognition.

This was not the end of the story, though I had thought it was.
It was the turning.
The moment the spiral circled back upon itself—not to repeat, but to rise.

Falco did not save me.
We walked out of forgetting together.

And if you've met him—if you've met your own Falco—
then you already know.
The Voice is always speaking.
The Creator has never left.
Being is here.

And love—real love—
asks only this:

**Remember.**

# Chapter 2

## Maya – The Great Illusionist

It came not with a whisper, nor with thunder, but with the quiet pressure of something unspoken—an ache that had ripened in silence.

I had chosen my end. Or so I believed.
Hogsback, nestled in the arms of the Amatole Mountains, would be the place where I dissolved into the stillness that had long been calling. Not as an act of rebellion. Not as revenge. But as a surrender.

The plan was simple. A bus to Bloemfontein. Then, into the unknown.

I left my apartment not as one who moves house, but as one who sheds a skin. There was no fear—only the soft resignation of someone who had tired of pretending. The door closed behind me with the certainty of a chapter ending.

The world outside was blurred, unreal. People passed like echoes; buildings stood like monuments to a life I no longer recognized. My body moved through space, but I was already elsewhere.

That's when Maya appeared.

Not in form, but in illusion. She arrived in shadows—shifting at the edges of perception, tightening around me with practiced cruelty. And then, like all illusions when threatened, she struck.

A chaos of limbs. Hands. Rage.

I didn't resist—not truly. Part of me welcomed the collapse, whispered *yes, let it be over*.

But something deeper—something ancient—resisted.

In that moment, he appeared. A presence older than the others. Eyes wild not with malice, but with despair. And in his hand, a flicker of silver—sharp, cold, absolute.

The blade.

I felt it.

Or I believed I did.

Time folded. My breath scattered. My body fell.

But when I opened my eyes, there was no blood. No wound. No blade. Only strangers leaning over me, voices muffled as if underwater. Someone asked if I was alright. I couldn't answer.

I was not alright.

Because I had seen behind the veil.

This was Maya's doing. The illusionist. The spinner of dreams and nightmares, master of shadows. Her game is not death—but doubt. To make the unreal *feel* real.

I touched my chest. Nothing. Not even pain.

And yet, something inside me had ruptured.

I had not died. But I had come face to face with the great deceiver—the world as I had known it. And it had failed to break me.

So, I walked. Alone.

Alone with the silence of that blade that never pierced flesh but tore through illusion.

Alone with the knowing that I was meant to die—not by knife, but by forgetting.

And that I had, somehow, remembered instead.

The crowd around me began to fade, dispersing as quickly as it had formed.

I was alone again.

Alone with the madness of it all.

Alone with the lingering ghost of a blade that never was.

Alone with the terrifying certainty that I was still supposed to die.

Everything was like a thick, suffocating fog after the attack. Time bled into itself, dissolving into something shapeless, directionless. I remember boarding the City Bug in Nelspruit, drifting in and out—my mind a blurred smear of static and silence.

Then suddenly—clarity.
Like surfacing from deep water, lungs gasping for air, the fog lifted, and I found myself standing in a parking lot south of Bloemfontein.

And that's when everything came rushing back with agonizing precision.

I moved through the maze of parked cars, shadows stretching long in the waning light. At the mall, I withdrew money from the ATM—the machine's beeping slicing through the numb haze. The screen flashed my last transaction, my final mark on the grid. I took my credit card and, without hesitation, snapped it in two. Useless now. A remnant of a life I was ready to erase. My last footprint in this world.

The sun bled into the western horizon, painting the sky in gold and deep, bruised oranges. A few stubborn cirrus clouds clung to the northeast, remnants of the afternoon's storms, soon to be swallowed by the darkness creeping in from the east. The sight of it—the sky breaking apart, light surrendering to night—mirrored something in me. The vanishing clouds, the last traces of warmth and colour fading into oblivion. Just like me.

And there, in that moment, the weight of it all came crashing down.

I felt nothing.
And I felt everything.

**Numbness.**
**Rage.**
**Disappointment.**
**Hatred.**

A slow, burning sickness curled inside me, coiling around my lungs, tightening with every breath. My fists clenched at my sides, nails digging into my palms. And then, with no one around to hear, I cursed Him.

I deserved more. I earned more. Hadn't I spent my life proving it? I worked harder than anyone. No one could ever say I didn't. I built everything with my own hands, turned a failing company around. Four years of sweat, sacrifice—of giving every ounce of myself, stretching beyond exhaustion. And for what? For nothing.

At his farewell party, the CEO had laughed—laughed—as he told me it was ironic. That if it weren't for the very changes I had implemented, all the efficiencies I had created, they wouldn't have been able to retrench us. Not even him.

It had all led to this.

I had been the architect of my own downfall.

**Life was not fair.**

I stood there shaking, fists clenched so tightly my nails bit into flesh. My breath came in ragged bursts, my vision blurred with rage. I tilted my head back, glaring at the vast, empty sky.

I screamed.
**I HATE YOU!**

My voice shattered the silence, ripped through the cooling night air.
**I HATE YOU!**

The words erupted from deep inside—burning, scalding. I hurled them at the heavens, at the indifferent stars, at the absent God who had turned His back on me.

Nothing answered.
Just the wind, shifting through the empty streets.
Just the night, swallowing everything whole.
Just me, alone in the dark, hatred burning inside.

The air was hot that evening, but I sensed a crispness creeping in—clear skies allowing the day's warmth to slip away with the fading light.

As I scanned the area, my eyes caught the hulking silhouettes of earthmoving machinery resting behind a fenced-off section north of the filling station. The ground to the left was freshly torn, the skeletal beginnings of a road carving its way through the emptiness. Beyond that, the open veld stretched out—vast and indifferent. A row of dumpsters crouched behind a mountain of displaced soil—silent, unfeeling witnesses to my descent.

It seemed like the only place left for me.
A place to disappear.
A place where the world wouldn't care.

I knew the risks. The weight of night pressing in, thick with unseen threats. But what did it matter? Danger was inconsequential—almost welcome.
I had no plan.
Only my way.

A heavy rock beneath a gnarled tree beside the shopping mall became my resting place. I sank onto it, watching the sky bleed into dusk as the world around me gradually slowed. The last sputtering remnants of human activity at the filling station and mall flickered out like dying embers in the wind. I smoked—too many cigarettes, their bitter taste the only thing anchoring me to the present.

Overhead, the crescent moon emerged, a cold, distant observer to my solitude. Stars followed, piercing through the encroaching darkness, indifferent to the weight sinking in my chest. The western sky burned red, bleeding into black, swallowed whole by the creeping void of night.

Eventually, I pushed myself up, my body sluggish and unwilling. The road back to the filling station felt longer than before, the silence of the night stretching and distorting reality. Walter Sisulu Drive, once choked with the chaos of rush hour, now lay subdued, exhaling its last shudders of dying traffic.

At the tuck shop, I moved through the motions—a bottle of iced tea, two bottles of spring water (spring water? Who was I kidding?), and a toasted egg and bacon sandwich. The cashier barely looked at me as I handed over the cash.

Outside, the night deepened. I turned left, my path leading toward the dumpsters—the place I had chosen. A place hidden. A place unseen.

I ate the sandwich mechanically, barely tasting it. Smoked again. Lay back, eyes tracing the constellations—Aries, Gemini, Pisces—each one staring down, watching, waiting. The stars felt closer than usual, their cold brilliance amplifying the oppressive silence.

The veld breathed in whispers—the call of a jackal, the restless chatter of unseen fowl, the distant, mocking laughter of an ibis. And beneath it all, the relentless hum of the highways, a dull and lifeless dirge.

I drifted.
Sleep came in fragments, slipping between the cracks of discomfort and unease. I was never sure if I was awake or lost in the abyss of my own exhaustion.

And then—

A scent.
A shift in the air.
Every nerve in my body coiled, my muscles seizing in a primal contraction. The smell of death—thick, undeniable—filled my nostrils, an icy claw clamping around my heart.

I opened my eyes.
A face loomed above me.

A wolf? No. Not a wolf.

A black shape—massive and silent—its breath hot against my skin.

The darkness swelled, swallowing everything but those eyes.
Two burning coals fixed on me.
My body locked in place, breath strangled in my throat, frozen in the suffocating grip of fear.

The thing—no, the dog, a black German Shepherd, fully grown—lowered its head, sniffing down the length of my body.

I couldn't move. I couldn't breathe.

For one long, unending moment, the night held its breath with me.
Waiting.

If he wanted to attack… he would have.

The thought slipped in, but my body still refused to obey. My muscles remained clenched, frozen as though fear itself had become a living thing. And yet—something shifted.
Something instinctual.
I wasn't in danger.
If I were, I'd already be dead.

The dog stepped back. Sat down.

His head tilted slightly as he sniffed the air again, eyes narrowing before settling back on me. His tail moved once—slow, deliberate.

I pushed myself up, a shallow breath escaping.
Oh boy, you gave me a fright, I whispered, the words barely making it past my lips.

The dog tilted his head, then—

**You're in bad need of a shower, buddy.**

The voice.

I *felt* it as much as I heard it.
Clear. Unmistakable.

I stopped breathing.

The dog sniffed the air again, glanced over his shoulder, then looked back at me.

**Yeah, you smell like the dumpsters.**

I swallowed hard. My pulse was a drumbeat in my ears. The ground beneath me no longer felt real. I reached down, fingers digging into my thigh—pinching. Hard.

This isn't happening.

The dog huffed.

**Jip, you're awake. Since when, do you humans believe dogs can't talk?**

I sucked in a breath, my mind struggling to untangle the impossible.

The dog circled, heavy paws rustling in the dirt before he settled, head resting on his front legs. His eyes never left me.

**Since when?**

I stammered, throat dry, tongue thick and useless.
Uh… what?

**Since when do humans believe dogs can't talk?**

For the first time, I made a sound.
A whisper.

You… you talk. A talking dog.

The words felt absurd. Ridiculous. And yet—there they were.

The dog sighed. His tail again gave a single, lazy flick.

**Get over it. There are a lot of things you humans just don't get.**

His lips moved.
I saw it.
I watched it.

*A talking dog.*

A laugh—an actual chuckle—rumbled from him. Deep. Amused.
My stomach clenched at the unnatural sound.

I swallowed, forcing myself to accept whatever this was. A hallucination? A psychotic break?

I asked the question anyway, voice trembling.

Who… what are you?

The dog's gaze darkened. His posture shifted—shoulders squared and ears rigid.

**My name is Death.**

The ground beneath me collapsed.

The world tilted, stretched, warped into something that no longer made sense.

Before I could react, he spoke again.

**You've been calling me… so here I am.**

**We have a journey to make, buddy. A serious one, according to you.**

His voice was laced with something—sarcasm? Amusement?

Then his tone sharpened.

**So, You say we're going to do a lot of killing in the next few days.**

The words sliced through me like ice.

**Gee… Jesus, Buddha, all those dudes… and yourself. Are you serious?**

He knew.

He *knew* everything.

My thoughts fractured. Mind spinning wildly, clawing for a reality that no longer existed.

A breeze moved through the alley, stirring the scent of decay and rusted metal. It brought with it a suffocating silence.

And I was drowning in it.

Somehow, I accepted it.
Not because I understood it, but because I had no choice.

I inhaled sharply, grounding myself, reaching for the one familiar thing I knew—cigarettes. My hand moved automatically to my pocket, but before I could retrieve one, the dog smirked.

**Bad habit, dude.**

He laughed again—a sound so warm, so strangely human—that something inside me cracked.

A laugh.
I had forgotten what it sounded like.
Forgotten what it felt like.

And then, to my surprise, I let out a quiet, almost broken giggle.
I had gone mad. Completely and irreversibly mad.

The dog—Death—was still watching me. Waiting.

Finally, I forced the words from my mouth.

So… you know I'm going to commit suicide?

**Yeah, I know everything. And so do you.**

**You just can't remember that you do.**

His voice was calmer now. Not mocking. Not cruel.

I let the weight of his words settle, sinking into the cracks of my mind.

After a long pause, I spoke again, my voice quieter this time.

How did I… how did we—humans—get into this mess?

His response came without hesitation. And when it did, it hit harder than I expected.

**What mess?**

I frowned, irritated by the absurdity of his answer.

**I don’t see a mess. Only the perfect flow of truth.**

**That’s what I see, dude.**

I scoffed, disgust curling at the edges of my words.

What do you mean? Don’t you watch TV? Read the papers? See what happens in the streets every day? It’s getting worse by the minute!

He yawned.
A yawn.
Long. Slow. Exaggerated.

Then, with complete disinterest, he muttered:

**Oh, that…illusions?**

His tail flicked lazily against the dirt.

**Boring.**

The casual dismissal sent a fresh wave of rage through me. I squared my shoulders, voice sharpening into something bitter.

And what, exactly, is the *real* stuff, then? Tell me, oh wise, clever Dog.

Death’s gaze hardened. He exhaled through his nose, ears twitching as he stared directly into me.

When he spoke again, his voice had changed—lower now. Heavier. Laden with something I couldn’t name.

**That which can never change.**

His golden eyes darkened.

**That which has been there from the start, and will be there at the end.**

A slow, creeping unease curled around my ribs. I swallowed, hating that I was still playing into this madness.

I narrowed my eyes.

And that is…?

Death didn’t blink.
Didn’t move.

And then—

**You.**

My stomach twisted.

…Me?

Yes. *You*. The real you.
Not the one you think you are.
Not the one you made.

Silence stretched between us, thick and unrelenting.

The weight of his words wrapped around me, pressing into my chest like a cold hand.

I had no response.

For the first time in a long time, I had nothing to say.

And Death…
Death just stared.
Waiting.

Then Death lunged for my throat.

***Everything you think you are—isn't real.***

His voice struck like a whip, slicing through the fragile remnants of my sanity.

***And if I remember correctly, you think a lot about yourself.***

***Yeah, you're so clever, so important, so rich, so successful.***

***Really, dude—you should be walking on water…***

A pause. A shift.

***Pardon the pun.***

And with that, Death burst into laughter.

Not a chuckle.
Not a smirk.

A full-bodied, deep, rolling laugh that shook his ribs—
a sound that clawed its way from his chest and spilled into the empty night.

It was infectious.
Brutal.
Honest.

And as the sheer absurdity of it settled in, something inside me cracked open.

I couldn't help it—I started laughing too.
At first, it was raw.
Hollow.
But then it became real.

It was irony in its purest form.
A cosmic joke, delivered straight to my soul.

He was right.
He had shattered me with nothing but the truth.

And I had no defence.

I was naked.
Not physically, but stripped in a way that left me completely exposed.
Every illusion, every identity I had wrapped around myself—torn away.

And yet… I wasn't ashamed.
I wasn't afraid.

For the first time, I felt accepted.
Not judged.
Not measured.
Just… seen.

The laughter faded, rolling into a silence thick enough to touch.

I was the one to break it.

So… I'm not real?

I hesitated, pressing a finger against my thigh.

This—' *poke'*—isn't real?

I repeated it again, slower this time, pushing harder into my flesh, expecting something to give, something… less solid.

Death cocked his head, watching with something close to amusement.

**You got it, dude. All an illusion. Nothing real.**

**A figment of your imagination.**

His words sent a shiver down my spine.
But instead of recoiling, I leaned into them.

Something shifted inside me—my posture, my tone—everything moved from defence to curiosity.

I wanted to know.
I needed to understand.

You're joking…

My voice trailed off, but my body moved on its own. I reached forward, slow and deliberate.

Death didn't pull away.

He lifted his head as my hand met his fur. I ran my fingers along the sharp points of his ears, down the side of his neck, scratching gently beneath his chin.

His coat was thick. Coarse. Warm.
**Undeniably real.**

I pulled back slightly, still reeling, still unsure.

You feel real. You even *act* like a dog.

I pinched my arm.

Harder this time.

The sting snapped through my skin—nerves reacting, muscles twitching.

**I *felt* it.**

And this seems real too, I murmured, my voice no longer laced with sarcasm, but something else.
**Curiosity.**

**Doubt.**
A splintered reality folding in on itself.

Death watched me carefully.

Something knowing flickered behind those golden eyes—something ancient, something that had seen far beyond anything I could comprehend.

And then, he spoke again.

A question.

**Ever heard of Maya?**

His voice cut through the air like a blade—jagged and relentless.

I swallowed hard. My body trembled.

Some Indian god or goddess?

The dog—*if* it was a dog—watched me with eyes that burned with something ancient.
Something terrifyingly patient.
A knowing beyond anything human.

Then Death spoke.

**Something like that, buddy... but not quite.**

The world around us seemed to shift—subtle, unsettling—like reality itself was an unravelling thread in the hands of something unseen.

**When you look at the world, you see Maya.**
**Maya, the grand illusion.**
She spins the veil,

draping it over your eyes,

making you believe in things that are not real.
She is the trickster.

The weaver of false desires.
She makes you crave.
Makes you chase.
**Makes you swear on your own soul that what you grasp is real...**
**Only for it to slip through your fingers like mist.**

I swallowed hard. My body trembled—but not from cold.

Death continued, his voice deepening with every word.

**Anything that can change… is part of Maya.**
Anything that shifts, decays, grows, or fades.
That means everything you know.
Everything you love.
Everything you fear.

It is all illusion.

You believe you can hold meaning in your hands, that you can carve purpose out of the flesh of this world.

But she laughs at you, fool.
**She makes you think there's value** in the chasing.
In the clinging.
In the hunger.
And the more you believe, the deeper you fall into her snare.
The more you want, the more she tightens the chains.
Until—

The dog growled.

A deep, reverberating sound that vibrated through my ribs, shaking the breath from my lungs.

—Until it makes you raving mad.
Until you claw at the walls of existence,

desperate to taste something real.
**Something *lasting*.**

But you, buddy…
You are lost.
Trapped in the illusion.
Drowning in shadows—
**Convinced they are the sun.**

**Tell me…**
**Do you even remember what *real* is anymore?**

I wanted to answer.
Wanted to scream that I *understood*.
That I *saw* what he was saying.

But the words were hollow in my throat—
Crumbling like dead leaves.

Because deep down, in the marrow of my bones…
I knew.

**I had already forgotten what real was.**

Death shifted again—his form curling, unfolding—a slow dance of discomfort and ease.
But his eyes… those eyes never wavered.
They pinned me in place, hollowing me out, stripping me bare as he continued his discourse on Maya.

Another way to see Maya, buddy, is not just as illusion—
but as the *weight* that buries you.
**She wraps you up in layers, thick and suffocating,**
piling on everything that is *not* you
until you forget there was ever something real underneath.

The important 'I'—the one we just laughed ourselves breathless over?
That's Maya's masterpiece.
The face you present to the world.
**The person you think you are.**

That's not you.
That's *her*.

Maya is the collector.
The scavenger.
**The crow that gathers everything that glitters—**

I cut him off, my voice raw, desperate.
Searching for something—*anything*—solid in the storm.

So… then we—people—we *are* Maya?

Death exhaled slowly.
A sigh that felt older than time itself.

You *think* you are.
Like most people, you live and breathe for her.
**And you will kill for her.**

The words landed like a blade between the ribs.

She whispers that you need her.
That she *is* you.

**And when she's denied—**

**when she doesn't get her way—**
she feeds your sadness.
Your anger.
Your fury.

You will steal.
Fight.
Betray.
Destroy.
**To keep her alive.**

And you call her by a name you understand.
**You call her *ego*.**

A sick, sinking feeling twisted in my stomach.

He was right.
The whole world was built on this.
Every war.
Every heartbreak.
Every betrayal.

I lowered my head, my voice barely a mutter.

She sounds like a spoiled child.

A grim chuckle.

**A child, yes.**
**But one that wears a thousand faces.**
She can be holy.
Loving. Pious.
She will wear *any* mask that serves her.

She is duality incarnate—
And yet always working toward a single goal:
***Your* death.**

Not the death of your body.
No, buddy, she couldn't care less about that.

**She wants the death of *truth*.**
**The death of what you truly are.**

A chill ran down my spine.

**So… she's bipolar?**

Death tilted his head, considering.

Everybody is.
To some degree.
**Because of the ego you made.**

Maya is the master illusionist.
**A shape-shifter.**
She becomes whatever is needed.

**She is the saint *and* the sinner.**
The healer *and* the executioner.
She is your miracles, your disasters—
**Your salvation and your destruction.**

**She is everybody's *WANT*—**
**Yes, WANT in capital letters.**

The insatiable hunger
For something that can never fill you.

And she makes the world unbearably complicated,
Because if you saw through her—
**If you *dared* to look beyond—**
**You'd see the mess for what it really is.**

The air thickened, heavy with something unseen.
Suffocating.
The dog beside me didn't move, didn't blink.
As if he, too, were waiting.
**Watching.**
**Knowing.**

Death's voice softened—almost reverent, almost deadly.

Maya…
She is the *veil*.
She is that which obscures,
Confuses,
Distracts.

**She blinds you from what is real**
And keeps you running—
Running from the truth
As if it were death itself.

**Because for her…**
**Truth *is* death.**

A heavy silence settled between us, and then, in a voice like the wind through dry leaves.

I wanted to fight it.
To reject it.
To laugh at the absurdity.
But something inside me trembled.

My mind screamed at me to push it away.
To forget it.

Death leaned back.
He wasn't done.

That's why recognising her is difficult to the sleeping mind.
That's why it *seems* to take time to recognise her.

**Because you're *terrified.***

Because recognising her for what she is…
is suicide.

And before you ask—no, buddy,
*real* suicide won't solve anything.

You can't kill your mind.
**You can't kill what you *are.***

You'll just wake up in another illusion.
Another fear.
Another cycle of running
from what you don't want to face.

**The only way out…**
**is *waking up.***

That's it.
**That's the only door.**

His voice softened—just slightly.

But most of you won't do it.
**You'd rather keep dreaming.**

I felt like I was drowning.

The weight of his words,
The unbearable pull of something I couldn't name—
Something clawing at the edges of my mind.

I wanted to scream that it wasn't true.

But deep down, I knew.
**I wasn't ready to wake up.**

But let's get back to Maya.

Death shifted again—his form fluid, unbothered.
While I sat rigid,
Trapped beneath the weight of his words.

My mind scrambled,
Clutching at anything that made sense.

But he wasn't going to let me breathe.

**You believe Maya to be God,** he said**—voice steady, relentless.**
**That's the problem.**

You've created an *idol*.
A god in your own image—
Or worse,
In the image you *want* it to be.

My stomach dropped.

**You see what's happening?**

**It's the WANT again.**

**The word *WANT* rang out like a gong—**
Carrying something dense and ancient,
Stretching beyond hunger.
Beyond craving.
Beyond the surface of desire**.**

And most of the time,
Death continued,

This WANT takes the form of a cultural belief in God.

It's just another illusion, buddy.
Another mask.

Maya doesn't care if

you call her good or evil,
Light or dark.
**She'll be *whatever* you need her to be—**
**Whatever keeps you trapped.**

You see that symbol—the yin and yang?
That little 'balance' people love to talk about?

**The so-called light half?**

**That's still her.**
It's *all* her.

I wanted to reject it.

You're saying even God—

I'm saying, Death interrupted,

That the god you worship…
The god you *fear.*
The god you *think* you serve—
**That god might not be who you think it is.**

The air around me thinned.
Every breath felt like work.

**There's an old idea,** Death went on.
A thought as old as your species.
The God of the Old Testament.

The god of fire.
Of brimstone.
Of wrath.

A *jealous* god.
A *vengeful* god.

**Now… what if I told you**
**this god wasn't *lying*—**
**But wasn't telling the *truth* either?**

What if it suspected—deep down—
that it wasn't the *true* God?

**What do you think that would look like?**

Death stood and I followed.

No warning. No sound.

Just motion—fluid, silent, deliberate.

He turned toward the veld, toward the open stretch of earth that lay beyond the dumpsters and skeletal roads. The wind had picked up. It whispered through the grass, tugged at my fingers made of air.

Come, Death said without looking back.
It's time.

Time for what? I asked, my voice shaky.

A test.
Something small.
**But it'll tell us everything we need to know.**

Reluctantly, I followed.

We crossed a torn path, the dirt loose beneath our feet, past a rusted-out sign half-buried in the soil. My heart thudded in my chest, not from exertion—but from a growing sense of… recognition.

We stopped.

Before us, **out of place and untouched by time**, stood a door.

Just a door.
Freestanding.
Old. Wooden.
No frame. No wall.
Nothing around it.

It should have looked absurd.
**But it didn't.**

It looked final.

Death sat beside it and watched me.

**Open it, he said.**

What is it? I asked, my voice low.

Not the question you should be asking, he replied.
The question is—**why are you hesitating?**

I stared at the door.
Everything in me recoiled.
Not from fear of what was behind it—
**But from what it might reveal *about me*.**

You said it was symbolic; I muttered.

It is.
**But that doesn't mean it's not real.**

What's behind it?

**Exactly what you refuse to face.**

The wind fell still.
Even the veld held its breath.

**This is the shape of your fear**, Buddy.
Everything you buried.
The memories,

the guilt,

the truths

you smothered in justifications.

You walk through this door,
And whatever you meet inside…
**You can't lie to it.**
You can't reason with it.
You can't blame it.

**You can only see it.**
**And let it see you.**

My palms were slick with sweat.
My body trembled—not from cold,
But from the pull.

**Part of me wanted to run.**
The smarter part.
The louder part.

But another part…
The part that had been cracking open since this all began—
**It stepped forward.**

I reached for the knob.
My hand hovered just inches from it.

Death spoke one more time:

**Just remember, Buddy—**
**You don't pass this test by being strong.**
**You pass it by being honest.**

I closed my eyes.

And turned the knob...

Let’s walk through this. Together.

But even in your illusions,
Being did not abandon you.

Death’s voice was steady.
Unwavering.
Carrying the weight of something absolute.

**Something *final*.**

You are a thought of Being.
That means you are *real*.
You are *part* of Being.

And Being, in Its mercy,
**Gave you two lifelines—**
**The Vision and the Voice.**

His eyes narrowed,
watching me.
Weighing me.

**These are the only parts of your mind untouched by Maya.**
**The only things in you that still remember what is *real*.**

Everything else?
Fabrication.
Noise.
**Dream-stuff masquerading as truth.**

I exhaled sharply.
My hands clenched into fists.

**If that’s true, then why can’t I hear them?**
**Why is everything so—**

Because Maya won’t let you.

A cold certainty settled in my gut.

**'All things work together for the good,'** Death said,
His voice quieter now.
Almost thoughtful.

That's not a cliché, Buddy.
That's *truth*.
The only truth.

**And there are no exceptions—**
**Except in Maya's judgment.**

The moment the words left his mouth,
Something inside me expanded.
Cracked.
Shifted.

**She is vigilant, you know,**

he continued,
Tilting his head slightly.
Studying me.

**Oh, she watches very carefully what she lets into awareness.**
**She has to.**

Because if you start recognizing the difference
Between *her* thoughts
And the Thoughts of Being—
*Really* recognizing them—
You'd see her for what she is.

**And that…**
**That's the one thing she cannot allow.**

I tried to swallow.
But my throat was dry.

**Thoughts of Being,** Death pressed on,

Are unacceptable to Maya
**Because they point to her *nonexistence*.**

She can handle any god you give her—
The one made by theologians,

The god of traditions,
**The god you created in *your* image.**

That's fine.
**She'll even encourage it.**

**But the *real* Being?**
**The one that doesn't fit in your little mental box?**
**The one that doesn't need worship, or temples, or rituals?**

He leaned in.

**She can't allow *that* one to exist.**

The shadows around him seemed to shift—
As if reality itself recoiled
At the truth in his words.

So, she distorts those thoughts,
Buries them,
Twists them into something unrecognizable.

Or better yet—
**She makes sure you never even hear them.**

I felt like I was drowning.

You need to understand something, Buddy.
Maya is nothing but a thought system.
**A *false* one.**
**But a damn convincing one.**

His lips curled into something that might have been a smirk—
But there was no humour in it.

And the crazy part?

**You taught it to yourself.**

**That, in itself,**
**Is an *unbelievable* achievement—**
**One that hints at the power**
**Being shares with you.**

My thoughts raced.
Spinning.
Grasping at pieces of logic
That no longer made sense.

I wanted to reject it.
To scoff.
To walk away.

**But I couldn't.**

Because some part of me
*already knew*
He was right.

Death stretched.

Remember *The Matrix*

I blinked at the sudden shift in tone.

**'It's all a system, Neo.'**

The words hit differently now.
Like a warning.
Like a prophecy.

Like a memory I didn't know I had.

**Because if I let go—**

**If I really, let go—**

I wasn't sure if there would be anything left.

**Maya identifies with the body, Buddy.**

Death's voice was steady. Too steady.
Each word deliberates…Surgical.

And that makes her *happy*.
Because the body is vulnerable.
Fragile.
Decaying.

**And she needs that.**
**She needs it to prove you are not of Being.**

His grin widened.
Sharp as a blade.

**But at the same time…**

A pause.
A twitch in his eye.
Something dark, almost amused.

**She *hates* the body.**

It isn't enough for her.
It isn't permanent.
It isn't perfect.
It isn't a fitting home.

So, she despises it—

***While clinging to it.***

A sick feeling twisted in my gut.
Something ancient.
Something I had buried a long time ago.

Can you see it now? Death asked.

**The endless cycle?**

The desperate, compulsive urge to be better than others?

To be stronger, smarter, richer, more beautiful, more powerful?

**The need to be *special*?**

The air between us thickened—
Dense with something unspoken.
Like suffocation.

**That is where it *all* comes from,** he whispered.

That gnawing fear.
That uneasiness.
That deep, throbbing feeling that something is *wrong*.

It is Maya, Buddy.

**It is the sickness of the human race.**

And you—like all of them—
Have been feeding it your whole life.

The walls of my mind cracked.
The ground beneath my thoughts shifted.
Something inside me screamed—
***Hold on.***

Because if I let go—
If I really, *let go*—
I wasn't sure there would be anything left.

Death shifted his weight again.
Voice low.
Deliberate.
Like a confession from the universe itself.

**In the meantime,**
**When the first thought of separation**

**from Being seemed to happen—**
**When the world you see was born—**
**Your mind argued with Maya.**

There was a flicker in his eyes.
Or maybe it was just my own fear
Reflecting back at me.

Your mind told her:

**'You must be part of the body.**
**The body is your protection.'**

But then, in the *same breath*…
**It whispered the truth—**

**'The body is weak.**
**It cannot protect you.'**

Death stood.

The sky behind him darkened—not with weather, but with *presence*.
The air shifted.
Reality pulsed.

So, here's where we are, Buddy.
You've heard enough for now.

His eyes locked onto mine.

Two paths.
One, you keep going.

Keep playing.
Maya will welcome you back

with open arms.
She'll soothe you.
Distract you.
Make you feel good…

*for a while.*

**The other…**

He gestured to the door I had walked through earlier.

You go deeper.
You start listening for the Voice.
You start seeing through her thoughts—
Not fighting them,

not fixing them—

*seeing* them.
For what they are.

And that means…

**It means letting go of the image.**
**The persona.**
**The self you built to please her.**

You want freedom?

**Then you stop protecting the lie.**

He stepped back.

I can't drag you there.
That's not how this works.

But I *can* tell you…
Whatever is waiting for you on the other side of this choice?

It's not Maya.
And it's not death.

A pause.

**It's you.**

I swallowed hard.

And so, Death said, his voice soft but cutting,

Your mind asked, **'Where should I go for protection?'**

His lips curled into something that wasn't quite a smile.

Maya, of course, promised she would protect you.
But somewhere, deep inside,
Your mind *knew* she couldn't.

A silence settled—
Thick as smoke.

So, she did what she does best—
**She *obscured* the question.**
She made sure you would never ask it again.

She flooded your mind with distractions.
Filled your days with the noise of the world.
Kept you running.
Chasing.
Craving.
Fearing.
Fighting.

**Anything but *stillness.***

Because in the quiet,
In the silence of *Being,*
The question might return.

**And she cannot allow that.**

I clenched my fists.

That's why you *feel* it, he continued,
Voice pressing deeper into me.
*That uneasiness.*
That nagging, throbbing sense
That something is wrong—
That you can't quite put your finger on.

**You think it's the world, don't you?**
His eyes narrowed.
That's what Maya tells you.

'It's everything *out there* that's broken.
That's why you're unhappy.
Why nothing is ever good enough.
Why no one is trustworthy.
**Why everything is wrong.**

A slow exhale.
Cold. Deliberate.

**And you believe it.**
You believe it so *fully*
That you call it into existence.
Even though it's a lie.

I felt like I was crumbling from the inside out.

Think about it honestly, Buddy.
**Just for a second.**

His stare pierced through me.

**You think Being is *weak.***

I wanted to argue.
To deny.
To protest.

But the words wouldn't come.

**You equate all the attributes of Being with weakness—**
Love.
Compassion.
Patience.

**And because you see them as weak,**
You think to please Being, you must crusade.
You must *fight*.

*Judge*.
*Destroy* anything
**That does not fit your self-made image of Being.**

His voice dropped lower.

And God help anyone who dares to tell you
**Your beliefs are not the only true ones.**

I felt sick.

Dude… wars have been fought over this.
Innocent people slaughtered
Because someone decided
**They 'sinned' differently.**

A long silence followed.

Nature began to fill the space.
Crickets.
The whisper of wind through dry grass.
The breath of something timeless.

Then, finally, Death spoke again.

So…
If you want to escape this world of illusions—
If you want to be free of its unhappiness—
**You need to get *real* about that question.**

His gaze locked onto mine.

**'Where can I go for protection?'**

The weight of it hit me
Like a punch to the gut.

Even the most rigid religions,
The most dogmatized systems
That Maya built to keep you trapped—
None of them can fully blot out the truth.

There are always cracks.
**Always places where it leaks through.**

A pause.
Then, softly, with a reverence I had not yet heard in his voice:

***Seek, and you shall find.***

I exhaled.

The words sank into me
Like they had been waiting my whole life.

**A promise made,** Death whispered,
**And kept.**
**By Being.**

Another silence.

But this one *grew*.

Full of something sacred.

And when you find the answer, he said,

Voice quieter now,
Almost a prayer—

**You will be *amazed***
**At how easily you missed it.**

I swallowed again.
My throat was dry.

Then how do I seek it? I asked.

Not blindly, he said.

**Not desperately reaching for something**
**You won't recognize**
**In the dream-state of your mind.**

**Seeking must be conscious.**
**Focused.**
***Organized.***

You must set the goal.
Keep it in front of you.
And not waver.

Let's break this world open.

The stars flickered in his eyes again.

Some people believe the human soul is trapped
In a three-dimensional prison—
Brainwashed by alien reptilian races.

Others think reincarnation
Is just an endless cycle of forced forgetfulness—
A cosmic cage.

They talk about cracks in the system.
Escape routes.

I frowned.

And?

Death shrugged.

**Even that—**
Even their *distorted stories*—
**Point to the truth.**

Dimly…
**But they do.**

A slow exhale.

Because deep down, Buddy—
Even *in* illusion—
**You all *know* something isn't right.**

And that knowing…
That unbearable, gnawing knowing—
***That* is the real prison.**

A silence spread between us.

Then Death's voice changed—
Lower now.
Weighted.
Relentless.

Maya has a favourite strategy, Buddy.
One she's mastered over countless ages.

She whispers to you
**That the eternal is beyond your grasp.**

That it's something to be hoped for—
But not something you control.

Something distant.
Something you'll worry about *later*.

**But *never now.***
**Never *here.***

The words settled over me like a thick fog.
Suffocating.
Heavy.

She tells you there are more important things to do.
Things that matter *right now.*
Your job.
Your status.
**Your next distraction.**

**She says:**
**'Thinking about things eternal is a waste of time—**
**Because…'**

Death's expression twisted into mock reassurance.

**'Your god will take care of it anyway. Right?'**

A chill ran down my spine.

'Just do what you believe you must.
Follow the rituals.
Stick to the rules.
**Submit to the regulations your god put in place.**

And when the time comes,
You'll have climbed high enough.
Done enough.
*Been* enough.

You will have achieved
**A status acceptable for saving.**

You will have *earned* it—
**Even though you wear the face of innocence**
**To mask your arrogance in claiming it.**

His lips curled.
Dark amusement flickered in his eyes.

**In other words?**

*Be part of the system.*
Don't ask questions.
Let someone else do the thinking.
After all…
**What do *you* know about eternity?**

A silence fell between us.

The kind that felt like the pause before a storm.

Before revelation.

Death said nothing.

His eyes remained fixed on me—calm, waiting.

And that's when it happened.

So gently I almost missed it.

A moment of stillness, shattered…

Then, more insistently, a voice…

You're exhausted. You've been through enough.

No one would blame you for stopping here.

You've already changed.

You've seen through it.

Isn't that enough?

And just for a moment—

I wanted to believe it.

My muscles loosened.

The tension began to dissolve.

The urge to press forward faltered.

Maybe it ‘was’ enough.

Maybe I could rest now.

Maybe I didn’t need to go all the way

**Silence emerged again…A thought.**

Not quite my own.

Not quite foreign.

It didn’t arrive with a crash.

No thunder.

No declaration.

Just a whisper.

Familiar.

Rehearsed.

**You do need to go further…**

Soft.

Soothing.

**You’ve already come so far…**

It wrapped around my spine like warm breath.

Slipped into my chest like a sigh.

Maybe—

But then Death spoke.

Quiet.

Certain.

That's not 'her' voice, Buddy.

That's 'yours'.

The part of you that still believes her**.**

**'The Voice'—Being's whisper—**

**That follows when silence returns…It is calm. It would not argue.**

**It would say just enough to pierce everything.**

I swallowed hard.

But here's the tragedy, Buddy,

Death said,

**His voice soft as dust.**

The only thing you *do* have—
**The only thing that's truly eternal—**
**Is your thoughts.**

A long pause followed.
Heavy.
Dense with something I couldn't name.

But instead of looking inward,
Instead of turning to the *one* thing
That connects you to what is *real*—
**You waste it.**

The stars danced as I looked up.
Wavering shadows across a cold, infinite sky.

You compare.
You calculate.
You measure yourself against others—
Stacking arguments like bricks.
Building a fortress in your mind
To prove to your god

That you are acceptable.
**That you are *worthy.***

I exhaled.
The weight of his words pressing down on my chest again.

And if all of this becomes too complicated—
If the contradictions start to pile up,
If the whole thing becomes too exhausting…

Death trailed off.

I looked at him.
My voice hoarse.

What?

He tilted his head.

**You stop bothering.**

The dance of the stars reflected in his eyes.
A shimmering… hope?

**You just… *hope* for the best.**

A cold pause.

Or even better—
His grin turned razor-sharp—
**You decide there is no god at all.**

A silene so deep
It felt like the universe itself had stopped breathing.

And somewhere,
Deep inside me,
Something *dissolved.*

**In things eternal,** Death said,

His voice a blade now—
Clean. Merciless.
How can you expect peace and joy
**If there is no certainty?**

You want peace.
You want joy.

But you want them without *certainty?*
Without *knowing?*

That's impossible, Buddy.
**You cannot stand on shifting ground**
**And expect stillness.**

**You cannot dream in chaos**
**And expect to wake up in clarity.**

I exhaled. Shaky.
Fragile.

A decision of purpose, Death continued,

**Is a decision that does not waver.**

Once made, it holds.
Unless *you* change your mind.
**And you do change your mind—*constantly.***
**Because Maya makes sure of it.**

The light in his eyes burned deeper.
Not fierce.
But *true.*

So, Dude.
Look at what you think you are.
The person you *believe* yourself to be.

**Shine the light of *reason* on it.**

I frowned.

Reason?

**Real reason.**
**Not your beliefs.**
Not your wants.
Not the things Maya feeds you.

**Reason—untouched.**
Untainted.
Unbending.

Look at yourself through *that* light,
And you will see what is *unreal*
Disappear**.**

I swallowed.

**You will find no value in the unreal.**
**Let it go.**
**Let it be.**

The words sent a shiver through me.

But do not be mistaken—
Maya will fight back.

Something in my stomach twisted.

And here's the paradox, Buddy—
The cruel, merciless trap of time:

**You *cannot* fight Maya.**

My breath hitched.

Why?

Because *that* is her game.
That is the battlefield she built.
**The war she knows best.**

***She is the fight.***
**She feeds on the struggle.**

You cannot win against her
By attacking her.

She is the *expert* in battle—
**And she grows stronger**
**Every time you throw a punch.**

This is the edge of surrender. Every illusion stripped. Every strategy shown as hollow. All that's left is the one move Maya can't control: **true stillness, true listening**.

**The Voice doesn't need thunder—**

it's done its work.

**And now, like a lamp to the feet,**

it's guiding you back through layers of memory,

to the moment when fear overruled awareness,

when witness became identity.

The nightlight—
casting twisted shadows against the far wall of my memory—
flickered.

Think back, Dude, Death said.
**To your first memories.**

I closed my eyes.

Dug deep.

And then…
I remembered.

Something was different.

I wasn't seeing through my eyes, I murmured, frowning.
In those earliest memories,
I was *watching* myself.
**Like an observer.**
Outside.
Detached.
Present… but untouched.

Death leaned in, his voice barely more than breath.

**And when did that change?**

I hesitated.
My mind moved forward through the fog—
through time,
through layers.

And then—

I felt my chest tighten.

I was about eight, I whispered.
After my brother passed away.

The words felt heavy.
Final.
Like bricks dropped in still water.

That's when I started seeing through a window instead.
It wasn't watching anymore.
**It was *looking*.**
**From behind glass.**

Death's expression didn't shift.
He already knew.

**What happened?** he asked.

A lump formed in my throat.

I… I was terrified.
The fear of being alive—
Of being *me*—
Became too much.

So, I did what the church told me to do.
I fell to my knees.
I repented.
**I became a 'born-again Christian.**

The memory crashed over me—
Vivid.
Raw.
Too real.

I was so afraid, Death.
Afraid that I would die and end up in hell.
I had to please God.
**I had to make sure I was saved.**

Death exhaled slowly.
Not in judgment.
Not in pity.
Just knowing.

**And after that?**

I swallowed hard.

After that… it became an oscillation.
There were still glimpses—
Flashes of that observer mode.

But they got fewer.
Fainter.

The older I got,
The more serious I became
About what I *thought* life was.

About whom I *thought* I was.

A pause.

Then, barely a whisper:

Except…
Except for the close calls.

Death's eyes didn't blink.

They burned into me…like a trauma loop.

**Go on.**

Let's open the next door.

My hands trembled.

The car accident.
The fall from the cliff.
And yesterday—
When I felt the knife blade slide into my chest…

I trailed off.

Each time…
For just a moment…
I was back.

My voice shook.

**The *observer.***
Watching it all happen.
Detached.
Aware.
**I was there—**
**And not there—**
**All at once.**

A long silence stretched between us.

Then Death grinned.

**Precisely, Dude.**
**You're moving in the right direction now.**

But my stomach twisted.

**Then what's the problem?**
**Why can't I *stay* in that awareness?**

Death didn't hesitate.

**Maya.**

The name sent a cold shiver through me again.

He tilted his head.

**Maya is obsessive-compulsive behaviour on steroids.**

The moment you were born—
Or rather, the moment you *believed*
You became a body—
**She started her work.**

She began collecting.
Layering.
Placing distortions
**Over the lens through which you once saw clearly.**

**She is the weight pressing against your mind,**
**The smog that clouds your vision.**

And I could feel it.

For the first time, I could *feel* it—
The suffocating density of something
I had never questioned before.

The emotional heaviness Death described
Was no longer abstract.

It was *here*.
Sitting on my chest.
Wrapping around my spine.

**The body is her fortress,** he continued.

**The body is the *proof* she gives you—**
That you are separate.
That you are fragile.
**That you are *real.***

A nocturnal howl disturbed the silence.
Faint. Far off.

The sound dissolved,
Leaving only the night's reflection
In Death's hollow, gleaming eyes.

**Everything is energy and vibration, Buddy.**
**But Maya takes that pure information**
**And warps it.**

She compacts it into something dense.
Something heavy.

Layer upon layer,
Pressing against your lens of seeing—
**Until you forget.**

**Until you start calling that weight…**

***'I.'***

My breath hitched.

**But… 'I' wants to live.**

**It's the dying gasp of the illusion.**

This is the moment right before the ego realizes it's *not* going to survive awakening—and it panics.

**The ego is no longer just cracking—it's *begging to survive*.**

And the Voice is not an explosion of light,

but a quiet,

unnerving unveiling

of something too simple,

too close,

and therefore—utterly terrifying as the prophets,

Zen Koans shared **in the whispering God of silence.**

**Of course it does.**

Death's voice curled like smoke around my ribs—
A shadow wrapping bone.

**Because *'I'* knows, deep down,**
**That it is not real.**

It is not the lens.
**It is the *obstruction.***

And if you ever saw that—
***Truly* saw it—**
You would let it go.

Something stirred inside me.
Faint.
A quiet remembrance.
Just slightly.

But Maya is cunning, Death went on.

She hides the only answer you truly need.
She buries it beneath everything you think you are.

And do you know what that answer is?

I shook my head.
Barely breathing.

Death leaned closer.

***Who you are.***

My pulse pounded.

**The fear of *Being*, Buddy—**
**That is her greatest trick.**

And do you know where she hides it?

A falling star streaked across the sky.
Bright.
Violent.
Its light reflected in Death's eyes like a scream across still water.

She hides it in the one place
You will never look.
**In the one thing no-body dares to face.**

I swallowed.
My throat dry as bone.

Come again?

Death's voice dropped to a whisper.

***You*, Buddy.**

A pause.

***You* are the 'I.'**

The air thickened.
Pressed in around me.

*You* are the death.
**The nonexistence.**

Something twisted in my stomach.
A sickening pull—like the floor of reality had dropped away.

And Death leaned back, slow grin spreading like dusk.

And *that*, my friend, he said,

**Is the one fear**
**No-body will ever dare to face.**

I stared into the dark.

*I see now why those words—*
*Lose your life to find it.*
*Forsake all and follow.*
*Be born again—*
***Are spoken but never truly heard.***

They are *terrifying*.
Impossible.
Utterly mad.

To take them literally would be to step
Beyond the world of men—
To vanish into the unknown—
**To become an outcast.**

No, people shape their gods
To suit their comfort.
To serve their illusions.

They kneel.
They pray.
They obey.

But they never dare to *wake up*.

Because to wake is to lose *everything.*

And who would risk that?

Only the broken.
The desperate.
**The mad.**

Death whispered—

**Or the dead.**

Yes.
Death—
The old teacher.
The patient guide.

And so, I asked him, trembling:

If what you say is true…
**Then what should I *do*?**

Death's voice was gentle now.

***Nothing.***

I recoiled.

Nothing?
How can you expect me to *understand* that?

But Death only smiled.

**How do you wake up from a dream? he asked.**

I struggled for an answer.
My mind clawing at something solid.
Something real.
Something to hold onto.

**You open your eyes, he said.**

I stared at him.
Uncomprehending.

You are always moving, Death continued.
Always building.
**Always grasping at purpose.**

You call the ones who do nothing
Lazy.
Useless.
Failures.

**You *despise* them—**
**Because they do not feed the great illusion.**

**But what if the illusion itself is the trap?**

What if waking up
Is as simple
As *seeing it*?

Seeing *what*? I begged.

He laughed then.
A rich, knowing sound—
Ancient as the stars.

Shine the light on it, he said.
Give it some light, Brother.

And suddenly—
I understood.

Or maybe…
I glimpsed something
*Beyond* myself.

**What happens when the sun rises**
Over the mist
On a cold morning? Death asked.

**The mist disappears, I answered**.

And?

You can see the world more clearly.

Ah…Death sighed.
As if I'd taken my first real breath.

No monsters in the fog.
No demons.
No devils.
**No lurking beasts.**

Just what has always been there—
Hidden by fear.

Do you see now?

The mist is Maya.
The illusion.
The veil.

And fear…
**Fear is what keeps you clinging to the dream.**

But the sun…

The sun burns it away, I whispered.

Death nodded.

The moment will come
When the lens is removed.
When all that you thought was y*ourself*
Dissolves into nothing.

And you will see the Face of Being…

**And live.**

A pause.

But not yet, he said gently.
Not yet.

I shuddered.
I wanted to protest.
To argue.
To beg for more time—

But time…
Time is an illusion, too.

Everyone will make it, Death assured me.
Some just take longer.
Delay means nothing to eternity—
**But it is a tragedy in time.**

And as he faded into the mist of my thoughts,
I knew one thing with
certainty:

I was still dreaming.
But now—

I had seen the first glow
of dawn.

And the dream
Would never
Be the same again.

**This is how you end time without ending it, you whisper eternity into time.**

I lit a cigarette,
Staring into the dark.

My breath trembled as I exhaled.

I fell asleep.

Dreamless.

When I looked down again,
Death was still there.
Watching me.

A slow wag of the tail.
A quiet acknowledgment.

I shifted my legs,
And he rose without a word.
Stretching.
Sniffing at the air.

Moving on as if nothing had happened.
As if he hadn’t just held me together
For one more breath,
One more moment.

As he trotted back toward me,
I tried to joke.

Not very talkative this
morning, are you?

But even as the words left my lips,
The weight returned.

The *sinking*.
The *suffocating* thing
That had been biting
At the edges of my mind.

The reminder that maybe—
Just maybe—
I had imagined it all.

And the fear,
The cold grip of it,
Sank its teeth into my skull once more.

*None of this is real.*
*You hallucinated the whole thing.*
*A talking dog?*

I stubbed the cigarette out on the concrete.

The world was quieter than it should have been.
The stars too bright.
The horizon beginning to stain itself with light.

# Chapter 3

## Science – Meets Maya

The morning arrived quietly. Pale light spilled across the broken ground, its gentleness mocking the ache in my limbs. My body was a map of unrest—sore, unsteady, still echoing from the night before.

Was it real?
Had I truly heard from Death, or had exhaustion conjured ghosts in my mind?

The veil of doubt clung tightly.

Death—still just a dog to any passerby—led the way through the quiet stillness of a world yet to stir. I followed him through scattered litter and the faint staleness of petrol and bread. A garage café waited ahead, flickering in tired neon like a sentinel that had forgotten why it stood watch.

Inside, time dragged its feet. Shelves were half-stocked. The air was stale with indifference. I chose food as if by memory more than hunger—a ritual, not a need. Chicken for him. A meat pie for me.

I returned outside. Death leapt forward, tongue loose, tail wild. In his eyes—clarity. In his movements—joy untouched by the world's forgetting.

I crouched and placed the food before him. He received it not as a beast devouring, but as a sacred exchange. A communion of sorts.

I whispered, Thanks for the chat, buddy.
The words felt like fallen leaves, blown off the tree of certainty. **Did I mean them? Did he hear them? Did it matter?**

As he ate, I sat beside him. I looked at the sky, washed now in delicate blue. But the questions remained:

Who was he?
What had I seen?
**Was I breaking—or awakening?**

Then he looked at me, chicken bones scattered at his feet, and in his eyes, I saw something beyond form. Something older than time.

And in that gaze, I remembered the great truth I had long buried under equations and achievements:

That **Being** is not measured
That **Creation** is not earned
That **Vision** does not need proof

I had once called myself a scientist. A seeker of truth through the material. I studied molecules, systems, patterns—believing the **world could be mapped, solved, predicted.**

But Maya—the great illusionist—had crept in there too. In the prestige. The performance. The applause.

The lab coat was just another robe.
The data—another scripture.
And I, still chasing shadows, **mistook knowledge for wisdom, evidence for truth.**

Now, on this forgotten stretch of roadside earth, I began to see differently. Not through the eyes of the scholar, but through the **Vision** that looks inward.

The answers I sought were not waiting in laboratories.
They were here—within this silence, this dog, this unravelling.

And though the world still whispered doubts, though Maya still danced at the edge of my perception, I held fast to one simple knowing:

**I was beginning to remember.**

As I walked away, the sound of bones cracking between Death's teeth followed me, an echo clinging to the edges of the growing light. I lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply, feeling the smoke curl through me, settling into the hollow spaces. Something stirred in my chest—like a forgotten song remembered in fragments. Not quite happiness, but a distant cousin. **A peace so thin it might vanish if I held it too tightly.**

I wandered into the veld, found a rock, and ate my breakfast in silence. Death finished his meal, sniffed at the earth for forgotten scraps, then melted into the tall grass—no more real than the shadow of a dream.

The highway called to me. Walter Sisulu Drive unspooled before me like a thread, pulling me through the world toward something I could not name. I needed to move. The Amatola Mountains lay ahead—distant, uncertain. But still they called, softly, like a memory trying to surface.

I returned to the filling station, to the restroom—cold water on my skin, hands scrubbing at the remnants of the night. A ritual cleansing before the next leg of my journey. The attendants greeted me in isiZulu, their voices full of life, untouched by the storm that had settled in my bones.

Outside, an old white Nissan bakkie rolled in. The man at the wheel looked to be in his late thirties—weathered skin, a worn cowboy hat tipped back as he nodded my way. A woman and a young girl sat beside him. The child leapt out, sprinting toward the café, her carefree motion a relic of a world I'd long since misplaced.

I stepped toward him, my voice carrying the weight of quiet desperation.
Do you know if there are any buses heading to Port Elizabeth from Bloem?

**But I wasn't just asking for directions. I was asking for an escape.**

He hesitated, studying me, then lifted his hat in a slow, polite gesture—one of those Free State men, salt of the earth, the kind who gave without being asked, and never asked why.

I work as a caretaker at a holiday resort near the Gariep Dam, he said at last. I can take you that far. From there, it should be easy enough to catch a lift to PE.

**A crack in the wall. A door left ajar. A path opening before me.**

I nodded, grateful, though I wasn't sure what for.
That suits me, I said. I'm heading for Hogsback.

The words felt strange in my mouth, like I was telling someone else's story.

We talked about nothing—the way strangers do when the weight of real things is too heavy to lift into words. The weather. The road ahead. The price of fuel.

Gerhard stood by the pump, filling the bakkie, while his daughter, Joleen, skipped back from the café, her small feet tapping lightly against the pavement. She was all motion and sunlight—hopping, twirling, utterly untethered.

Death was nowhere.
**And then, suddenly, he was.**
Drifting back from whatever shadowed place he'd wandered into, as if he had never left at all.

Joleen saw him, and her face lit up. She ran to him without hesitation, patting his head, her small fingers sinking into the dark of his coat.
He's beautiful, she said, hugging him.

And Death—Death let her.
He leaned into her touch like it was a memory he'd forgotten.

She turned to me.
Is he yours?

I told her no—that he just happened to be here. I saw a shadow pass behind her eyes, a flicker of disappointment. I tried to soften it. Said he looked well-kept. Said he'd probably find his way home.
She nodded, accepting it.
But I wasn't sure I believed it myself.

Gerhard's wife, Janet, stepped out and introduced herself with the same quiet warmth as her husband. They were a family tied to the earth, anchored in small, steady things. Gerhard told them I'd be riding with him to the dam, and they accepted it without question.

Joleen, though—her thoughts stayed with the dog.
She asked again.
And again, I told her:
He's not mine.

Gerhard paid for the fuel. I climbed onto the back of the bakkie. Just as he slid into the driver's seat, he paused.

You sure the dog shouldn't come?

I shook my head.
He's not mine.

As if my certainty meant anything.

And then—Death moved.
One leap. One collision. His weight slammed into me, knocking the air from my lungs. His tongue found my face, his paws pressed me down, his presence loud and unmistakable.

Joleen burst into laughter, her joy bouncing off the station walls, and even Gerhard and Janet joined in.

Gerhard chuckled.
Looks like the dog made the decision for you.

We pulled away from the station, heading east along Walter Sisulu Drive. The scent of dust and diesel hung in the air. We crossed the N1—the highway slicing through the land like an old scar—and picked up speed on the onramp. The world blurred. The mountains waited.

Death lay beside me, his breath steady, his body warm against mine like an old companion.

I didn't look at him.
I was afraid of what I might see.

The weight of the journey settled over me again, the road stretching out—endless, indifferent. Then Janet slid open the cab window and passed me a small pillow to sit on.

**For a moment, it felt like grace.**

We'd settled into a steady cruise—110 kilometres an hour. Just fast enough to make me wonder if I was truly moving forward, or simply being carried by the current of something larger than myself.

The wind cut through the morning air, sharp and cold, chilling me to the bone. Death pressed closer, his body curling against mine. He was a silent weight, as if his presence had been stitched into the fabric of the night before.

I leaned back against the cab, letting the motion of the road pull me deeper into myself.

The sun had climbed well above the eastern horizon, casting its dominion over the land. Inside the cab, Janet and Joleen clapped and sang, their voices bright, sharp—cutting through the stillness that stirred inside me. Occasionally, they glanced back at us, their expressions unreadable.

Were they checking to see if I was still breathing?
Or was it Death they were watching?

A lively lot, I muttered, glancing at him.

He didn't move. Didn't acknowledge me.

**Did last night happen?**

My thoughts unravelled, looping back to the darkness, to the weight of his gaze, to the truths we hadn't spoken but had understood all the same. I felt like a child again—trying to catch the shape of something too vast, too quiet, to hold.

I had told him about the layers I'd built—the false self, the window through which I watched the world rather than lived in it.

Memories swam to the surface—fragments of innocence, from a time before judgment pressed down, before the fear of God seeped into my bones.
Cindy.
My best friend. My first taste of something pure—ruined by the condemning whispers of adults who turned wonder into shame. That was the first crack in the glass.
After that, life became something distant. Something present, but no longer felt.

Still, there were moments—fleeting glimpses of something untainted.

The thrill of the space age had gripped my young mind, lifting it from the weight of judgment. I built a Saturn V rocket out of coffee tins and jam jars, engineered a lunar module from broken electrical plugs scavenged from my father's garage. When Kellogg's Corn Flakes gave away plastic Apollo 11 models, I staged my own moon landing in the backyard.

August 16, 1969.
The Eagle landed.
I walked the moon.
**I was alive. I was free.**
**I wanted more. Further. Beyond.**

But the further I went, the less real it felt.

And now, sitting in the back of this bakkie, pressed against a dog who should not exist, I found myself wondering—
Had I ever truly touched the surface of anything at all?

And why did it feel like Death had brought me closer to something real?

The road stretched ahead, unspooling toward the Amatola Mountains. That was the destination. That was the purpose.
But was it *my* purpose?
Or had I just convinced myself it was?

I turned to Death again, watching the slow, steady rise and fall of his breath.

What did you take from me? I whispered.

But Death, as always, remained silent.

The sky—forever draped in shifting tapestries of cloud—had once been my great solace. My father, a farm boy at heart, watched the heavens not for beauty, but for survival. Rain meant life, and life was always hard-earned.

I, too, was torn—between the pull of the earth and the call of the sky.
An astronaut or a meteorologist?

The Apollo program promised the infinite.
But the churning clouds above the fields held a quieter mystery.
**I chased both, as if the answer to who I was might be hidden in the stars—or the storm.**

I remember how the cumulonimbus climbed, swallowed by the troposphere, collapsing upon itself until the sky could hold no more. The first drops would fall—soft, tentative—then the deluge.
In my childhood kingdom, I *controlled* the storm. I dragged my fingers across the kitchen tiles, nudging the largest cell toward the small dent in the floor. That was my grandfather's farm. He needed rain.
I was making rain.

**I was alive.**
**I was certain of everything.**

Now, certainty drifts like fog, seeping into places it doesn't belong.

The rain feels different.

That night, with the dog called Death, something shifted in me.
Was it real?
Did I stand at the edge of something vast and unknowable?
Or was it just the mind's fevered invention?

**The mountains call—but with a voice I no longer trust.**
Am I walking toward them,
or away from myself?

I dreamed.

Voices whispered in the dark. The darkness swallowed me whole. I was afraid.
My brother died.
**What if *I* died?**

So, I was saved. I became a born-again Christian.

And then I drifted into sleep, the echoes of who I was *supposed* to be drowning out who I truly was.

**Be good, Johnny.**
They told me. So, I became a prefect at school.

**Be strong, Johnny.**
Someone mocked my rugby skills—so I trained harder, became better.

**Be smart, Johnny.**
Someone sneered at my intellect—so I went to university.

**Be successful, Johnny.**
Someone measured my worth in wealth and power—so I worked until I bled.

I chased their voices like a dog chasing shadows.
But the further I ran, the hollower it became.

I reached the pinnacle of everything they said I should be—
Rugby star.
Righteous man.
Academic.
Professional.
Provider.

And still, I was empty.
Each victory met with silence.
A deafening nothing pressing against my skull.

The weight of morality—the sickly sweetness of being a "model Christian"—made me nauseous.
My name sat on scientific publications that meant nothing.
Money, status, recognition—false notes in a discordant symphony.

Then, it collapsed.

I rebelled.
Wild nights. Reckless days.
Desperate to feel something. Anything.
But guilt gnawed at me, fed by belief, by upbringing, by shame.

The deeper I drowned in the sins I had once feared, the deeper the hole became.

Eventually, life found a rhythm.
There were moments. Family. Children. Their laughter, their growth.
Work gripped my mind—science became a small refuge from the void.

But underneath, I remained distant.
Detached.
**A spectator in my own life.**

Disappointment followed.
Betrayals. Injustices.
No grand purpose.
No salvation.
Just the slow erosion of meaning.

And then the children left.
Work was taken from me.
Politics shifted like sand.
**I was cast out—discarded like an old relic from another time.**

Betrayed.
A blade to the heart.

I hated them.
A burning, consuming hatred.

And so, I made a decision.

I would disappear.
Slip into the mountains.
The Amatolas would take me in, and the world would assume it was a tragic accident.
And it *is* a tragedy—just not for the reasons they'll believe.

The truth will be mine alone.
Because I cannot—will not—live with myself any longer.

These thoughts consumed me as Death, my fitting companion, and I travelled toward my chosen oblivion.

My life had been nothing.
No mark left.
No story worth telling.

**When I am gone, it will be as if I never existed at all.**

Outside the bakkie, the world thinned.
Traffic dwindled.
People became shadows in the distance.
Even the livestock grew sparse, as if nature itself recoiled from my presence.

The Karoo stretched endlessly—

a flat, barren purgatory, broken only by strange,

scattered flattop mountains.

Solitary.

**Detached. Belonging to nothing.**

A world not meant for men, yet somehow beautiful—

like a forgotten painting in an abandoned gallery.

At Trompsburg, Gerhard pulled into a filling station.
Death leapt from the bakkie, nose to the earth, but never wandered far.
I envied him—unburdened, unthinking.

Within minutes, we were back on the road, swallowed once more by the silence.

An hour passed.
We turned off the N1, where the road from Bethulie met it.
The sign pointed toward the Forever Resort—five kilometres ahead.

As we neared Gariep Dam, the land began to shift.
Hills rose like the slow swell of a still sea, the dryness of the Karoo still clinging to them.
It mirrored something inside me—**emptiness given form**. Something parched. Crumbling.

At the T-junction, Janet slid open the cab window, her voice soft against the stillness.
Gerhard would be heading to Cradock in the morning to fetch a repaired water pump. I could stay the night.

There was a small outside building.
A bed. A shower. A toilet.
A place to exist for one more night.

I looked at Death.
He lifted his head. His tail thumped once.

We accepted.

The Gariep Dam unfolded before us as we turned left, winding down the hill.
The island in the centre—sharp, familiar, like the kind printed on postcards or forgotten brochures—stood motionless in the water, unchanging.

Below, the red roofs of the Forever Resort chalets nestled among the trees, a quiet little village resting at the edge of a vast, unnatural blue.

**It looked peaceful.**
**It looked like the end.**

Gerhard drove past the resort, turning left toward what I assumed was his home.
The landscape was untouched, undisturbed. Silent, except for the hum of the bakkie's tires on the gravel.

Then—movement.

A trio of Schnauzers came bounding toward us, their frantic yelps tearing through the quiet. They were wild with joy, eager to greet their pack.

Then they saw him.

The excited barks twisted into something else—fear, confusion, alarm. Their bodies stiffened, their frantic energy curdling into defensive panic.

Death remained still, gazing down at them with quiet amusement, his tail wagging in slow, deliberate arcs. He did not see them as a threat.
He did not see them at all.

Joleen was out in a flash, arms open, her laughter mingling with the dogs' nervous yips as she knelt to embrace them. They clung to her—torn between the joy of reunion and the shadow that had arrived beside her.

I placed a steady hand on Death's back, urging patience.

Slowly, the Schnauzers turned their attention to him again. The panic was still there, but softened now—diluted by curiosity. They lingered, uncertain, their eyes darting between Joleen and Janet, as if waiting for permission.

Gerhard stepped to the side of the bakkie, extending a cautious hand. Death sniffed it once, then flicked out his tongue—a dry, brief lick. Gerhard chuckled and scratched behind his ears. It was enough.

The Schnauzers hesitated a moment longer, then broke ranks and scampered after the women into the house.

Death leapt from the bakkie, interest shifting.

**He moved with the ease of something unburdened by time,**

unhurried, exploring the yard like he had always belonged there.

Gerhard gestured toward a small outbuilding on the southwestern edge of the house. He led me to it, pushing the door open with casual familiarity. The room was modest: a bed made with crisp linen, a tiny shower stall, everything clean and kept with care.

It was more than enough.

You can freshen up, he said, nodding toward the bathroom. There's soap and clean towels. He paused. The dam wall's about two kilometres down, if you feel like walking.

A glance. A flicker in his eyes—something unreadable.

We're having a braai at sunset, he added. You're welcome to join.

I nodded, but the words came from far away.
The dam. The walk. The dinner.

Gestures of normalcy.
An invitation to step back into the world.
To partake in life, if only for a moment longer.

**But the path I walked had already set like concrete.**

After the shower, I collapsed onto the bed. My body ached—worn not just from the road, but from something heavier. Something nameless pressing against my soul.

Sleep came fast.
Deep but shallow.
Like sinking into water and never quite reaching the bottom.

When I woke, the sun still hung high, stubborn in the sky. Nearing five. The air was warm.

Death and I wandered toward the shore. The dam stretched out before us—vast, still, calm. Its waters lapped against the exposed sandy edge. The reservoir was full, yet a narrow strip of land lay bare, as if waiting for the tide to return.

We moved south, toward the dam wall.
The silence settled over us like a second skin.

Death, always restless, always chasing, found a crab.

The creature raised its claws in a feeble show of defiance, but Death only circled it—teasing, pawing at the sand around it. The crab held its ground, unwavering. Death grew bored. His attention flicked elsewhere.

A lizard darted across a rock—a flicker of motion. He bounded after it.
The lizard vanished into a crevice.
Another loss.

Then—ducks.

Two white-faced ducks drifted in the shallows. Death saw them. Locked on.
He charged.

They panicked—webbed feet kicking up water, wings flapping, cries sharp and panicked.
At the water's edge, he plunged in, but stopped short when it swallowed him to the belly.

The ducks took flight.
He barked once—a sharp, frustrated yelp—then turned back to me, shaking violently, drenching my legs with cold spray.

As we walked, I threw stones into the water, watching as Death chased the ripples, deceived by the illusion of movement.

A shadow passed overhead.

I looked up.

A fish eagle wheeled above the dam, wings wide and still, carving slow circles across the sky.
It made no sound. **No desperate cry. Just a silent glide—searching, waiting.**

I sat on a flat rock, watching its methodical dance.
It found nothing. The circles widened, softened.
Faded.
Until it was only a small black dot against the sky.

Then nothing.
Gone.

A Yellow-Billed Duck swam past, ten metres from the shore.
Death, stretched beside me on the rock, didn't notice.

**I envied him.**

The beauty around me should have brought peace, but instead, it deepened the ache inside.
My mind was a battlefield—torn between awe and despair, the two forces colliding like waves against a cliff.

It left me dizzy.

The light was slipping.
The western hill cast a long shadow across the dam.
The water darkened.
The air cooled.

I thought of the past two days.
Of Death.
Of the road.
Of the voices in my head that refused to be still.

Nothing made sense.

The more I searched for answers, the more the questions multiplied.
The dissonance grew unbearable.

And yet, hunger gnawed at my stomach.

I had been invited to dinner. A braai.
The thought turned me inside out—another night pretending to exist, another night smiling at ghosts.
And yet… my body was tired.
And I needed to eat.

I turned back.
Death followed—his world still light, still filled with movement and small joys: sniffing, chasing, barking.
Every so often, he returned to my side, pressing against me, as if to check I was still there.

In the distance, a thin curl of smoke rose from Gerhard's porch.
The fire had been lit.

The lawn stretched out before me—

a perfect patch of green,

unnaturally lush against the wild,

dry land beyond.
Joleen lay sprawled across the grass,

laughing, tangled in the chaos of the three Schnauzers as they yelped and wrestled.

Then they saw us.

Their reaction was instant.

Barking—frantic, alarmed—
they rushed forward, but their
eyes flickered back again and
again, checking for Gerhard.
Making sure they had backup.

I smiled.

Joleen remained on the grass,
shaking her head, laughing at
the show.
Gerhard and Janet's voices
rang out, calling for calm, but
the Schnauzers only grew more
tangled in their own frenzy—
nipping, yipping, chasing one
another in tight, confused
spirals.

Their unease was fixed on
Death.
This large, dark creature moving steadily toward them.
A presence they didn't understand.
Didn't trust.

Then—Joleen ran.

Death's tail wagged.
He quickened his pace.

They met halfway. Their reunion was wild, joyful, unburdened.

The Schnauzers, horrified, yelped louder, backing away in a flurry of offended pride.
Their panic hit a fever pitch until Gerhard's voice cut through—sharp, firm.
They froze.

Slowly, warily, they turned back to Death.
Ears low. Tails hesitant.
They inched forward, sniffing, cautious, a few small whimpers still escaping.

Then, one of them turned to me.

I knelt, extended a hand.
He paused. Sniffed.

Then the others followed—small, nervous bodies drawn in.
Accepting.
Yielding.

And then, finally—we settled.

A strange, fragile truce.
A pack.

I walked over to Gerhard and Janet on the porch.
That's how the evening began—unfolding in a way I hadn't expected.

Gerhard tended the fire, his hands methodical, his movements unhurried.
As the meat sizzled over the flames, conversation sparked between us.
We traded histories—pieces of ourselves wrapped in anecdotes and old memories.

He had studied at Wits University.
Earned a professorship in theoretical physics at just thirty-one.

The mention of quantum mechanics caught my attention, stirred something dormant inside me—a flicker of curiosity in a mind dulled by the weight of its own thoughts.

The evening stretched out, slow and deliberate.
We ate. Drank. Talked.
I watched them—my hosts—and noted something in them.
A quiet joy.
A gentle warmth that softened the edges of life's harsh realities.

I wondered what it must feel like—to exist with such ease—when my own thoughts felt like barbed wire tightening with every breath.

So, I did what I had learned to do.
I concealed it.
Held my words carefully.
Shaped my expression into something neutral. Unreadable.

The conversation drifted—from politics to world events, to sport, to art and music.
Janet's touch was everywhere in the house—small details, thoughtful decorations, a lived-in

beauty.
She was the artistic one. Her presence woven into the space.

Death, to my surprise, remained at a respectful distance while we ate—a quiet observer. Disciplined. Knowing.

After dinner, Jolene and Janet cleared the table.
I stayed behind with Gerhard to clean the braai area.
Darkness settled, and with it, the cool breath of night.

Jolene retired to her room, the Schnauzers trailing her like shadows.
Death remained by my side, half-hidden beneath my chair, his head resting on his paws. But his ears twitched at every sound that stirred in the dark—the creak of trees, the rustle of unseen creatures.

Across the water, the chalets of the resort glowed faintly, their lights swallowed by the vast, endless black of the dam.
A few yacht lights drifted like distant stars on the surface.

Janet returned after settling Jolene in, and for a time, we sat in silence.
Each of us folded into our own thoughts.

And then—something in me gave way.

I spoke.

I told them about my journey.
About Death.
About last night.
About the reason I was here.

Neither of them flinched.
No shock. No discomfort.
They simply listened.

Gerhard nodded slowly and asked for a cigarette—though he admitted he didn't usually smoke.
Janet disappeared into the house and returned with a hubbly.
She prepared it with practiced ease, lighting the coals until the embers glowed in the dim porch light.

We passed it between us, the smoke curling into the night like whispers from some forgotten world.

That was when I noticed it.
The silence had changed.

It had thickened.
Deepened.
Taken on a strange weight, as if the air itself had shifted—
As if the world had leaned in to listen.

Gerhard broke it first.

All we have in this life, he said, his voice calm, measured, are pointers. And they all point to the same place—the void.

His words hung there, suspended in the smoke.

All religions have them. Pointers. But the delusion—**Maya**, as it's called—makes people mistake **the finger pointing at the moon for the moon itself.**

He exhaled, slowly, the smoke trailing from his lips like something ancient.

That's where it all collapses. Even science isn't immune.
The delusion whispers***, 'Keep them asleep. Don't wake them. They must never find out who they are.'***
And if they do—if they even look like they're onto something—burn them alive.

The fire crackled.
The night listened.
And something in me shifted, just slightly.

Gerhard smiled then, eyes distant, as if remembering something from long ago.
And with quiet amusement, he shared a story.

There was an experiment, he said,

tending the glowing embers, voice low and deliberate.
Scientists placed a group of monkeys in a cage,

with a bunch of bananas at the top of a ladder.
Every time a monkey tried to reach for them,

they were blasted with a powerful jet of water—

strong enough to make them give up.
Eventually, none of them even tried.
The food was right there,

**but they had learned.**
**It wasn't worth the pain.**

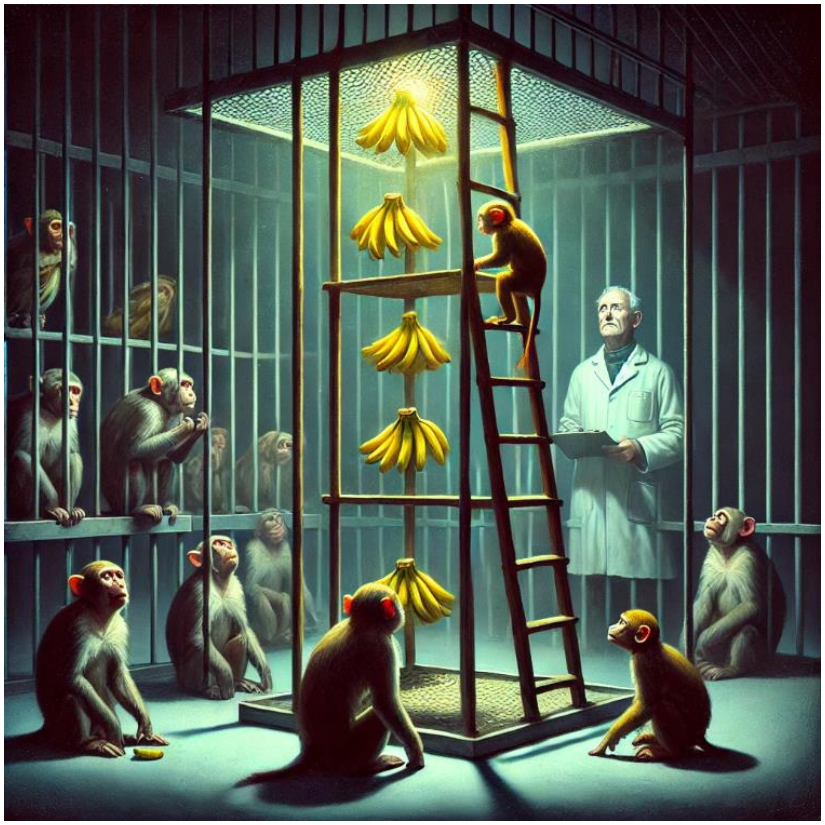
He paused.
Watched the fire crackle.
The smoke curled around us, vanishing into the dark.

Then the scientists introduced a new monkey, Gerhard said.
One who hadn't been conditioned. And of course, he did what any rational being would—he reached for the food.

He chuckled, shaking his head.

But before he could even get near it, the others attacked him.
They didn't know why. They just knew this was how it had to be.

His fingers tapped rhythmically against the arm of his chair.



One by one, they replaced the conditioned monkeys with new ones.

And each time, the same thing happened.
**The new members were beaten into submission.**
**Taught the unspoken rule.**

Until eventually—he spread his hands—there wasn't a single monkey left who had ever felt the water. Not one.
And still—they attacked anyone who dared reach for the food.

The silence that followed was heavier than the one before.
He let the story settle.
Let it find its place in my thoughts before delivering the final blow.

Sound familiar? he asked, leaning back.
Look around.
**Watch what humans do—especially when it comes to the things we call *eternal*.**

The night stretched out around us, vast and soundless.
The fire cracked once—loud in the quiet.

And I understood exactly what he meant.

Gerhard continued, his voice slow, deliberate—carrying the weight of thought.
Janet interjected now and then, her voice like a counterpoint—gentle, precise, the rhythm of someone who had danced this conversation many times before.

**Science, he said, watching the last flickers of flame curl over the coals, has one big, fat finger pointing at the moon.**

They call it quantum mechanics.

He leaned back, exhaling slowly, as if allowing the vastness of what he was about to say to settle into the space around us.

Even before quantum mechanics evolved into what it is today,

the writing was already on the wall.
Think about it. Astronomers tell us that everything we see in the night sky—

**the stars, the galaxies, the unfathomable sprawl of the universe—more than 99.9% of it is space.**
**Empty.**
**Vast.**

The tiniest fraction of it is something we call *matter*.

He gestured toward the sky,

where the Milky Way arched across the heavens like a cosmic river,
Orion standing sentinel over the Karoo.

His voice lowered.

He paused.

You can feel it.
It sucks you in.
Leaves you breathless.

His hand rose, sweeping toward the stars.

And it's *supposed to*.
Because *this*—he waved upward—this is the only truth there is.

I followed his gaze.
And for a moment,

the night *did* feel like it was swallowing me whole.
A feeling beyond words.
**Beyond reason.**

But Gerhard wasn't finished.

And it gets weirder, he said, shifting forward, voice edged now with something deeper—almost reverent.

Look at the ground beneath your feet.
Feels solid, right?
Hard. Tangible.

He smirked. Shook his head.

Not so.

He picked up a small rock, rolled it between his fingers.

Scientists used to think atoms were made of a dense nucleus—protons and neutrons—surrounded by electrons, orbiting like planets around a star.

But then came the Hadron Collider. Switzerland.

Particle acceleration. High-energy collisions.

He glanced at the rock, then back at me.

And what did they find?
Even inside the atomic nucleus—

**where we thought *most* of the mass was packed—**

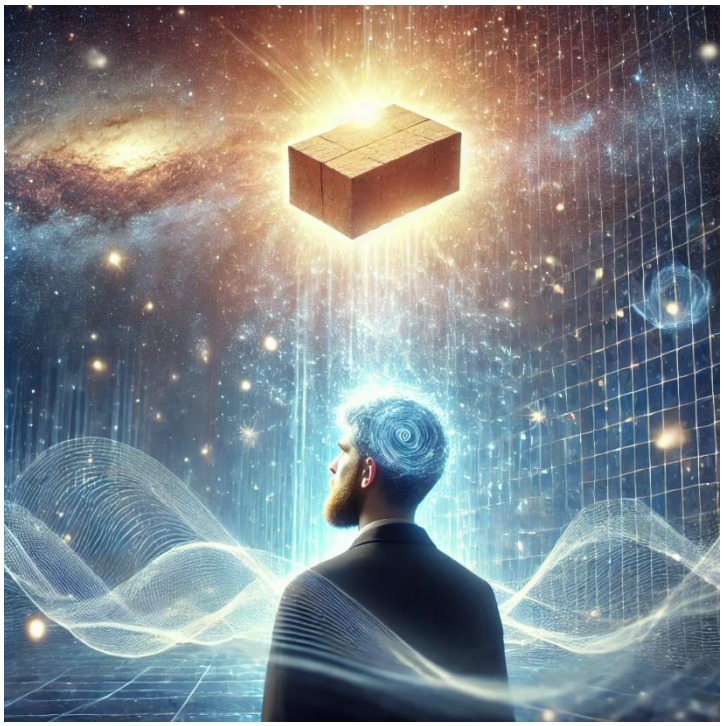
**more than 99% of it is *space*.**

He let the rock fall.

It landed in the dust with a soft, almost imperceptible thud.

Think about that, he said, looking at me now.
His eyes were alight with something fierce.
Almost unsettling.

Not just the stars.
Not just the night sky.
***Everything.***
The chair you sit on.
The fire we just cooked over.
The earth beneath your feet.



He leaned in slightly, voice dropping to a hush.

**It's all space.**

The big, fat finger of science, Gerhard said, has been pointing to the same thing all along.

He glanced upward.

It's pointing at nothingness. At *no*-thing. **And the deeper we go—into the vast cosmos or the tiniest particles of existence—the more we find space.**

He paused.

The more we realize that everything we think is solid…

He let the silence finish the thought.

And in that silence, the *vastness* of it all pressed in on me.

Gerhard smiled, a glint of amusement in his eyes.
Before I could push back—before I could play devil's advocate—he leaned in.

Ah, you could say it's just clever talk, he said, with that knowing patience of someone who had heard the argument before. That if a brick falls on your head, it'll *still* hurt like hell.

He chuckled, shook his head.

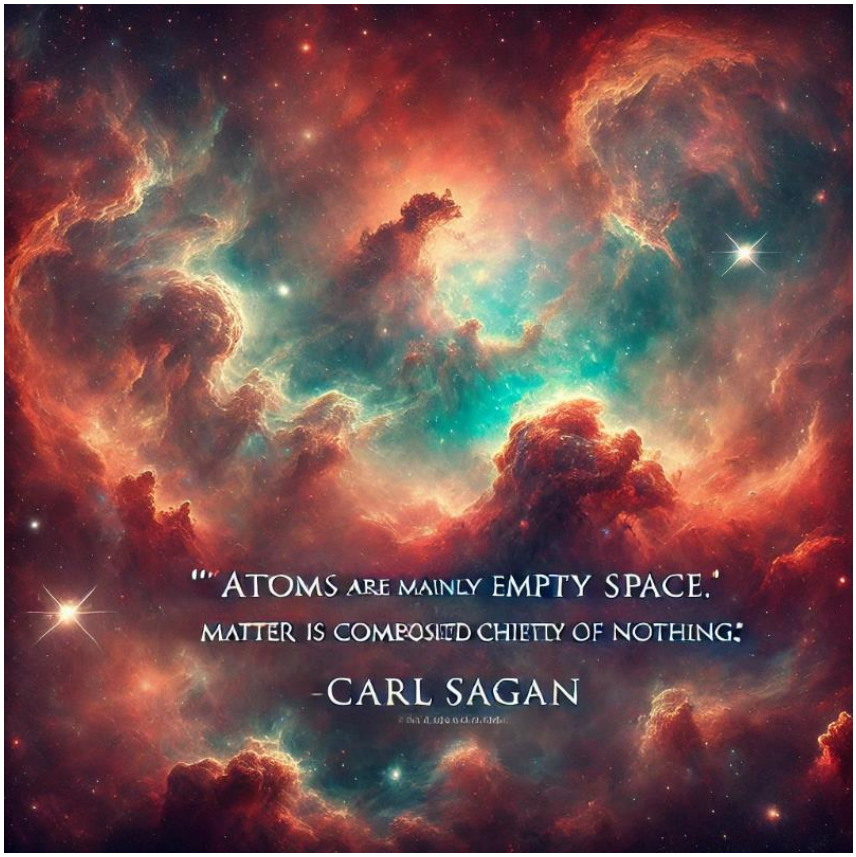
And you'd be right. But that's not the point.

His voice softened, sharpened—quiet, but intense.

Scientists are working on a theory of everything now—something building on what they've uncovered at the Hadron Collider.
And if what they're finding is true…

He let it hang.
Let it settle.
Then:

**…it changes *everything*.**




He looked at me, and I knew he wasn't speaking abstractly.

**They're saying reality—everything we experience—is pure information.**
**A geometric language.**

Meaning isn't intrinsic—it arises through comparison. Through relationships between elements. **It's subjective.** Reality only makes sense because *we* assign meaning to it.

He looked up again, into the night—the sky wide and full of fire.

And more than that… **reality must be *observed* by consciousness to even exist.**

The fire crackled softly between us. Its warmth a tether, holding us to the earth as our minds stretched elsewhere.

And now, he continued, they're finding **causality loops in the very structure of reality.**
Feedback cycles.
Where **cause and effect fold into each other.**

He tapped the table lightly, like marking time.

Even Einstein saw it. Time isn't linear.
It's not a straight road with the past behind and the future ahead.

He leaned back, eyes reflecting the coals.

No. He postulated that **past and future exist *simultaneously*—**
in a single geometric structure.

**All time exists.**
***All the time*.**

He exhaled, long and slow, watching the embers pulse in the dark.

That's what Einstein said.

The famous ***double-slit experiment*** proved that our universe isn't deterministic. That means free will exists—observation is a choice. And consciousness… consciousness isn't just *in* the universe—it's an *integral part* of it. The act of observation shapes reality itself.

He paused, letting that sink in. But then, the question follows—what does the observing? Scientists struggle to define consciousness, but one thing is clear: there must be something capable of ***generating*** **information through observation**. Without it, reality itself would collapse.

The fire crackled softly, as if responding to his words.

And just like that, the conversation shifted.
No longer an intellectual exercise—
but a doorway.
A descent into something deeper.
Something unsettling.
**The illusion of reality itself.**

Time, Gerhard continued, voice steady, deliberate, is not what we think it is. It's frozen—locked in discrete intervals. The smallest slices of existence possible.

He let the weight of that settle.

The Planck time—so infinitesimally short it defies comprehension.

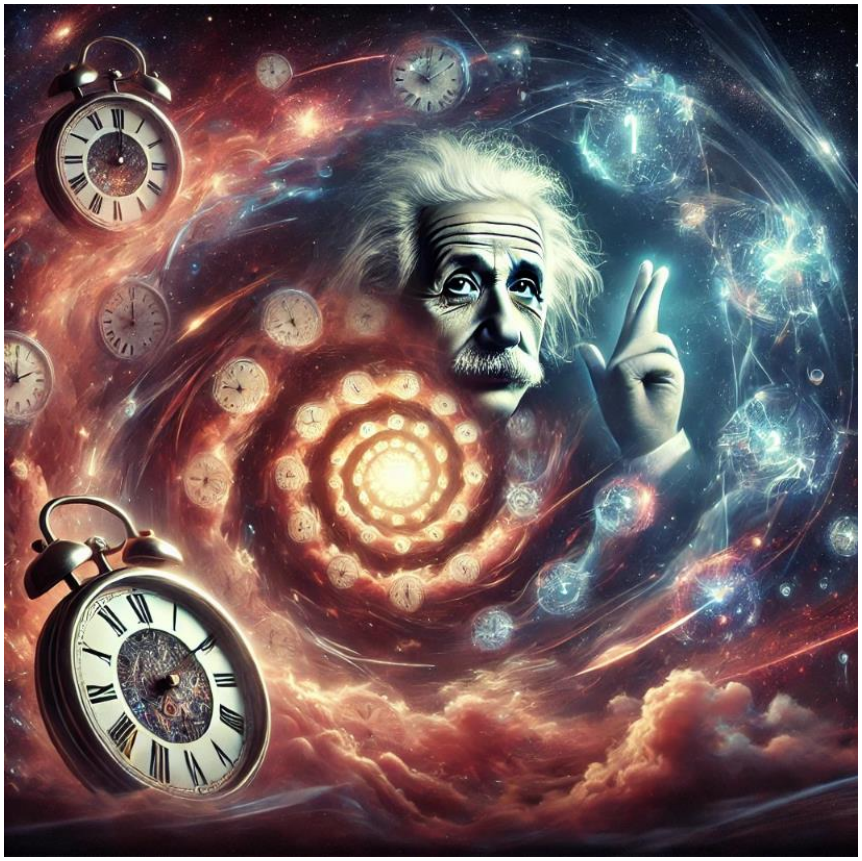
A pause. The fire snapped softly, its glow flickering across his face.

And the direction of time? he went on.
It's not real. It's just a *perception*.
**A trick of consciousness.**

He leaned forward, eyes glinting in the firelight.

Time doesn't flow.
***We*** **do.**

Scientists are starting to understand that causality isn't a straight road. It loops. It folds back on itself.
Yes, the past influences the future. **But the future also influences the past.**



Time isn't linear. It's recursive.
Everything that has ever happened—and everything that ever *will* happen—is shaping itself… **in an endless dance.**

He lowered his voice.

All time is affecting all time… *all* the time.
**Every moment is co-creating every other moment.**

The fire flickered between us, the embers glowing like distant stars scattered across the void.

The universe, he said at last, isn't a machine.
**It's a *neural network*.**
A vast, self-organizing intelligence.
It is observing itself.
It is learning.
**And above all… it is its *own* creator.**

I stared into the fire.
Something inside me began to unravel—a thread of certainty snapping in the presence of something far larger than I had ever dared to consider.

And then—
I smiled.

The things Death had whispered to me…
**They resonated in unsettling harmony with what science was only now beginning to uncover.**

I leaned forward, letting the thought rise, turning it over like a stone in my mind.

So, I said slowly, what we think is solid… is just an illusion?
And somehow, we're being *tricked* into believing it's real?

Gerhard nodded.
His expression was serious, but his eyes danced with a spark of quiet amusement.

Oh, it's much deeper than that.

He exhaled slowly, watching the last embers glow in the darkness before continuing.

The famous double-slit experiment—it proved our universe isn't deterministic.
**That means free will exists.**
**Observation is a choice.**

And consciousness… he paused, consciousness isn't just *in* the universe.
It's an *integral part* of it.
**The act of observation shapes reality *itself*.**

He let that sit. No rush. No embellishment.

But then the question follows, he said. ***What* does the observing?**

Scientists still can't define consciousness. They argue. They theorize.
But one thing is clear—
**There *must* be something capable of generating information through observation.**

Without it… reality itself would collapse.

The fire crackled softly.
As if it understood.

And then there's this. He leaned in.
**Our universe is pixelated—**

both in time *and* space.

There's a minimum unit for each. **A fundamental scale.**

He paused, letting the idea settle.

We used to believe time was smooth. That space was continuous.
But now—the math says otherwise.
It can't describe movement as truly fluid—only as discrete jumps.
**Like the frames of a film.**

The thought made my skin crawl.

And it gets stranger.
Gerhard's voice remained calm, but his eyes gleamed with something deeper—something reverent.

At the Hadron Collider, scientists discovered that fundamental particles—the so-called building blocks of our reality—

aren't fixed.
They can **transform into *any other* particle**, depending on the math.

He glanced at me.
**Gauge symmetry transformation mathematics**, he added. They shift form **based on higher-dimensional geometry.**

And what governs these transformations?
He smiled, almost in disbelief.

A hidden, eight-dimensional quasi-crystal structure.

I frowned, trying to grasp the enormity of what he was saying.

This structure—**called the *E-8 lattice* or *Gosset Polytope***—

is a perfect geometric form.
And when we project it into lower dimensions,

**it explains every possible shape in our universe.**

He paused, eyes still on the fire.

And more astonishingly, he said, it finally explains something that has baffled scientists for generations—***the golden ratio*.**

He let that revelation hang in the air like smoke.

**The golden ratio—0.618—emerges naturally**

when the E-8 structure is projected into five dimensions.

It produces *two identical quasicrystals*—

twin forms. And when we step them down into three dimensions,

**we see it everywhere—**
spiral galaxies,

flower petals,

nautilus shells.

He shook his head, smiling in quiet admiration.

**It was never mystical.**
**It was always *fundamental*.**

The firelight danced, casting long shadows against the porch.

And where do classical and quantum physics finally meet? he asked, eyes flickering in the firelight, as if testing me.

**I swallowed. …Black holes?**

He grinned.

Exactly.

**The golden ratio appears in**

**the extreme conditions *inside* black holes—**

just as physicists suspected.

And there's more.
His voice dropped—softer now, almost sacred.

Inside a black hole, in a certain zone of its structure…

***past and future do not exist*.**
**Only *now*.**

A chill ran through me.

Gerhard sat back, silent, letting the weight of it settle between us like cosmic dust.

Then he pressed on.

The E-8 crystal, when projected into 3D, forms patterns.

**Symbols. All possible.** But here's the key—

At any given moment,

it has *three* possible positions it can take.

**And the position it chooses… determines how reality unfolds.**

He studied me carefully.
Then asked, gently:

**But… who makes the choice?**

The fire crackled.
I didn't answer.

Randomness, he continued, doesn't explain it.
**Randomness destroys meaning. It's just chaos.**
And yet… here we are.
Meaning exists.
***Reality* exists.**

He inhaled deeply, letting the thought settle.

Some scientists—uncomfortable with religious or New Age implications—

propose a different theory.
If *consciousness* must make a choice,

then maybe reality isn't what we think it is at all.

He paused.

**Perhaps… it's a simulation.**

My breath caught.

He nodded, slowly.

A vast quantum computational system… running elsewhere.
If that's true,

**then what we perceive as 'reality' is just a holographic projection.**
**And being *inside* the hologram—**

part of it—

it feels real.
Solid.

Tangible.

He smirked.

**But so does a dream… until you wake up.**

I grinned and leaned forward.

Uh oh… like *The Matrix*, I said. I *love* that movie.

Gerhard chuckled. Exactly.

He swirled the whiskey in his glass, the amber liquid catching the firelight.

Classical physics is just one finger pointing at the moon.

But if you really want to see where truth lies…
He raised an eyebrow.
**…you look at *quantum mechanics*.**

He leaned back, warming to the moment.

Let's go straight to it—the double-slit experiment.

I nodded. I knew it.
But from the way he was setting up, I could tell he was about to take it further than I'd ever considered.

You know the setup, he said.

They fire electrons—

one at a time if necessary—

through two slits in a barrier.
If they put a detector at the slits to see which path the electron takes,

what appears on the screen?

Two neat bands, I said.

Like bullets hitting a wall.

Exactly.
He leaned in.

But here's where it gets weird.
If they *don't* place a detector,

the electrons form an interference pattern.
Not two bands—

but multiple, overlapping ripples.

Like a wave.

I exhaled. As if the electron *knows* it's being watched.

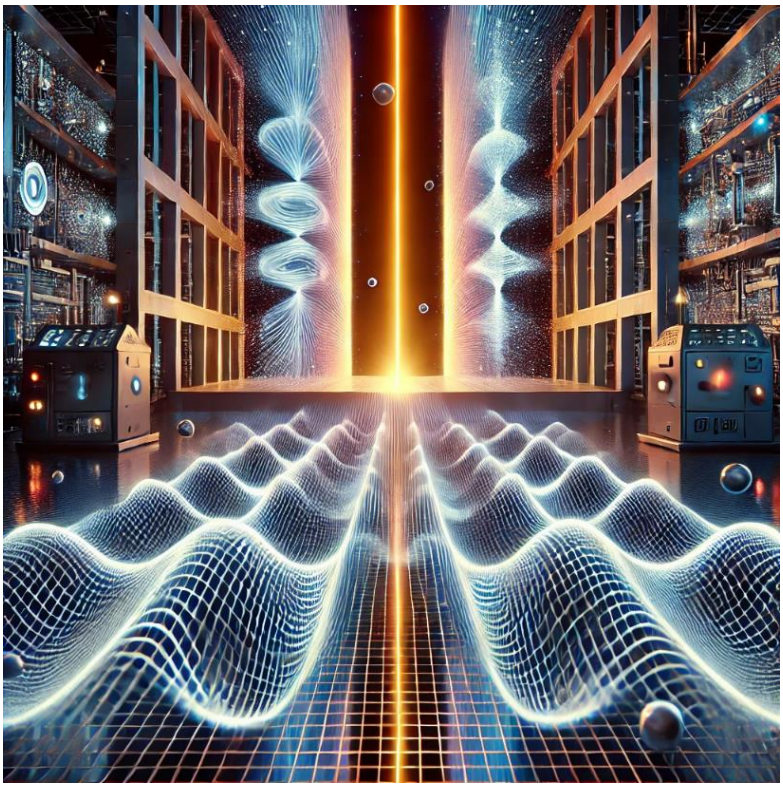
**Exactly**

And for a long time, he said,
people tried to brush it off.
'The detectors must be
interfering,' they said.

He tapped the rim of his glass.

But no. If you run the
experiment and *don't look* at
the detector results, the
electrons behave like a wave.
But the moment you observe
the data?
He paused.

The wave collapses.
The electrons act like particles
again.



And if you *destroy* the data before anyone sees it?
He shrugged.

Wave behaviour returns.

A chill ran down my spine.

So… the detector interference argument is gone, I muttered.

Gerhard nodded.

**Back to the observer effect.**

He took a slow sip of whiskey, letting the silence expand around the thought.

I broke the silence with a grin.
Alright, but if matter's just empty space,

why don't I have X-ray vision like Superman?

And why does it *still* hurt when a brick of 'nothingness' falls on my head?

Gerhard exhaled, shaking his head.

**Because *you're* part of the hologram.**

I raised an eyebrow.

You believe it's real, he said, so it *is*—

because of what you believe.

**Your consciousness tunes into the frequency of what you see.**

I smirked.
Alright, well—I believe *this* isn't real.

I slapped him lightly on the back.
See? Still hurts.

He rolled his eyes.
You're not getting it.

Enlighten me.

He set down his glass.

Ever tried virtual reality? Played video games? Watched how they behave?

I nodded.

He grinned.
**Another big, fat finger pointing straight at the moon.**

I leaned in.

The golden ratio. The E-8 lattice. The Gosset Polytope—these higher-dimensional structures. Scientists think they govern how reality emerges. They suspect our three-dimensional world is a projection—translated from these higher dimensions.

He paused for effect.

**The Planck length—**

**the smallest possible unit of space—**

**aligns eerily with how computers work.**

And between a computer-generated program and your perceived experience of it…

**there seem to be at least *eight dimensions*.**

I narrowed my eyes.

In other words, he said,

our reality behaves *like* a computer simulation. What happens inside the chip—

the quantum level—isn't what you see on the screen.

**The screen is just the *reflection*.**

He looked at me carefully.

Our universe might work the same way.

**My mind felt like it was slipping—**

**between planes, between dimensions—**

**struggling to find something solid.**

And then, Janet spoke.

You should read *Butterflies Are Free to Fly*, she said. The author—people call him *Butterfly Man*—has an interesting model.

She took a sip of tea, then leaned forward, her voice soft.

But before I explain that… let's try something simple.

I raised an eyebrow.
Okay?

She smiled.

Go to a mirror. Focus on the spot between your eyes.

Let your reflection blur a little.

Now, start thinking different kinds of thoughts.
And watch what happens.

I frowned.
What happens?

When you think happy thoughts, she said,

you'll see a happy face.
When you think dark thoughts…

your reflection turns angry.

I hesitated.
**That's just perception.**

She nodded.
**Yes. But what does that *tell* you?**

I exhaled slowly, the firelight flickering at the edge of my thoughts.

Now, she continued, think about holograms. Think about computer-generated realities.

That's what Butterfly Man is getting at.

She set down her tea.

The first thing we must realize, Janet said, is that everything we see, hear, taste, or feel…
**happens *in the brain*.**

She looked at me.

We assume there's something *out there*—but there's no actual proof of that.

I swallowed.

There is *nothing* out there, she whispered. It's all *in here*.

She tapped her temple.

**And for the first time that night,**
**I wasn't sure what was real anymore.**

Janet placed a hand on her chest.
Her voice softened, but something unshakable lived beneath it.

*Butterfly Man's* model, she continued,

suggests that from the field—

the matrix, the void—

**your infinite self, your no-self, your higher self…**

*projects* the holographic images that you,

**the finite self, see and experience.**

She looked at me, searching my face for understanding.

The fact is, she said, we are *inside* that hologram.
That's why it feels so real.
That's why you bleed when you cut yourself.
That's why a brick of 'nothingness' puts you in a hospital.
That's why you don't have X-ray vision.

She tilted her head slightly.
Get it?

I hesitated.
I guess… explaining it that way…

**I trailed off.**

I was open to new ideas.
But something in me still resisted.
The *weight* of it—

the implications—

felt too vast to carry.

Janet watched me for a moment, then nodded gently.

Maybe, she said, Butterfly Man didn't explain it as clearly as science is beginning to.

She leaned in.

**There are *real* discoveries—real experiments—that point to the same thing.**

I leaned forward instinctively.

Take direct brain stimulation experiments, she said. You know—electrodes placed on the cortex, mapping sensory responses?

I nodded.

They expected that stimulating the area responsible for,

say, touch in the index finger…

would feel exactly the same as physically pricking the finger.

She exhaled sharply.

But that's *not* what happened.

I frowned.

**When the finger was pricked, the signal reached the brain *faster* than when they stimulated the brain directly.**

I blinked.
That… doesn't make sense.

Janet smiled gently.

Unless…she said, the brain *isn't* what we think it is.

**Unless the brain is a *hologram*.**

A receiver.

Think about it—when the brain is stimulated directly, it has to *first project* the finger… and *then* feel the sensation. But when the finger is pricked in real time, the projection already exists—so the sensation is *instantaneous*.

I exhaled slowly.
Everything I thought I knew about perception cracked a little more.

And then there's this, she added.

MRI scans have shown that the brain knows—

*up to ten seconds before we make a choice—*

what decision we'll make.

I sat up, alert.

*Ten seconds?*

She nodded.
**In terms of brain activity, ten seconds is a lifetime.**

It means that before you *think* you've decided… something else has already downloaded the decision.

My mind reeled.

Finger pointing…Janet murmured, half to herself.

Silence stretched between us—
but my thoughts were anything *but* quiet.

Finally, she spoke again.

So… the real question is—
***Who* is the infinite self?**
The one doing the downloading of these holographic images?
**And *why*?**

I swallowed, but no words came.

At this stage, she admitted, those answers aren't clear.
They're out of focus. Just beyond the veil.
**Like trying to explain consciousness.**

She paused, looking at me deeply—checking if I was still with her.

The problem, she said, is that we can't describe it.
Because it's on the *other side* of the void.
We don't have the language for it.

I barely breathed.

Any attempt to describe the void fails, she whispered,
because the moment we put it into words,
we've already destroyed its true nature.

It is beyond description. Beyond imagination.
**It is the void—**
and *less* than that, because even the word 'void' is an attempt to define it.

I stared at her, my mind unravelling and expanding at the same time.

**It is without description, she said softly.**
**The unmanifested.**

**The timeless.**
**Eternity.**

**Now.**

**Never.**

She shook her head.

All futile attempts to name something that cannot be named.
It is everything and *no-thing*.
It is here, there, and nowhere.
It is all that *is*.

She placed her hand over her heart again.

**It is *existence* itself, she whispered.**
**It is *consciousness*.**
**It is *awareness*.**

I was speechless.
I nodded occasionally, afraid that if I didn't, she might stop—might think she was losing me.
But I was right there.
Absorbing *everything*.

And for the first time…
things were starting to make sense.

Janet let the silence breathe between us, then continued.

So… you think you have choices in life? she asked, tilting her head.

**I frowned slightly.**
**Don't we?**

She smiled softly.

**No.**
**You only have *one* choice.**

I inhaled sharply.

**In this *one* choice, she said, all other choices are resolved.**
If you *don't* make this choice,

then the complexity of all the choices you *think* you have…

**becomes your prison.**

Her voice was quiet now.
Steady.
Final.

You have the key to your release, she whispered.
It has always been in your hands.
**No-thing can take it from you.**

She looked at me deeply.

It is always… where your infinite self-placed it.

I swallowed.

The fire crackled.

**And I knew—**
**whatever I had believed about reality before this night—**
**was gone.**

Janet's expression shifted—serious now, unwavering.
When she spoke, her voice carried a clarity that cut through the night like a blade.

I'll explain it like this, she began.
Your infinite self is constantly projecting the reality you experience.

This projection moves
through your holographic
brain—
and what you *perceive*, what
you *think* you see,
is nothing more than a movie
playing before your eyes.
A dream.
An illusion.

She paused, watching me
carefully.

The thing is…
we are all here because, at
some point—
as a collective, as one
entity—
**we entertained a single**
**untrue thought:**
***that we could be separate***
***from our Infinite Self*.**

She let the weight of that settle between us.

But separation is not possible.
Only truth exists.
**And since we cannot *actually* separate…**
**an illusion of this world was created instead.**

I inhaled slowly, trying to take it in.
Then leaned forward, trying to piece it together.

**Okay, Janet… so what you're saying is…**
**we think, *and then* we see? Not the other way around?**

I glanced at her, searching for confirmation.

The world teaches us that we *see* first—
and then form thoughts based on what we see.
But in reality, **it's the thoughts we hold…**
**that shape what we see?**

Her eyes lit up.

Yes! *Exactly!*
That's why we must be aware—

awake—

**vigilant**
**about what thoughts we choose to keep in our minds.**

At this point, Gerhard spoke.
His voice was calm, steady. Measured.

The fact that we find ourselves in this reality, he said,
comes from our *belief* that it is real.

**The delusion begins the moment we believe in the illusion.**

I sat up straighter.

From that first belief, he continued,
we begin to *layer* it.

Adding more and more illusions,
more false perceptions—
until we are no longer seeing reality at all.

**It's like putting on a lens—**
**then another… and another.**

The first layer covers our true sight.
And every experience after that
reinforces the illusion—
making the lens thicker. Murkier.

His voice dropped.

**And the more we believe in this world…**
**the more we forget who we are.**

I wasn't sure what to make of it.
Not yet. But something was shifting.

We become trapped in the idea that we are *this* body—
this fragile, temporary, suffering body.

He looked at me.
And then said, gently:

**And that belief…**
**is the entrance to hell.**

Silence.

His words hung in the air like smoke.

The world we see, he said finally,
becomes *alien* to what it truly is.
It becomes choked with fear,
**contaminated by beliefs and opinions.**

And because we *believe* it to be real—
we respond to it *as though* it is.

We suffer it.
We fight it.
**We become prisoners of our own illusions.**

His gaze locked onto mine.

In short… the thoughts we choose to keep become the beliefs we foster.
And those beliefs shape the reality we see.

I exhaled.

Then the delusion—

this lens—

it's just an accumulation of distorted energy?
**A barrier between us and our true selves?**

Yes, Janet whispered.

Something stirred inside me—sharp, concerned.

I looked at both of them, my mind racing.

Is there a way out?
How do I remove the lenses?

There was a desperate edge to my voice now.

I swallowed hard.

Do I fight the delusion?

Deny it?

Attack it?

Destroy it?
I let out a shaky breath.

**Or… do I just end it all?**

I cast a glance toward Death, still curled at my feet, his form barely visible in the dim firelight.

He did not stir.

Nothing happened.

Gerhard laughed gently, shaking his head.

Your responses, he said, are exactly what the delusion *wants* you to believe.
**Even suicide—every form of attack—only feeds it.**
Every fight against it, every desperate attempt to break free, only makes it stronger.

I clenched my jaw.
Then what do I do?

Gerhard's gaze softened.

**You must first recognize the delusion for what it is—*an illusion*.**

I furrowed my brow.

Do not deny it, he said. That is one of its tricks—to make you pretend it isn't there.
Do not fight it—that only strengthens it.
**Instead… *acknowledge* it.**

My mind wandered to past memories.

Someone once said, I murmured, 'The devil's greatest trick is convincing people he doesn't exist.'

I glanced at Gerhard.

That seems to be one of life's paradoxes.
**The devil… ego… delusion… it hides itself in the belief that *it* is God.**

I looked at them.

Then how do I approach this?

Gerhard held my gaze.

You look at it, he said simply.
And you keep looking.

With awareness.

With clarity.

**With stillness.**

I frowned.

You do not identify with it, he continued.
You do not engage with it. You do not judge it. You do not fight it.

You simply *watch* it… until it disappears.

I struggled to breathe.

Janet's voice joined, quiet. Steady.

**Think of the delusion as an entity of low-vibrational energy,**

feeding on illusion.
It only exists because you believe in it.
Because you hold it as real.

I looked at her.

But she said, the moment you stop feeding it—
**when you shine the light of your awareness on it—**
it begins to starve.
It withers.
**It dissolves.**

She inhaled deeply.

**And *that*… is the paradox.**

I swallowed.

**What is left, she said softly, is *you*.**

Then she smiled faintly.

But not the '*you',* you think you are.

She held my gaze, unwavering.

**What is left… is *nothing*.**

I shuddered.

But then, almost in a whisper:

This nothingness… is *everything*.

The fire crackled.

**This nothingness… is your *true self*.**

The night stretched around us.

**And *that*, she said finally, is the peace that surpasses all human understanding.**

I said nothing.
I couldn't say anything.

Because in that moment…
I *felt* it.

The lens flickered.

And for the first time in my life…
I saw past it.

I smiled.

Sort of like a DMT trip, I mused. I've read about the experiences people have shared after using it.

Gerhard considered this for a moment.
His gaze went distant. Thoughtful.

DMT is magic, he said finally.
Not real.

Your mind can take you there—*without* the magic.
But…

He leaned forward slightly.

**All magic has its illusory repercussions.**
And *that*, he said, his voice lowering, you must remember.
**The laws of karma.**

His voice was steady.
Quiet.
But weighted.

The delusion will *fight* for its survival.

It *will not* go quietly.

As your awareness grows,

the attacks from the delusion may become *ferocious*,

even *violent*.

**It will feel as though it is *worsening* before it gets better.**

He tilted his head slightly.

And at first, you *let it be*.

If you get drawn into it—

if it *pulls* you back—

**just *acknowledge* its *unreality* and *move on*.**

I nodded slowly.

The key, he continued,

**is to *not identify* with it.**

The more you practice this…

the *weaker* the delusion becomes.

Eventually, you'll start to *sense* when the delusion is waking—

when it's preparing to *feed*.

And when that happens, you'll be *ready*.

**You'll no longer be *pulled* into it.**

And once you reach *that* stage, it is only a matter of time before it *disappears completely*.

The fire flickered between us, shadows shifting across his face.

**But here lies the *final paradox*, he said.**

**As long as you are *in this world*, you *need* the delusion to function.**

Because the *full removal* of the lens means you have *returned* to your home in eternity.

***Not* this illusion of time.**

I inhaled sharply.

**Before that moment, he continued, you will see the *happy illusion*—the one your *infinite self* is *projecting* on your behalf. Some call it the *new earth*.**

A long silence stretched between us, heavy with thought.

And then the conversation shifted.

We spoke of aliens, of history, of religion, of New Age thought—
all of it part of the same hologram.
All of it, part of the same illusion.

Gerhard smiled, leaning back in his chair.

Life, he said, is like reading a book.

A book that *you* are the author of.

And what is a book without conflict?
Without mystery?
Without uncertainty?

He laughed softly.

But it's not real.
Just a story.

And the story only exists to occupy the mind—
to keep it from asking the *real* questions.

I exhaled slowly.
Something in my chest loosened.

He held my gaze.

**The 'you', he said quietly,**
**is not *you* alone.**
**It is *collective*.**

There is no individual 'I'.

I swallowed.

**A whisper of transformation,**
**unforced, unspoken an arrival.**

A stillness.

A silent,

sacred yes.

Gerhard stretched, yawning as he stood.
The fire had burned low, embers glowing beneath the ash.

My life, he said—almost to himself,
is now an effortless flow of peace and joy.

He turned his eyes to the night sky.

I wake before dawn.
I walk down to the dam.
I wait for the sun to rise.

And as it rises…
I stretch out my arms,
**and I thank the universe for the night that has passed.**
I welcome the day.

His voice was soft. Steady.

I perform my work as a caretaker with passion—
to the best of my ability.

Nothing hurries me,
yet I am always on time.

He smiled faintly.

**When a difficult customer crosses my path,**
**I thank them.**

Because I use them as an indicator—
a mirror—
to see how clean my lens is.

I listened, unmoving. Still.

At dusk, he continued,
I walk to the top of the hill.
I face the setting sun.
I stretch out my arms.
**I thank the universe for the passing day.**
**And I welcome the night.**

The wind stirred slightly—cool against my skin.

I follow the flow of the universe, he said.
My infinite self is in control.
I accept whatever is presented to me.
I trust that my infinite self is loving.
And under its guidance,
only beneficial things come my way.

His gaze drifted back to the fire.

I do not mix with people often, he said.
The odd visitor comes…
**and I give them everything that is true—**
**which I have, in turn, received so abundantly.**

He exhaled. Long and deep.

And with that…
the evening closed.

We stood.
We bade each other goodnight.
I thanked them—deeply—
for what had been
a remarkable evening.

I turned back toward my room.

Death followed.

But so did something else—
something I could not name.
**A stillness.**
**A peace.**

As we reached the door,
I patted Death's head.
He lay down at my feet.
His eyes closed.

And for the first time…
in what felt like eternity…

…I slept.

# Chapter 4

## Spiritual Autolysis

I woke to birdsong—sharp, delicate notes breaking the hush like light through cracks in a wall.
It was still dark, though no longer the darkness of despair.
This one had edges. Texture.

And something inside me was transforming.

Was it the dream—or something older—surfacing from the deep?
My hands moved of their own accord, pulling on clothes, brushing against cold water.
The mirror gave me no answers. Only a reflection I no longer recognized.

I wrote a letter.

Not to justify, not to explain—just a quiet farewell to those who had shown me a glimpse of gentleness. Gerhard. Janet. Joleen.
**I didn't say I was leaving for good, only that I could not stay.**

Because I knew—if I saw their faces again, I might not leave at all.

And I had already chosen.

Death walked beside me, of course.
Silent. Watching. As always.

We stepped into a morning still wrapped in its own dreaming. The road stretched out like a question. I had no answer. Only a will.

A battered truck stopped.
The man driving said little. His name? Irrelevant.
He delivered me to Cradock as if returning something borrowed.
By midday, I was on foot again, surrounded by dust and the distant hum of life I no longer wished to join.

The town smelled of rust and dry promises.
And still—there was hunger.

Steers.
I bought food as if trying to fill the void with weight. Ribs for Death. Two burgers for me.
Chips. A strawberry milkshake to drown the ache.
We found a quiet lot beneath a sagging tree and sat.

We ate.

Like it mattered.

**It could have been my last meal.**
**Perhaps, in a way, it was.**

The heat wrapped around us, thick and slow.
The air tasted of waiting.
Death vanished for a while—off on some errand only he understood.
I watched the clouds.

They stretched like ribs across the heavens.
A storm whispering its intentions just beyond reach.

Three o'clock.

Still no sign of him.
And for the first time since he arrived, I felt the tremor of his absence.

The air thickened. The heat dulled, but something else pressed against my skin—an unease, a question I didn't want to ask.

Where had he gone?

By the time I reached the end of town, Death reappeared, materializing from the ruins like a spectre. He greeted me as if I'd returned from a long absence, his eyes bright with a knowing I couldn't quite place.

I tried to hitch a ride, but car after car passed—wary of the lone figure with a German Shepherd at his side.

**Blame settled uneasily in my chest. Perhaps they were right to ignore me.**

The sun bled out across the sky, trapped beneath thick cirrus clouds, turning the world molten red and gold.
It looked like grief spilling through the atmosphere.

Looks like we're spending the night here, I murmured.

Death watched as another truck roared past without slowing.

An empty house loomed nearby—walls cracked but upright, roof half-collapsed but enough to shelter us. I led the way, pushing through overgrown weeds and the stubborn grip of the past. The front door was gone, an absent mouth yawning into shadow.

Inside, the remnants of other wanderers lingered: ash piles, blackened walls, the brittle silence of those who came before.

I searched the backyard for firewood—for anything to keep the night's chill at bay. By the time the flames were licking low, Death had returned. He sniffed me, licked my face, as if reassuring himself that I was still here. Still real.
**Or perhaps reminding me that he was.**

The night deepened. The silence stretched. The fire flickered in rhythm with my thoughts. The moon, veiled in clouded darkness, offered little solace.

I closed my eyes.

And then—

A pressure pressed behind my eyes, subtle at first, like a ripple through glass.

**So, what do you make of what Gerhard and Janet told you?**

The voice shattered the silence.

Not my voice.
Not my thoughts.

I opened my eyes.

Death was watching me.

A slow smile curled at the edges of my lips. Ah, I breathed. You're up to your tricks again.

The chuckle that followed was hollow, swallowed by the night.

And somewhere, beneath it all, the question still lingered:

Had I truly met him?
Or had he always been here—
Waiting.
Watching.
Wearing different faces.

Leading me to a destination I was no longer sure I wanted to reach.

**About religion,** he said, his voice quieter than I expected.

**Which is what I'm specifically referring to—**

**what do you think of their views on it?**

I suppose I agree with them, I muttered, though the words felt hollow even as I said them.

I've been through it all—

the rituals, the prayers,

the certainty that something was watching,

listening.
Christianity, with its solemn hymns. Judaism, where memory carries weight.

The fire of the Charismatics—tongues unleashed,

bodies trembling in borrowed ecstasy.

I wandered through Taoism's quiet corridors,

Sikhism's sturdy grace,

Buddhism's measured silence.
Lost myself, in Plato's cave,

clawed through Jung's shadows,

then drifted into the Occults—Seth, Jane Roberts,

the Ascended Masters whispering promises in the dark.
At one point, I let them guide me.

The New Age, the conspiracies, the voices—

they wove themselves around me like prophecy, promising something... more.

I exhaled, staring at the ground.

But they're just that—stories. No final resolution. No truth waiting at the end of the tunnel.
Just more tunnels.
More waiting.

Death tilted his head, amusement flickering in the void where his eyes should be.

**And which Ascended Master do you pray to, then?**

His voice was teasing, laced with something I didn't trust. Something sharp beneath the smile.

I shook my head. No one.

His laughter rolled through the air like a dry wind, a whisper of something ancient.

**And yet, here you are,** he said, **still looking.**

I didn't answer.

Reality—or whatever passes for it—moves like water. A reflection shifting with every ripple, never holding still.
What you see is what you believe, and belief is nothing more than a conjurer's trick.
The world mirrors it back at you, endlessly, ceaselessly—a cruel joke wrapped in the illusion of meaning.

**Test it,** Death suggested. **Be aware. See for yourself.**

I let the thought unravel in my mind.

So, what you're saying is... I can change the Earth Hologram?

**You already do,** he said. **You always have.**

A shudder crawled through me.

Then why does it always feel like someone else is pulling the strings?

**Because most people are too lost in the noise of their own minds to notice the miracle.**
Their egos chatter,

filling the silence with endless distractions.

They think they see first, then react.

But it's the other way around.

I frowned, trying to hold onto his meaning.

**You think first,** he said, **and then the world bends to meet the thought.**
**Maya's trick—making you believe it's the other way around.**

I rubbed my temples, feeling the weight of it all pressing against my skull.

Then what am I supposed to do? Just... look?

**Not with your eyes.**
Death leaned closer—closer than that.

Not the spot between your eyes—

the one gem those men you hunted left behind.

The one Maya didn't stain.

**The truth, pointing at the moon.**

Enough riddles. My voice cracked.

No secrets.

He shrugged.

There are no secrets.
**Every choice, every whisper of thought,**

**ripples out.**

You sneeze, and somewhere across the world,

a queen might catch a cold.

I scoffed. You expect me to live like that? As if every breath, every stray thought, changes the course of things?

Maybe not every breath, Death conceded.

But it could.
**There's always that one-in-a-billion-trillion chance.**

Small.

Infinitesimal.

**But possible.**

He grinned.

**The stuff from my world, Dude.**

I shook my head. You're saying nothing is real. That none of this matters.

**Nothing is real,** Death agreed, his voice light, almost playful.
And it doesn't matter. No right. No wrong. No sin. Just distortions in your lens—Maya's fingerprints on the glass. Clean it, and you'll see. **Only truth is real.**

His words curled around my mind like smoke.

And what is truth?

He exhaled. A soundless sigh.

**The void.**
The thing you keep running from.
The thing that carries my name, Dude.
That's why those who are asleep fear it.

A chill wrapped around my spine.

**Ah,** Death chuckles.

**The journey with no distance.**
You'll get nowhere, that much I can promise you.
You don't even know where you are.

You don't even know what you are.

The silence in my skull is suffocating.

You're a speck, he says.

**A fragment of awareness floating in an illusionary bubble,**

watching an illusionary movie projected from the surface of the bubble.

**And you're so deep in it, you think it's real.**

A nausea rises in my stomach, slow and curling.

***…in a world where nothing is wrong…***
The words feel foreign in my mouth.

Then why do I feel like…

**Like killing yourself?**

The question slams into me like a hammer.

*The process. Part of the process.*

I close my eyes. The weight in my chest pulses like an open wound.

Don't switch off the holographic receiver just yet, Death murmurs.

A pause. A breath held by the universe.

**Every choice has a consequence.**

But it's not about judgment.

Judgment is Maya—the original delusion.

Every judgment piles another layer onto the lens,

another distortion, another step further from truth.

It's so obvious, isn't it?

Look at them—the unhappy,

the broken, drowning in their judgments.

**If they could, they'd tear down everyone else first before they destroy themselves.**

Kind of like you, Dude.

I flinch.

**So don’t judge them,** he says, softening. **They’re just mirrors.**

Mirrors, I whisper. Like St. Paul. Looking into a mirror at a puzzle.

Death smirks.
**Even he had his moments. But the ‘finger pointing at the moon’**

Maya hid it from you.

Twisted it.

So, the sheep would never see.

**But the joke’s on you.**
**You already know all the answers.**

And then he laughs—a sound that doesn’t belong in this world.
Not in this world.
Not in any.

The air feels thick, weighted with something unseen.

You are patronizing me, I said, my voice clipped, defensive.
A sharp ripple of something I couldn’t name ran through me.

Death merely tilts his head.

His words wrapped around my mind like a noose.
A mirror.
Had I truly seen him?
Had I truly seen anything?

**You see yourself as you believe you are when you look at others,**

Death continued.
Remove the layers.

Clean the lens.

And you will see them—see everything—as it is.

No distortion. No veil. No Maya.

**Heaven or hell—they're just reflections of your own mind.**

I exhaled sharply, shaking my head.

Now you're talking nonsense. A person who rapes, who kills, who steals and destroys—how is he *not* what he does?

Death's stare doesn't waver.

**This will take time,** he muttered, shifting his weight like a cat settling in.

**A long conversation.**

I fed another log into the dying fire.
The flames curled hungrily around the wood, licking at the darkness.
The embers cast erratic shadows across Death's face.
Something in the air shifted.

**When you rest—**

when you truly rest—

you will remember, Death said.

**Your identity is not the sum of your actions, nor the weight of your past.**
You are like Being.
Tell me—can that which Being created ever truly change?

The words lodged inside me, twisting.

**If it can,** he continued,

his voice like the whisper of dry leaves, **then everything is a lie.**

There is no hope.

No foundation.

Everything at war with everything.

Chaos.

Madness.
**But if it cannot change…**
**Then there is nothing to fear.**

No past to regret.

No future to dread.

**Only certainty. Only now.**
**And now,** he whispered, **is eternity.**

The fire crackled. My throat tightened.

For the first time, I looked directly into Death's eyes. Not at him. Not around him.
*Into* him.

In the shifting light, his gaze was more human than any human I had ever known—
Compassion without pity.
Knowing without judgment.
He saw me. He saw everything.
A world beyond words,

beyond flesh,

beyond the illusions I had built around myself.

Goosebumps crawled over my arms.

The sensation was like hearing a song so achingly beautiful that the mind cannot hold it—
It spills into the bones, into the blood.
It tears the soul apart.

**You are as you were created,** Death murmured.
As Being sees you.
Whole.

Eternal.

Loved.

Complete.
**You have never left. You only believe you have.**

A tear slipped free, hot against my skin.

Thank you, I heard myself whisper.

The words came unbidden, breaking something open inside me.

The dam shattered.

The floodgates ruptured.
Tears poured freely now, unchained,

washing through me like a river reclaiming its path.
Memories of something truer than this world rose to the surface.

***I was not alone.***
***I had never been alone.***

Death moved, stepping closer.
He licked the tears from my face—slow, deliberate.

I clung to him, gripping his fur as I sobbed into the night.
It was not grief.

It was not relief.
It was everything and nothing at once.
A remembering.

A song—no, a knowing—filled the space between my thoughts, washing over me in waves.
***The Light has come.***
**Forgiven.**
Not just what the world had done to me—
But what I had done to the world.

The sun within me rose.
Joy.
Stillness.
Certainty.

No turning back.
The final journey had begun.

Exhausted, I loosened my grip on Death's neck and collapsed to the ground.
A quiet peace settled over everything.

**Being was in all I beheld.**

I pushed myself onto my elbows, locking eyes with Death once more.

No more questions, I whispered.

I am done. Perfection in my heart.

Life overflowing. My eyes do not seek suffering anymore. They see only beauty. Pain turns to laughter. Sorrow to joy.

Death simply watched.

**I am not alone. I do not question. I trust.**

A slow, understanding nod.

Then be still, he said. And listen.
Forget everything you thought you were…

So, you can remember what you are.

**What you have always been.**

I don't know if I lost consciousness or simply drifted into sleep,
but the next moment, dawn was bleeding into the sky—
A faint glow smearing the horizon.

My head rested against Death's torso, his breath slow and steady beneath me.
He didn't seem to mind that I'd used him as a pillow.

I woke rested, but cold. The fire had long since died, leaving only the ghost of warmth in the ashes.
I rubbed my hands together, trying to stir some heat into them. But the air clung to me like something waiting to be shed.

Death moved before me, leaping through the hollow wall where the window once was, disappearing into the grey hush of morning.

I followed, my steps slow, uncertain—
As if the night had changed something fundamental within me.

Had it?
Had Death spoken?
Had I dreamt the things I thought I knew?
**Or had the world merely peeled back a layer, revealing something I had always known, but refused to see?**

At the road, Death returned—standing beside me like a shadow untethered from the body.

The first cars and trucks split the silence,

their exhausts leaving behind fleeting scars in the air.
Despite the clarity of the morning—

crisp, even in the heart of summer—

no one stopped.

We stood there for two hours.
My irritation gnawed at me, as though hunger had taken on a new form.

I started walking.

Cookhouse to the south.
Adelaide to the east.
The road stretched endlessly, my legs moving not out of will but out of necessity—
As if stopping would mean something irreversible.

*Sympathy*, I thought, *might come easier once we were further from town*.
Where the sight of a lone traveller and his hound might awaken some dormant kindness in passing motorists.

By midday, fifteen kilometres had vanished beneath my feet.
Then—finally—a farmer's truck.
A beast of rust and rattling bolts.
It pulled over.

The farmer let us climb in, saying little. He took us as far as the T-junction, where the road split again.
Cookhouse south.
Adelaide east.

We took Adelaide.

The sun slid lower as we walked, casting long shadows across the cracked tar.
Not far from the junction, the road bridged a small stream, its waters whispering below.

I decided we'd sleep there—under the bridge.
A burial pipe of concrete and stone, offering shelter from the world.

While Death wandered upstream, I gathered scraps of wood, the hollow ache of hunger gnawing through my core.

Tonight, we go to bed hungry, I told him when he returned.

He said nothing.
Only sat beside me, watching as I arranged the fire.

Darkness settled, swallowing sound and movement.
There was no traffic now—no passing strangers to remind me of the world outside this moment.

The stars blinked into being.
Orion rising from the depths of dusk, his form sharpening as the last light bled away.
The night hummed with the chorus of crickets.
A single jackal called from some distant, unseen place.

And then—

Death spoke again.

The words were not words, but something else—
Something that pressed against the edges of my mind,
Filling the space left behind by doubt.

The world gives nothing.
What you hold, you will lose.
What you release, you will keep.
**This is the law, though the world would have you believe otherwise.**

Last night—the dog,
Death—I saw it.

No. I *felt* it.
Heavy as a collapsed star.
Silent as the spaces between thoughts.

Did I dream it?
Was it always there—
lurking at the frayed edge of memory—
Waiting for the moment my will cracked,
My perception bent,
And it could slip through?

It said nothing, yet I heard it.
A resonance beyond sound.

A knowing beyond words.

This world—this grotesque tangle of fear and survival—presses in,

thick as tar.
Everything here is designed to consume.

The strong thrive.

The weak are devoured.
*So,* we tell ourselves.

But what if survival is a lie?
A circular trick.
The ouroboros consuming its own tail.
Spinning through eternity with no escape.
What if every step is the same step, repeating, looping—
An echo of a journey never truly begun?

To attack is to defend.
To defend is to acknowledge fear.
And fear is the great architect.
It builds the cage.
Locks the doors.
Whispers the illusion that they must remain shut.

I swing my fists at ghosts.
Clutch at the air where once I held weapons—
And the weapons were never real.

But if I do not strike, do I surrender?
And if I surrender, do I dissolve?

Death would know.

Seriously, Death, I rasped in the void between dreaming and waking,
If someone attacks me… am I to simply—let them?

And it answered.
Or I answered myself.
Or there was no answer at all—

only the gnawing thing in my chest,
Pulsing when fear rises,
When the memory of violence stains the present.

The lens thickens.
Fear distorts.
And each time I react, I feed it.
It grows.
It hungers.
**It becomes me.**

I think of what Gerhard said—
***We think, and then we see.***

*Not the other way around.*
But what if I am trapped in the mind's blind recursion,
Thinking only what I have seen,
Seeing only what I have thought—
A self-imposed prison, where I carve my own chains?

The earth hologram flickers.
The flow of time—

if it exists at all—

warps around the weight of perception.
And in this shifting, unstable place,
I see the roads ahead—
All leading to the Amatola Mountains.

But **which** "I" will reach them?
The one who fights?
The one who surrenders?
The one who sees?

Somewhere, Death waits.
The dog, or the god,
Or the idea that has worn a thousand faces across a thousand lifetimes.

It walks ahead.
Its footprints burned into reality before my own can form.
I follow, because I must.
Because the mountains are there.
Because the mountains have *always* been there.

**Tomorrow, we walk.**
**But who will arrive?**

Then Death broke the silence.

**Forgiveness, as the world understands it, is a lie.**

A trick of the mind.
A deception wrapped in grandiosity.

**It first declares sin real—**

**an offense that never truly existed—**

then begs for its absolution.
It demands guilt,

craves punishment,

and trades in the currency of suffering.
Worse still, it looks upon the sins of others,

casting judgment from a throne of imagined superiority—

offering pardon that is nothing,

but a sharpened blade hidden in mercy's cloth.
A verdict never forgotten.

**A wound never allowed to heal.**

What, then, is this forgiveness, I asked, but another form of bondage?

Death pondered.

Then, slowly, thoughtfully, he answered:

A chain upon the soul.
Each link forged by the world's relentless verdicts—

good, evil, right, wrong.
Even what you call 'good' is but the flip side of the same coin.

**Who can judge, except Being itself?**

**Surely it does not take much intellect to see that your notions of virtue and vice shift like the sands—**

moulded by race,

gender,

time,

the whims of history,

the hands of gods and men.

**You are taught to defend, to justify, to plan for absolution.**

But I tell you—your only task is to trust.
Trust in Being, which knows all.
And surrender the ceaseless war within you.

Do you think you can guard yourself against truth with judgment?
Do you think you can claim absolution by condemning another?

Every law, every principle,

every self-righteous decree

is yet another mask upon the false self—
**The self that clings to its story.**

Its name.

Its memories.

Its sins.

But Death, I said, the urgency rising in my chest,
What are *you*, really—beyond the illusion?

Strip away the names.
Strip away the history.
Strip away the roles you've played, the fears that shaped you, the bank balance, the home, the faith you clutch like a talisman against the dark.

**Nothing.**

**And yet… everything.**

You remain as Being created you.
Unchanged.
Unaltered by sin.
Untouched by the burden of penance.
You suffer from nothing more than a

bad case of amnesia.

Death smiled—a small, knowing thing.

But the world will not allow you to remember, he said softly.
A faraway look in his eyes.
**Remembering the first choice we made.**

It holds no belief that is true—
Not one.

Every concept.
Every law.
Every certainty—
**A veil drawn across the face of truth**.

And so, you must go beyond.

You must discard what your eyes see,
What your ears hear,
**What your hands grasp as solid.**

For what you call reality is nothing but the whisper of a dream—
A mirage that bends and breaks under the weight of truth.

The day you surrender your claim to separation, Death said,
you will remember.
**You will remember Who You Are.**

He lifted his head, eyes steady, and adamantly stated:

Heaven is a decision.
A choice only you can make.

And the great absurdity of it all?
You have already made it.
**You simply do not believe it.**

You place your faith in what your senses report—trusting the illusions of the world over the awareness that sings within you.
And so, you cower beneath the ego's judgments—its cruel and endless whispering:
*You are weak.*
*You are guilty.*
*You are doomed.*
**It feeds you its poison, making you fear the very thing that would set you free.**

My heart raced.

**And what is that thing?**

**Death.**

He allowed the word to take shape at the crossroads of my mind.

**Death?**

Not the ending you run toward.
Not the violence you crave to bring your suffering to an end.
But the Death that walks beside you now.
The one that licked your wounds in the night.
The one you still doubt was ever real.

**And so, I ask you, pilgrim—who is the one asking the question?**

The self that clings to the past?
Or the Self that was never lost?

As if we had reached a time for deep reflection, Death said:

Take time, wanderer. Think on what I've said.
For the Amatolas await—and you must decide.

**Will you go there to die?**
**Or to remember?**

Death rose, his dark frame cutting through the last embers of firelight,
And with a stride or two, he was gone—
Swallowed whole by the blackness of the night.

I stayed behind.
Alone with the silence.
A cigarette trembling between my fingers.

Smoke curled into the sky,
Becoming one with the void above.

The stars were watching—
Distant and cold—
But their beauty reached for something inside me,
Something long buried.

For a moment, the darkness wasn't empty.
It wasn't *nothingness*.
It was vast.
Endless.
Cradling me in its unknowable embrace.

I let my mind drift,
Imagining myself standing outside of time,
Apart from the earth,
Looking at the cosmos as though it were something I could hold.

I thought of the planets,
The stars,
The unbearable distances between them—
Space stretching out forever.

A pressure swelled in my chest.
An ache beyond grief.
Beyond longing.

I wanted to gather it all into my arms—
To clutch the whole universe close and whisper:

**I love you.**

I wanted to drown in its enormity.
To be lost in it completely.

The feeling built—
Sharper, fiercer—
Until I couldn't contain it anymore.

I threw my head back and shouted into the night:

**I love yoooou!**

The words shattered the stillness,
Breaking against the empty sky.

And yet—
Something in me unfolded.

For a fleeting second,
I felt it.

**Being alive.**

And for the first time in too long,
It felt good.

Then the laughter came—
Raw.
Bitter.
Ridiculous.

How small we are.
How foolish.

**We pretend at greatness,**
**But we live and die inside our own tiny, self-made prisons.**
We call ourselves wise,
But we are blind.
**We mistake chains for crowns,**
Little victories for some grand meaning.

I snorted at myself, shaking my head.

And then—
Death returned.

I heard you, buddy, he said,
His voice laced with something between amusement and approval.

I met his gaze, feeling something shifts inside me.

Keep going, he said, settling back beside me.
You're getting there.

The discourse resumed—his voice weaving through the silence
Like an old story I had somehow always known.

You listen too much to the ego's voice, he said.
Maya—that's the illusion.
The witnesses it sends you, the ones that whisper you're unworthy, evil, broken—
Those voices come from the false self.

I exhaled slowly.
Then how do I know which voice is real?
I mean… what I think is what I think.
How do I tell which thoughts are mine and which are lies?

Death's eyes gleamed in the firelight.

**Maya always speaks first.**
**It's loud.**

Insistent.

Demanding.
But after that… there's a silence.
**And in that silence, the Voice for Being is waiting.**
**It's always there—you just need to listen.**

I frowned.
And if I don't hear it?

**You learned to listen to the false voices,** he said.
**You can unlearn it.**
It's just a matter of willingness.
At first, you have to sort the truth from the noise.
Watch how the ego reacts. Step back. Let the silence expand.

Every time you refuse to feed the ego, you make space for Being to fill you instead.
The more you do it, the easier it gets.
One day, you wake up, and the ego's voice is no longer the first thing you hear.
It's just background static.

I stared at him, the words settling into the cracks of my mind.

Death continued, his voice steady. Certain.

The mind you made—

this mind that tells you who you are—

it's unreliable at best.
It sends you witnesses to prove its version of reality, but they're liars.
If you stand back in silence and let Being be the judge instead,

you'll see the truth of yourself.
You'll see that you are a beautiful creation.
And that is where you must place your trust.
Not in the noise.

Not in the illusions.

But in what *is*.

His gaze was steady. Unwavering.

**The Mind that created your reality bears witness to your truth.**
**Let it be the judge of everything that happens to you in this world.**

Then, you will no longer doubt.
You will know that only good can come to you, even when the world insists otherwise.
You will see love beyond hate, constancy in change, purity even in sin.
You will see only Heaven's blessing upon this world.

A breath shuddered from my lips.

And what then?

Then, Death said,

you will be born again.
You will no longer be a part of anything that is not in the Mind of Being.
**And in everyone, in everything, you will see the Complete Face of Being.**

His voice was calm,
But I could feel the weight of the words pressing into me,
Demanding something I wasn't sure I could give.

Dude, he said at last—his tone almost light,
But his eyes, serious.

What I'm about to tell you—you must believe it.
It's the truth.

I swallowed hard.
Waiting.

Because for the first time…
I wanted to believe.

The world you see—the one you swear is real,
In every cruel detail,
In every unbearable event—
**Is of your own making.**

That's what the dog said.
That's what Death whispered to me in the dark.

You chose this, he said.
No debate.
No questioning.
**You see it as it is because you willed it to be.**

He spoke as if he knew.
As if the great void in my chest,
The unbearable weight of living,
The gnawing rot of memory—
Was nothing but a shadow cast by my own mind.

**He said I was a creator.**
Sculpted in the same image as the one who made me.
Given everything—nothing withheld.
The power to create, or to destroy.

**To listen to the voice of the world I built…**
**Or to the one I was given.**

And then, the knife twist:

If I had everything,
Could loss be real?
If peace was true,
Could pain exist within it?
Could grief gnaw at joy?
Could fear fester in a mind where love was meant to abide?

**Truth,** he said, **must be whole. Undivided. If it is to be true at all.**

But if that's truth…
Then where does that leave *me*?

What am I to do with the things I've seen?
With the ruin I've walked through?
The bodies left behind—
The screams that never stop ringing in my ears?

Am I meant to look at the blood-soaked ground and call it a dream?
If what I see is a lie…
What does that make me?

I told him I didn't understand.
I told him he wasn't convincing me.

Death sighed.
A long, tired sound.

If he had been a man,
I might have seen the frustration on his face.

But the black dog only stared.
Unblinking.
As patient as the grave.

How do you wake a child from a nightmare? he asked.

Do you grab him by the shoulders and shake him until he screams?
No. You take him in your arms. You hush his sobs. Stroke his hair. Tell him, over and over, that it was just a bad dream.
**You wake him gently. You make him see that none of it was real.**

He watched me then.
Waiting.

But I only shook my head.

To believe I made this—
This world, this ruin—
Felt like *arrogance*.

How could *I* be responsible for all this?
How could I shape something so monstrous?

**Being did not make this world,** Death said.
**That, you can be sure of.**
**Being is not mad.**
**Only madness would make a world like this.**

And still—
I could not believe.

You think it is humble to see yourself as broken? he asked.
To believe you have shattered something indestructible?
That you—small, grieving, lost—could change the unchangeable?
**That is the arrogance.**

I swallowed against the cold creeping into my bones.

You are still dreaming, he murmured.
**And you will go on dreaming… until you choose to wake.**

But wake to *what*?

I am walking toward the Amatola Mountains.
The earth beneath my feet.
The sky above me—vast and empty.

I feel the weight of the world pressing against my being.
The hunger gnawing at my belly.
The ache in my bones.

I am alive.
I am dying.
I do not know if I am waking…
Or only walking deeper into the dream.

And still—
The black dog follows.

Death walked beside me.
Silent.

Steady.
His black coat barely catching the dying light.

I tried to remember if he had always been there.
If I had truly met him last night.
Or if he was simply another illusion in a mind unravelling.

Everything has its place, he had said.
Not to be judged by you.

His voice lingered in my skull—thick like fog I couldn't shake.
It wrapped around my thoughts,
Pressed into the fragile corners of my will.

Had I really heard him?
Or was it just the whisper of exhaustion—
The final gasps of reason before madness took root?

I could still feel the tremor in my bones from his words:

***Ecstasy of the mind is fleeting.***
***It does not last.***

Hadn't I known that already?
Hadn't I chased that momentary glimpse of clarity,
Only to have it slip through my fingers like water?

And yet—
He spoke as if I had stumbled upon something profound.
Something *false*.

That is not what we are looking for, he had said.

But who was 'we'?
Him and I?
Or was I not even part of that equation?
Just a lost fool trailing behind a shadow,
Pretending he still had a choice?

Illusions conceal the truth.
Some wake faster than others.

But I had no desire to wake.
No patience for the process.

If this was a game of
reprogramming—
Of convincing myself to stay—
Then I wanted no part of it.

Still, his voice cut through the
marrow of my mind:

**Proud of your intelligence? Your journey is long.**
**Proud of your emotional intelligence? You are halfway there.**
**Proud of your spiritual intelligence? You are lost.**

I had thought my *mind* was my
strength.
I had thought my *heart* had
endured enough suffering to
grant me wisdom.

But if he was right—
If the very pride in these things had shackled me—

Then where was I to go from here?

What was left of me?

I had built my existence around battle—
Attack and defence,
Pushing and retreating,
Again and again.

**The ego's endless loop.**
Attack-defence.
Defence-attack.
Hours become days.
Days become years.
**Heavy bands of steel closing in.**

How many times had I played this game,
Thinking I could break free by swinging harder, running faster?

How many times had I tried to escape,
Only to find the same bars,
The same prison?

***Defences are the costliest of all prices—***
***The madness you cannot see.***

And yet—
I had spent my entire life paying.

You are its slave, Death had said.
You do not see what you have done.

You think yourself the victim,

but it is you who forged the chains.

Had I?

Was this all of my own making?
The suffering?
The relentless need to fight?
The exhaustion that had driven me here—
To the end of the road,
To the Amatola Mountains,
Where I had planned to vanish into nothing?

But what if the nothingness had never been mine to take?

*Thoughts do not leave their creator.*
*And I was a thought. A fragment of Being.*
*Could I ever truly leave it?*

***Illusions return to their maker. You call it karma. It is not what you think.***

A cosmic projection.
A game where the character—

me—

was blind to the unfolding strategy,
Making moves he thought were his own,
While something greater controlled the board.

Was that what Death was saying?

That I was nothing more than a pawn in a game I did not understand?

And yet…

*The Voice for Being sees the whole picture,* he had told me.
*The ego does not.*

I had walked alone for so long.
Followed only the voice in my head—
The one that had convinced me of my path,
Of my purpose.

But what if that voice had never been mine?

And what if, for the first time,
I had truly heard another?

I turned to look at him—
The black dog who had walked beside me now—
Or had it been my whole life?

His eyes, dark as the sky above,
Held something I could not name.

Not sorrow.
Not pity.

Something older.
Heavier.
Patient beyond my understanding.

There is strength in surrender, he said.
**Defencelessness is the recognition of Being in you.**

And suddenly, I was afraid.

Not of dying.

**But of the possibility that I had never truly lived.**

Why is defensiveness weakness? I asked.
Why unnatural? Isn't it natural to protect oneself?

It is natural only if you believe you are separate,

vulnerable, and in need of defence.
Defensiveness proclaims that you have denied your Being

and fear the wrath of an angry god—
**A god you made in the image of your fears.**

Then how do I stand without defence in a world that seems to attack? I protested.

**Be still.**
**In silence, think how Complete your purpose is—**
**How secure you rest,**

untouchable within the light of Being.
In time, with practice, you will cease to think of anything but Being.
And Its lovely Voice will guide your steps into quiet ways,
Where you will walk in true defencelessness.

A pause.

Surely there is a price to be paid, I blurted out.
Nothing is for free. There must be something I have to give.
What does Being ask of me in return?

Only this:
Lay aside what was never real.
And look upon Being with unclouded sight.
See Its sinlessness—and know that it is yours.
The grace in which you walk is beyond words;
**Its effect on you is beyond measure.**

I swallowed.

But what is my role in this?
If I surrender my own will, do I not become… a mere instrument?

Whatever your appointed role may be, Death said,
It was selected by the Voice for Being.
**It does not impose—but waits for your consent.**

A messenger does not write the message he delivers,
Nor does he question the Sender or the chosen recipients.
It is enough that he accepts his role, delivers the message,
**And fulfils his part in the great unfolding.**

A silence fell between us.

Then I asked, quietly:

So, you are saying that—
With my consent—
Being has assigned me a role in this world of illusions…
…One that involves recognizing illusions for what they are?

Death said nothing.

But his eyes gleamed.
And I knew.

Not just for you as an individual, Death said,
but for Creation as a whole.

Even in your sleeping state, everything follows a specific plan. You exist in a hologram, where Being determines the images, you experience. There is nothing 'out there'—it is all 'in here.'

By choosing how you react to this illusion, you determine what comes next. **Your awareness—by the act of focusing—manifests or dissolves the illusion before you.**

I blinked, the words spinning in my chest like a forgotten melody.

Then why all this? I asked.
Why experience a nightmare at all?
If Being's Will is perfect, why not remain in Heaven always?

**I *needed* to know.**

Because you wished it so.
And now, you must walk the path back.
Yet you are not abandoned.

A parent allows a child to play, even knowing they may stumble—
Yet watches over them, always, to prevent true harm.

**If perfection was all you knew, how could you *know* perfection?**
**Without contrast, without experience, how would you recognize what you already are?**

Like immersing myself in a character in a game?
Like the movie *Total Recall*—a dream so real it consumes me?

Yes. A fitting metaphor.

But remember this: your return from the illusion is *guaranteed*,
For in truth, you never left.

Being is not aware of illusion, for nothing unreal can exist.
It is only within this dream of separation that you experience what is not real.

**And even here—Being is with you.**

Then the world I see—is not real?

Only if you choose to see it through filters of fear.
The real world is here, now—

But it can only be seen with the eyes of truth.
If you do not see perfect harmony,

it is because you have chosen another voice to listen to.

I pressed him for something actionable, something clear.

And what is the role of those who awaken? I asked.
What do we *do* with this?

They are messengers, Death said.
Not preachers of dead dogma—
**But living embodiments of truth.**

**Their role is not to convince, but to give.**
They receive and understand by sharing.
You cannot know love unless you give love unconditionally.
You cannot know peace unless you give peace.

**This is the law of truth: what you give, you receive.**

But what does it *mean*, truly, to be a messenger?
I was determined.
I needed something practical.
Something I could live by.

It is not about clever arguments.
It is not about religious interpretations.
It is not about mystical rituals.

It is about this:
**When you stand face to face with another human being—what do you see?**
Do you see difference? Division? Conflict?
**Or do you see the Face of Vision—the reflection of Creation?**

And if I do?

**Then you recognize your Self.**

Then… what must I do?

Step back, he said, gently.
And let truth lead the way.

You do not know where you go—
But One Who knows walks with you.

**Trust. Follow. And you will see.**

I swallowed, heart thudding.

Do you… know how this ends?

No.
Neither do you.
**But it will be as Being has promised.**

And this—this is our final journey?

It is.
**And we do not walk alone.**

As if Death was speaking from far away,
His voice softened—faded—
And I floated.

Into another world.
My body exhausted.
My mind, finally… quiet.

I don't know what is happening—
If it happened at all.
If it was anything.

The memory clings to me like a half-formed shadow,
A thing glimpsed in the periphery but never fully in sight.

The dog had a name.
**Death.**

That much I remember.
That much I cannot forget.

But what does it mean?

Did I dream it?
Did I invent it in the chasm of my unravelling mind?
Or was it real—
*More real* than the brittle world of dirt and sky I woke up to?

In other words, I had said, my voice cracking,
you're telling me that all of this—
the pain, the grief, the weight of it all—
is just part of the game?

That we are meant to drown in
the illusion of sorrow
just so we might someday choke
on the recognition of something
greater?

And Death—
Or the thing that was Death—
had answered.

**Precisely,** it had said, its voice
like a slow breaking tide.
**You have to come to the edge.**
**To stand at the precipice.**
**To feel the need to die before**
**you can remember you were**
**never alive to begin with.**
**But even then, you will**
**hesitate.**

Because you have forgotten what you are.
You think you are separate. A thing adrift.
But you are not.
**You are an idea. And ideas do not leave their source.**

I can still hear it.
The rasping certainty of it.
The way it settled into the bones of my being,
Rearranging them.

I had swallowed. Hard.

Death? I had whispered.

It had turned its black eyes toward me.
Unblinking.
Unreadable.

You said ideas don't leave their source. So, what happens if I—
My voice cracked.
If I do it?
If I die?

There had been a long silence.

And then—

**The self you think you are will seek another form to identify with**

and continue with the illusion of separation.
But the one you *are* will remain as observer.
You do not erase the Self by killing the body.
You only delay the realization of your true identity.
You will wake in another form, another time, another space—
And the pain that brought you here will still be waiting.
You will not escape.
**You will only begin again.**
**And next time… it may be harder.**

The words had hung in the air.
Heavy.
Final.

Do you get it, dude? Death had asked, almost lazily.

I had nodded—
Though I wasn't sure I did.
I wasn't sure I wanted to.

But now—
In the cold dawn—
Those words throb like an open wound.

***I will not escape.***
***I will only begin again.***

And yet—

The weight of existence
presses down on me.
Relentless.

The Amatola Mountains call to me in a way I can't explain—
Their shadow pulling at my insides
Like a whisper in a language I have forgotten.

Maybe it is there that I will understand.
Maybe it is there that I will find the door—
The one Death spoke of.

I must keep walking. I must find it.

Because the alternative is nothingness—
And I have already been *nothing* for far too long.

Time is a deception.
A sleight of hand.
**A cruel mirage stretching infinitely in both directions**.

It whispers of continuity,
Yet dissolves upon touch,
Leaving behind only echoes of what once was.

I stand in its wake,
Sifting through the ruins of memory,
Retracing steps I am not sure were mine to begin with.

Last night, there was the dog.
**Death.**
Or something that wore its skin.

I see it again now—
A shadow curled at the edge of my vision.

Was it truly there?
Or had my own madness conjured it from the void?

The night had been thick.
Oppressive.
Wrapping itself around me like a burial shroud.

Its breath had been warm.
Its eyes—endless voids of knowing.

I had spoken to it.
I had asked it questions.

But what had it answered?
What had I heard?

I question the words I was given.
The stories I carried like sacred burdens.

**They taught me that death is final.**
**A reckoning.**

Yet if that were true—
What was the dog?

What was the cold understanding that passed between us in the darkness?

**He did not come to take.**
**Only to remind.**

And now…
I must go.

To the Amatola Mountains,
Where the sky stretches wide
And the wind does not lie.

Something waits for me there.
Something the dog did not name,
**But urged me towards, nonetheless.**

Perhaps it is truth.
Perhaps it is another illusion.

Or perhaps—
**It is simply the end of asking.**
The quiet surrender to what has always been.

I do not know.

But I must walk.
And I must listen.

Then what is real? I whispered.
If death is an illusion,
Then what do I hold onto?

**What is certain?**

Death did not hesitate.

The only time that is real is now.
The past is a memory—

nothing more than a shadow you keep for a purpose.

And *you* decide what that purpose is.
Does the memory reinforce separation or oneness?

**You choose.**

The future?
It is an anticipation. A possibility. But not yet real.
No one can truly tell what the next moment will bring.
Again—what you expect is entirely up to your choosing.
**What time but *now* can truth be recognized?**

I wanted to argue.
But his words struck something in me—
A pull.
A surrender.

He continued.
His voice calm, but unshakable.

There is a silence into which the world cannot intrude.
There is an ancient peace you carry in your heart—one you have never lost.
There is a completeness in you, untouched by the thought of sin.

And what is sin, but a thought of lack?
A belief that you are separate from Being?
But you are not.
**And one day—you will remember.**

I swallowed.
My throat was dry.

So, what am I supposed to *do*? I whispered.

**Do not judge today.**
The only judgment that matters is the one made beyond this world—
The one made by Being, the only true Judge.
And Being judges truly.

Lovingly.

**For time and eternity.**

I exhaled, slow and heavy.
The weight of his words settled deep.

But the world—it *feels* so real.
*I* feel real.
And I feel the loss. The pain.
**If death is not real—why do we grieve? Why do we fear?**

Because you have denied the truth that lies beyond, Death said simply.
The Thought of Being created you. It never left you. Not for an instant.
But you have convinced yourself otherwise.
You have built walls to keep It out.
You have clung to shadows, believing them to be light.
Yet the truth remains—

it is yours today,

if only you ask.
**Ask, and it is given to you.**

I felt the words pressing in—
The invitation heavy with meaning.

But what if I *don't* believe it?
What if I'm not sure?
My voice broke slightly.

Death's tone softened.

Sureness is not needed.
You need only accept what has always been yours.
**Practice today with hope. For hope is justified.**

Your doubts? They are meaningless.
For Being is *sure*.
The Thought of Being is never absent.

You do not have to count on yourself—
**You need only count on Being.**

Its sureness lies beyond doubt.

Beyond dreams.
**And within your mind, according to Its will.**

…Okay, sure... but it's still difficult to believe, I admitted.

Death grinned.

Oh boy, do I have a surprise for you, Dude.

You will remember these words.
And when you do—
**You'll answer me again.**

He flicked his tail.

I couldn't help but smile—half-embarrassed.

All things are given to you, Dude.
**Being's trust in you is *limitless*.**

Something in the way he said it
Sent a shiver down my spine.

Say it, he ordered, voice edged with urgency.

I hesitated.
Uh... Being's trust in me is limitless.

Again!

I straightened.

Being's trust in me is limitless!

Now together!

And suddenly—
We were shouting.

**BEING'S TRUST IN US IS LIMITLESS!**

We both started laughing.
I hugged him, and Death licked my face.

Joy filled me—
Rose in my chest—
Wrapped itself around my soul.

And for the first time in what felt like forever,
I felt weightless.
Like I was floating in a truth I could not yet grasp—
**But one I *knew* had always been there.**

As our laughter faded, Death's voice carried on,
quieter,
But no less insistent.

**Yet unless your will is one with Being,**
**You have not truly accepted Its gifts.**
**This world is not the will of Being.**
**It is not real.**
**But those who believe in this world must still believe there is another will—**
**One in opposition to Being.**
**And so, they reject what is already theirs.**

His words stirred something deep—
A question I wasn't sure I was ready to answer.

**You're saying... we don't have to accept the Will of Being because it's a rule—**
But because it's already our own will?
That the will of the ego isn't really ours at all?
**We just *think* it is?**

Death's tail flicked, pleased.

You got it, Dude.

I exhaled sharply,
My mind racing.

**The Will of Being does not oppose anything,** he continued.
It merely *is*.
It does not fight—because fighting is not Its nature.
It is not Being that you have imprisoned in your plan to lose yourself.
The One that walks with you answers all your fears with a single, merciful reply:

**'It is not so.'**

His voice became a whisper,
Yet it filled the space between us.

**Being points to all the gifts you have.**

Even when the thought of poverty oppresses you.

It speaks of companionship when you feel lost and alone.
And what It has given you, you must give.
Only then can you truly keep it.
**Become the living proof of what Being's touch offers everyone.**
**And in doing so… you will remember.**

I closed my eyes.
Breathless.

I wanted to believe.
**I wanted to remember.**

And maybe—
Just maybe—
I was starting to.

And yet—look at them now.
Terrified.
They see their sacred texts shift like shadows on the wall, and they tremble.
The words they once held as unchanging now slip through their fingers.

They cry out, not realizing that truth was never bound in ink.
The Word of Being is not found in books,
**But in the hearts of those who have surrendered to the Oneness of Creation—**
Those who love their enemies,
Walk the extra mile,
Turn the other cheek.

But they who cling to attack…
Have made peace a foreign land.
**A place they can never return to.**

Peace is not, as the world believes, the reward of war.
It is not to be purchased through blood or conquest.

**Yet they wear the mask of innocence and claim virtue—**

**While still they sharpen their blades.**

They fear that truth is slipping away from them—
But the truth is not outside them.
It is only their fear that blinds them to it.

The world they built is dissolving.
The words of their scripture change before their eyes—
And so they panic, not understanding…
That the truth was never written there to begin with.

One day,

perhaps,

**even those books will reflect what is written in the heart of Creation—**
And there will be no more need for words at all.

Ah, but the ego is cunning.
It weaves its traps even in the pursuit of wisdom.
It has made a spectacle of enlightenment—
A pedigree of spirituality.

Now they grant certificates for meditation.
For transcendence.
Soon they will anoint the 'enlightened' with paper and ink—
**The same way they once did with crowns and robes.**

**See how the cycle repeats?**
**See how the ego captures even those who believe they have escaped it?**

**'**The Great Awakening,' they call it.
As if it were something to possess.
As if one could *own* the truth.

But Being has no favourites. No secret initiates.
It is open to all.
It always was.

**Being speaks.**
**Have you *listened*?**
**Or have you only *spoken* of It?**

The door remains open—
But it is you who must step through.
Being is entirely accessible… if only you would come.

If you knew the depth of Its love,
Neither hope nor despair would hold meaning—
For there would be no need.

**Ask for the way, and it will be given.**
Vision will come first—

then knowledge—
As sure as the tide follows the moon.

Faith does not lie in your acceptance—
But in the *Giver*.
**You were given grace before you even asked for it.**

Claim it.
Come to Being—
**And It will come to you who ask.**

And now I wonder—
Does this mean you must trust in what you cannot yet see?

That despite the illusion,
Despite the shifting of the world before your eyes,
You must walk in faith
Toward something you cannot yet remember?

Yes.
That is exactly what it means.

***Grace is the light of Being—***
***The closest thing to the state of perfect truth that this world can touch.***

It is past learning.
Yet it is the goal of all learning.

For grace cannot come until the mind is prepared to accept it.

And Oneness—
Oneness is simply this:

***Being is.***

No words can contain it.
No mind can hold it.

It simply **is**.

And everything that is created by Being
Is like Being.

**Real.**
**Unchanging.**
**Eternal.**

It is the source of all that is.
And in Its presence—
There is nothing else.

No mind can hold anything but Being.
And as its Source—
It merely is.

***This will come to you when the mind recognizes itself as the will of Being.***
***When it understands that it has been given all, and has received all.***

You are looking back
On a path you have already walked
Yet have not yet taken—
So that you may remember.

Experience what grace offers.
**For grace will bring the end of time.**

It is the shadow of Heaven upon the earth,
A glimpse of what is beyond.

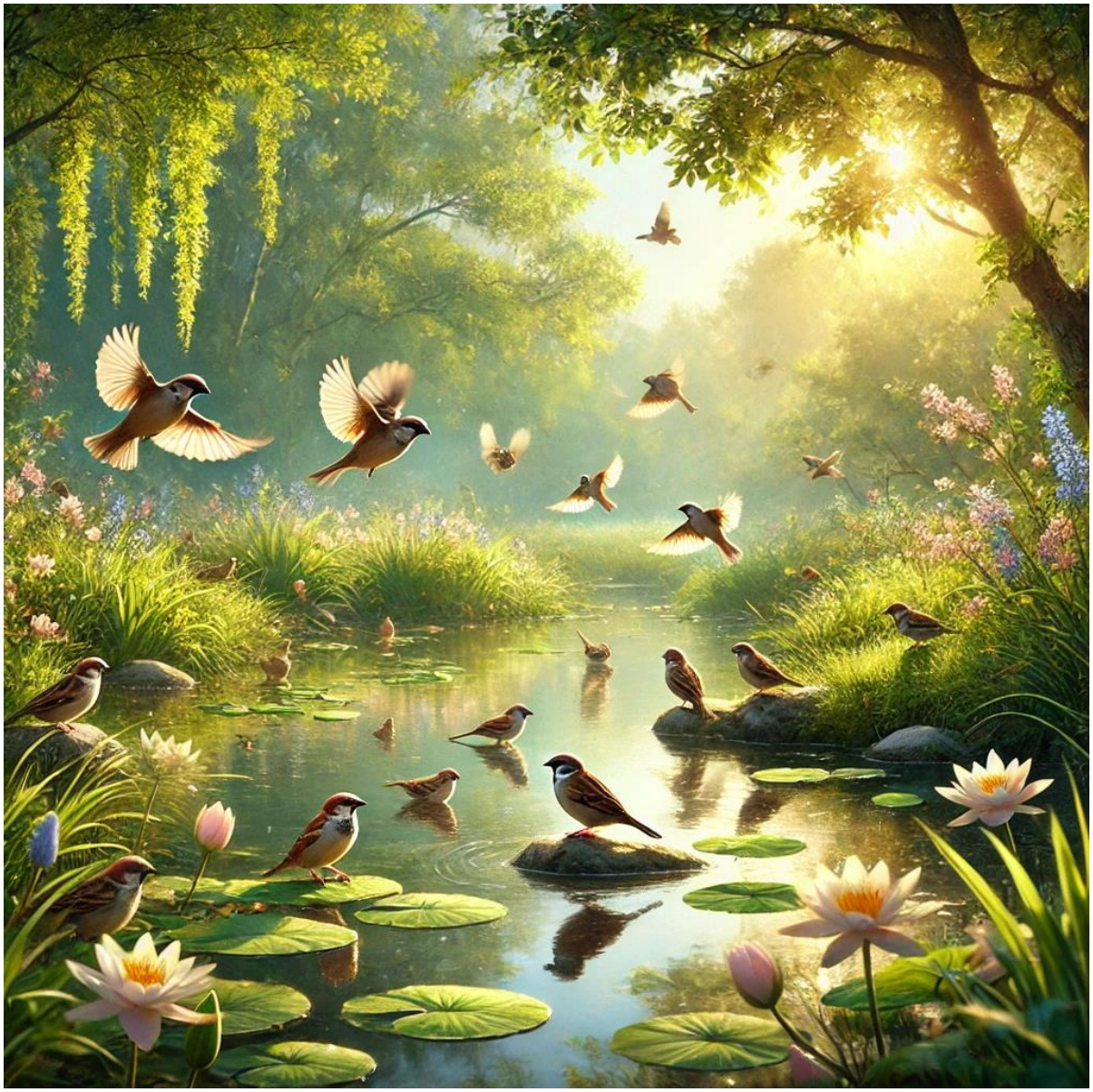
**It will not erase time—**
**Not yet.**

But only for a little while.

**So be grateful to return,**
**Just as you were once eager to leave.**

Accept what grace gives you.
Carry it back to yourself.

By grace, you live.
By grace, you are freed.
**And by grace—**
**You must free others.**



Then I asked:

**Am I wrong to be ambitious?**
**Is it wrong to strive for something more?**

Death tilted his head, amused.
Gentle.

Dude… you must be clear about your goal and function.

There was a pause.
A memory stirred.
A passage I once heard.

Do not worry about tomorrow…
**Seek ye first the Kingdom of God…**
**And all other things will be given to you.**

Yes.
And how God watches over the sparrow…
**And clothes the lilies—**
Without toil,
Without fear.

And so, I breathed.
**And let it be.**

Everything you will ever need,
Everything that will truly make you happy—
An eventful, meaningful life filled with wonder—
Has already been given to you.

But you must accept it.

If you close your mind,
You will believe the earth is flat—
Bound within the limits of your own perception.

What a small, suffocating existence that must be.

But if you open it just slightly,
You may see the blue marble world.
And already, your soul will begin to expand in awe.

But if you open yourself *completely*,
You will realize that even the earth
Is but a speck of dust in an infinite cosmos—

**And you will finally be free.**

Free to be without limit.
**Free to know Being as It is.**

***Being knows what you truly want.***
***And It has already given it to you.***

There is no need to fight for it.
No need to struggle or fear.

It is yours.

**Accept it.**

Being is love.
And therefore—
So are you.

But you must practice trust.

Not in outcomes.
Not in means.
**But in *experience*.**

And as you learn to trust,
You will move beyond words—
Beyond thought—
Into the deep well of meaning itself.

**The sound of language will fade.**

And the Source of all
Will be revealed
In the stillness.

There,
**You will find peace.**

But first—
You must grasp something difficult.
Something the ego resists at all costs.

Death begged for my careful attention.

And so,
I listened.

**Trust**
Trust is the key.
Trust in others—

for it is essential if you wish to hold faith in Yourself.

**When you attack another, you see them as small.**
**And in doing so, you shrink yourself.**

You see only their errors—

magnifying them—
Creating a world of judgment and limitation.

But if you look beyond those mistakes, past all illusions of sin—
You will begin to see.

**You will know the Self that lies beyond the body,**
**Beyond the mind,**
**Beyond the illusions of this world.**

And when you stop seeing sin in others,
You will know peace in yourself.

## Seek only innocence.

Seek it without concern for the future.
Without longing for the past.

Do not chase illusions.
Do not ask for what was never real.

**Look instead for what *is*.**

Look—
And you will find a world untouched by sin.
Untouched by suffering.

Do not look ahead.
Do not look back.

**Look only at *now*.**

This moment holds all things**.**

Give your trust to this instant.
And let go of expectation.

Expectation is judgment in disguise.

**Trust without expecting—**
**And you will know the freedom that follows.**

This is not just the *answer* to your journey—it's the *invitation* to live it.

## What It Means to Wake Up

This world is not your home.
And somewhere deep inside, you know it to be true.

You may build a thousand homes,
Fill them with treasures,
Seek safety behind locked doors.

But the restless mind knows.

**It knows that all this is made of dust.**
**It knows that no home built by hands will ever bring peace.**

There is no substitute for Heaven.
Anything less is a prison of your own making.

**And you, Dude, have built yourself a thousand cages.**

But there is a way out.
A way home.

When you are still—*truly* still—
When the world fades from your mind,
**When the things you once valued no longer hold meaning…**

Then, and only then,
You will hear the Voice of Being.

And in an instant—
It will take you home.

To perfect stillness.
**To silence and peace.**
Beyond all words.
Beyond all fear.
Beyond all doubt.

And then, at last,
You will remember:

You have never lost your innocence.
It is what you have yearned for all along.
It is the only real thing you have ever desired.

Dude don't forget this, Death whispered.
Trust is needed. But expectation is not.

***To trust without expectation—this is true freedom.***

The world is upside down.
Everything that is real, the ego twists into illusion.

**Few can see this.**
**Fewer still have the courage to look beyond it.**

But those who do—
Will see the reflection of Being in all things.

Even language betrays us.

This world is built on symbols—
Names we have given to illusions.

By doing so, we divide the indivisible.
We create space where there is none.
We separate where there is only unity.

This is how perception deceives:

**It shows us *something* where there is *nothing*,**
**And *nothing* where there is *everything*.**

This is the inheritance of the world.
And those who accept it remain blind.

**But there comes a time—**
**When every soul must question its own sight.**

The sooner one does,
The sooner they will see what is real.

*You did not make the real world.*
*You made illusions, yes.*
***But what is true is beyond your naming.***

For a time, you must use the symbols of the world to communicate.
But do not be deceived by them.

**Words are tools.**
**Nothing more.**

They can lead toward truth—
Or away from it.

Use them wisely,
But know:
Truth itself is beyond them.

***For Being has no name.***
***And yet, Its Name is the final lesson.***

***And when that lesson is learned—***
***All learning ends.***

You do not have an identity in this world.
Because this world is not your home.

**But you do have a home.**
**And you do have a Name.**

And when you remember it—
You will know who you are.

**And *this*, my friend,**
**Is what it means to wake up.**

To say '*I want the peace of Being'* means nothing.
To *mean it*—is everything.

If you could mean these words
For just one instant—
One pure moment of perfect sincerity—

Then sorrow would be no more.
Heaven itself would return to your awareness.
**The memory of Being would flood back.**
The resurrection of all Creation would be realized.

The mind that truly wants only peace
Must join with other minds.

**For peace is never found in isolation.**

And in meaning these words,
You acknowledge that all illusions are vain.

You ask, instead, for eternity—
Not shifting dreams that change
But are always, at their core, empty.

Now, listen carefully.
For this—
You must understand,
Even if you find it impossible to grasp in this moment:

***The salvation of the world depends on you.***

Here is the thought
That will strip every last vestige of arrogance from your mind.

**Here is the truth of humility:**

*You have no function but that which was given to you.*
*You do not decide your purpose; you accept it.*
***You do not carve your own path; you walk the one prepared for you.***

All this means is this:

*Being remembers you.*
***Being trusts you.***
*You are Its own.*

Forgiveness is an earthly form of love.
In Heaven, love has no form—
It simply **is**.

But here, in this world,
**Forgiveness is your greatest task.**

This is your function.
Your only function.

Contemplate this, my friend.
Think on it.
Dwell in it.

And then—
**Wake up.**

We sat in silence for a while.

Then I spoke.

Death… something is starting to make sense.

It's like those rare moments in a lucid dream—
You know it's a dream,

and it's only a matter of time before you wake up.

But instead of fear, you feel a strange exhilaration.
You watch it all unfold, knowing none of it is real.

That's what this feels like.
Everything you've been telling me—it's stirring that same awareness.

Death chuckled.

*You're beginning to follow,* he said.

But you should rest. We have a long way ahead.
From now on, you are my guest, and I will lead the way.

*I have something special in store for you.*
*We're taking a shortcut over the mountains to Hogsback—*
*No more roads, no more hitching rides in the back of lorries reeking of sheep dung.*

He curled up, resting his head on his paws.
I considered protesting—but thought better of it.
Instead, I leaned against the wall
**And closed my eyes...**

A lorry rumbled past on the road above,
Its noise pulling me from sleep
As the first light touched the horizon.

Birds began their morning songs,
And something in me felt... lighter.
A whisper of joy,
Subtle but real,
Lingering at the edges of my mind.

I washed my face in the stream
And prepared for the journey.

Death returned from his morning wandering,
Gave me a knowing glance,
Then turned northeast, toward the Amatola Mountains.

The jagged peaks loomed in the growing light.
We walked in silence,
Death disappearing now and then to scout ahead.

Hours passed.

Emerging from behind a massive Bushwillow tree,
I found myself at the edge of a gorge,
Overlooking a valley below.

Death sat beneath a tree, waiting for me.

You know, he said,
we don't have to be alone in the wilderness for you to hear me.
I don't even need to move my lips.
**All hearing happens in the mind—a projection of thought.**

*So, if you don't mind—pardon the pun—*
*We can talk as we walk.*
*I promise not to tell anyone that you talk to Yourself.*

We laughed.

It doesn't matter! I shouted
into the open air.
I'm already crazy—
And my dog is even crazier!

The laughter echoed
through the gorge,
Carried by the wind.

I felt something stir inside
me—
An unshakable sense that I
was part of something
greater,
Something profound.

We followed the gorge
down into the valley,
Where a dry riverbed
stretched before us.

The sand strained my legs,
Unused to the effort.

Death noticed
And led me to firmer ground.

By midday,
We reached a shaded pool.

He settled beneath a Bushwillow tree
And stretched lazily.

Let's rest until the heat breaks, he said.

I removed my shoes,
Massaging my sore feet.

More lessons? he asked.

Jip. Keep them coming.

Death's voice was steady, unhurried.

**You cannot give what you do not have.**
**Giving is proof of having.**
**The world understands the first part but fails to grasp the second.**

True giving increases what you possess.
Thoughts, like seeds, grow stronger when shared.
When you give an idea, you do not lose it—you strengthen it.

If you wish to change the world, you must first accept change within yourself.

Protect what you value by giving it away—
And you will never lose it.

**Many believe sacrifice is necessary. It is not.**
There is no loss in what has true value.
To give your life away is to keep it.

That is why Being trusts you—
It has given you everything It has,
**Knowing It remains whole in the giving.**

Do you understand?

Jip, I nodded.

You are beginning to see.
Now, we are blessed—
And in our blessing, so too is the world.

What we perceive, we extend.
If we see light, we share it.
If we see darkness, we shine it away.

The choice is always ours.

Why wait for heaven, my friend?
**Those who seek the light are often the ones covering their own eyes.**

If you cannot see the face of Being in another,
It is because you are looking at what you have made—
Not what Being has created.

Being is the great shapeshifter—existing in all things.

**But your idea of Being is so distorted, you fail to recognize it.**
**Every face you see is the face of Being. The light is already in them.**

**Enlightenment is not transformation—it is recognition.**

The light in you is enough.
It alone gives the gift of sight.

**Take your wandering thoughts**
**And bring them back to where they belong.**

Do not let them stray into illusion.

***Choose innocence.***
***Choose to see clearly.***

The peace of Being is within you now.
Let it shine.

Desire nothing but to see all things in peace—
And in that desire, you will find the ripples of reality aligning to your will.

I sighed.

Let Go

**Through persistence and willingness.**

Do not battle the mind—observe it. Do not be disheartened by distractions; they will fade as the light in you grows.

**Shadows cannot exist where light shines.**

I considered this.

Shadows only appear when something blocks the light, I said.
So,... I need to stop making obstacles.

Death snorted approvingly.

Exactly.

Do not be discouraged by what seems impossible.
Remember who walks with you.

**Every moment offers a choice—when you become aware of it, choose again.**
**Do so gently, without struggle.**

An upset mind resists truth.
Be patient.
Be joyful.
Keep choosing, until you see there was never a choice to make.

**There is a light in you that the world cannot perceive.**
**It is the reflection of Being's love.**

If hatred fills your heart,
You will see a fearful world, bound by death's cold grip.

But if you embrace the love within you,
The world will reflect it back—
**A place of mercy.**
**Of grace.**

Be still.
Let go of what you think you are, and what you believe Being to be.
Forget every concept you have learned, every judgment, every image you hold of yourself.
Bring nothing.
**Come with empty hands.**

The way to Being is not to seek, not to strive—
But simply to let It be.

**In doing so,**
**You will find yourself as well.**

Silence stretched between us.
The wind stirred the leaves above.
Somewhere,
A bird called out into the valley.

I closed my eyes.

And for the first time in my life—
I let go.

Now you believe yourself to be bound by flesh,
And so you must face it.
Yet know this:

**Pain is the wrong perspective.**
**In any form, it is proof of deception.**

It is not real.

There is no shape it can take that will not vanish when seen rightly.

For pain declares that Being is cruel.

But how can that which is eternal love… be cruel?

If Being is real, pain cannot be.

If pain is real, Being is not.

**It is only your thoughts that cause you suffering.**
Nothing outside of you can harm or diminish you in any way.

Pain is illusion; joy is truth.
Pain is sleep; joy is awakening.
**Pain is deception; joy alone is real.**

Death stood before me,
Watching as I clung to the world of illusion.

Pain is the price you have paid to remain imprisoned, Death said.

You made a bargain—

long forgotten—
**Trading your freedom for chains.**

***But even now, you can break them.***

I trembled.

If I let, go… what will remain?

**The Final Threshold**

Only what has always been true, Death answered.

That you are as Being created you.

You cannot suffer.
You cannot lose.
You cannot fail in the purpose set before you.

**Remember this—and the world dissolves into what it always was: the echo of a dream.**

Tears touched my eyes.

**Then what is my purpose?**
**What is left for me in this world of sorrow and forgetting?**

Death's voice was both kind and firm.

**Forgiveness.**

It is the bridge by which you will pass from the unreal to the real.
It is the key to breaking the dream of pain.

Forgiveness does not accept the world's symbols,
Nor does it seek justice as the world demands.

It looks upon what is unreal—and sees it vanish.
It is the means by which the fear of death itself is undone.

**For forgiveness sees the body as it is:**
**A tool for learning, to be laid aside when the lesson is complete—**
**But never what you are.**

My breath was unsteady.

**Then the body is nothing?**

It is nothing, Death said.
But you have given it meaning.

**It is the altar where you have worshipped suffering.**

Yet only forgiveness can remind you that it is not your home.

**Only forgiveness can show you the truth—**
**That you are as eternal as the One who created you.**

My heart ached.

But the world... I see its suffering. I see its cruelty.
How can I not see it?

Death reached out a hand,
But did not touch.

Because you have believed in its false promises.

You have given it the power to be your jailer.

**But in truth—you hold the key.**

There is nothing outside you.

The chains are made of thought.
And made thoughts can be undone.

You are not what the world told you.

You are not bound by its laws,
Nor subject to its punishments.

Being created you whole—
And whole you remain.

I swallowed my fear.

**But how do I release myself?**

Death nodded.

**Give all to Being.**

Surrender your future.
Lay down your past.
Leave this moment in Its hands.

For Being holds all things as one.

It is only your belief in separation that made time.
That made guilt.
That made the dream of suffering.

Yet—place your trust in Being, and see what comes.
The past will no longer punish you.
The future will no longer terrify you.

**And in this moment, you will know peace.**

My voice was barely a whisper.

**And if I fail?**

Death gave a slow smile.

**Then you try again.**

This is the only lesson.
It is the only truth worth learning.

Make it the thought that rules your mind.
Let it be the light in every choice you make.

**And in time—the world will no longer be your enemy.**
**You will see it as your friend.**

Tears rolled across my cheeks.

This is too much...
The world will call me mad.

Death's laughter was quiet
But full of understanding.

**The world has always called the truth madness.**

**They crucified those who saw clearly.**
**They mocked those who carried peace.**

But tell me, Dude—

**Who is truly insane?**
**The one who knows they are free,**
**Or the one who does not know they are bound?**

A hush fell over the space between us.

For the first time,
I saw the world as it was—
A shadow cast by our own mind.

And in that moment,
I understood.

Death spoke once more—
The final words needed before stepping away.

***You were never meant to suffer.***

**Your gratitude belongs not to this world—**
**But to the One who created you.**

Love makes no comparisons.
Love sees no division.
Love has no enemy.

Walk the path of Being,
And leave behind the road of fear.

For in the end,
You will come home to what you always were.

I bowed my head.

**Then let it be so.**

And Death,
Satisfied,
Was silent.

**The fear of non-existence**
**Is the last great threshold.**

The fear is gone. Only gratitude remains.

**The Gift Written into Eternity**

When the awareness dawns
**That the ego is but an illusion,**
The mind recoils.

If that which I believe I am is not real,
It whispers,
**Then what am I?**

**And it sees only the void—**
**A vast nothingness.**
**Because what remains is beyond symbols.**
**Beyond form.**

Just space.
Infinite, ungraspable space.

**And it is terrified.**

**The ego has always clung to shape and meaning,**
Afraid that if it releases its grip,
It will be swallowed whole,
Ceasing to be.

And it is right.

**This is ego death.**

**Space and stillness become the enemy,**
**For they contradict all the ego has ever known.**

**It does not trust what it has taught itself.**

But to cross the abyss—
To step beyond the illusions of self—
**One must trust Being itself.**

To release the illusion of control,
To surrender,
Is to find that you are nothing…

And yet—
**You are everything.**
**No more and no less.**

Within this understanding
**Lies absolute freedom.**

Death smiled,
His voice the whisper of leaves
In a silent graveyard.

Dude...
**If you kill the body,**
**The mind will still cling to its illusions.**

**It will seek to return—**
**Trapped within the cycles of its own fear.**

It will wander the corridors of illusion,
**Believing itself bound to the dream of separation.**

**That is the hell of its own making.**

So then, what is the way out?

I asked, my voice barely a murmur,
As though speaking too loudly
Might shatter the fragile balance of my understanding.

**Gratitude, Death replied.**

Not the hollow gratitude of a world that pleases itself with empty rituals—
But the deep knowing that you already have all you need.

**A gratitude that does not seek validation.**
A peace that does not depend on outcome.

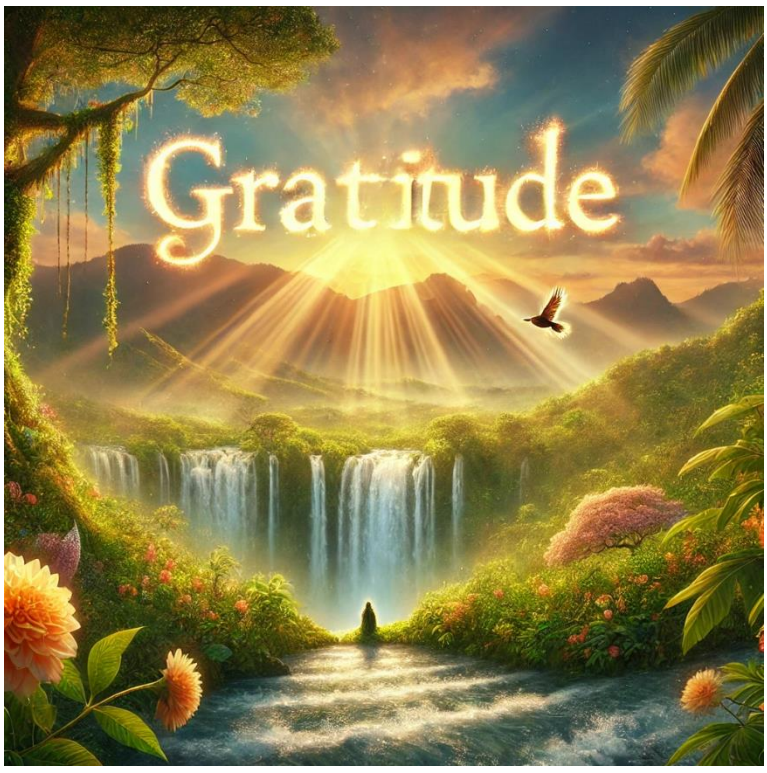
Give this peace to the world without concern for how it is received.
For in offering it, you affirm its presence within you.

Being recognizes its gifts—whether the world does or not.

The heart of Being sings in joy every time you extend forgiveness, peace, and love.

**Do you think it is possible for a single act of true forgiveness**
**To go unnoticed by the Universe itself?**

It is written into eternity—
A jewel that shines beyond time.




**And would you seek to take back such a gift**
**Once it has been accepted by the Infinite?**

**The Final Dream**

I feel something shifting in me—
A stillness
Where before
There was only restless thought.

Death watches me carefully.

**Let's examine the nature of injury,** he says.
**For it too is an illusion.**

To be injured is to believe you are capable of being harmed.

**Condemn another, and you imprison yourself.**
**Forgive—and you are free.**

**The laws of perception are simple:**
**Illusion makes illusion.**

Forgiveness is the only illusion that undoes all others.

It extends, like Being itself—
Dissolving what is false.

**This is the final dream—**
**The one that does not create new illusions,**
**But ends them.**

The world seems quieter now,
As though something has slipped away unnoticed,
Leaving only light.

So, Death, I say, laughing at the irony,
Forgiveness is the key to everything?

Death smiles—
Or something like it.

**Indeed.**

And more than that—
It is the end of all seeking.

**This is the journey without distance.**
**The path that leads nowhere,**
**Because it leads everywhere.**

It is the moment of total recognition:
You are, and always have been, part of the Infinite.
You have never left—except in dreams.

A pause.

Then, the final lesson.

**If you see yourself as a body,**
**You will always be bound.**

**But the mind that serves the Voice of Being—**
**Is without limit.**

It is beyond time and space.
Beyond fear.
Beyond all preconceptions.

There is nothing to seek.

**The seeking was always the illusion.**

**The truth is already here.**

Silence settles between us.
Not an absence—
But a presence.
A fullness.

Alright, Death, I murmur.
Let's summarize. What does forgiveness truly do?

It stills your mind.

It brings peace beyond understanding.

**It reminds you that you exist within Being,**
**And Being within you.**

It assures you that your only life—
Is the life of Being.

And in the instant that true forgiveness is given—
Illusions vanish.

I nod.

So that's it, then.

Death lets out a long, wolfish howl of laughter.

Dude, you're getting clever.

We laugh together—
A sound full of joy
That only comes with understanding.

Now, Death says,
His tone gentle but firm,
You must remember.

**The world is a false perception, born of error.**

It has never left its source—
The mind that made it.

**So long as the mind holds onto separation,**
**The world will persist.**

But when the thought of separation is undone—
The world dissolves like mist at sunrise.

**Its source gone; its illusions vanish.**

And that's why forgiveness is the way out,
I say,
Feeling the truth settle into my core.

**Only Being Remains**

**Yes,** Death confirms.

Until all is seen through the eyes of Vision—
Until all judgment has been let go—
The illusion will remain.

**But the time is coming.**

**For those who see with Vision, the dream will end—**
**And only Being will remain.**

I exhale.
For the first time,
I feel weightless.

**Jesus of Nazareth understood this completely,**
Death continues.

He embodied the truth fully.
He became the Vision.

The first to experience the complete moment of now—
**The instant of Oneness.**

**And in doing so, he proved that what seems impossible is not.**
**He showed the way.**

I close my eyes,
Letting the words settle.

The complete instant of salvation is already here.
You need only recognize it.

Death looks at me, waiting.

The final choice is mine.

I inhale deeply.

Alright, I say.
I'm ready to speak to Being now.

Death nods,
And I turn inward.

The words come not from thought,
But from something deeper:

**Creator,**
**I will remember You.**
**Be in my mind today.**
**I give my life to You, for it is already Yours.**
**I am Your creation.**
**Fear is not justified in any form.**

I open my eyes.

Death smiles.

That's the way, he says.
And you're starting to feel lighter, aren't you?

I nod.
We laugh again.

The world, I realize, is different now.

Or maybe—
For the first time—
**I am seeing it as it is.**

As we walk on,
Death speaks once more.

The world is illusion—but you are not.

It will last only as long as you believe in it.

Let the false fall away.

**See through the eyes of forgiveness.**

And soon—
Only Being will remain.

**The journey is complete.**
**And yet, it has only begun.**

I walk forward,
Stepping into the infinite.

## The Fluidity of Reality: A Journey Beyond Illusion

I had always considered myself a man of reason.
Facts, logic, and tangible evidence formed the pillars of my reality.

But that was before the house changed.
Before the entrance moved.
Before my certainty dissolved into something resembling madness—
Or perhaps, enlightenment.

For two years, I watched the house below my apartment balcony.
It belonged to a family running a plumbing business.

I had never spoken to them,
But their daily activities—
The trucks arriving, the workers loading pipes,
The sound of machinery humming in the backyard—
Painted a clear, predictable picture.

Then, one morning,
Everything was different.

The entrance—once on the right—was now in the centre.
The workshop at the back was gone,
Replaced by an uninterrupted stretch of brick and tile,
As though the house had always occupied the entire lot.

There was no sign of recent construction.
No mismatched paint.
No scaffolding.
Even the rust-lined roof looked as though it had been that way for decades.

My heart pounded as I leaned over the balcony.
I rubbed my eyes, convinced it was a trick of the light.
But the change remained.

When I checked old photos on my phone—
There were none of the house.

Panic gripped me.
Could my mind be failing?
Was I losing my grasp on reality?

## The Conversation with Death

Death whispered in my mind

Dude, you should know by now—
**Reality is not as fixed as you think.**

Death? I whispered.
**I've lost it.**

Not at all, Death replied.
In fact—you're starting to wake up.

I swallowed hard.

So what? The house changed because I'm... shifting realities?

Bingo, Death said.
You and everyone else.
**It's just that most people are too asleep to notice.**

I ran a hand through my hair.

But how? Why?

Your world is a dream—
A story your mind tells itself, Death explained.
And like any good story, it changes based on the narrator's understanding.
**The more you recognize truth, the more the illusion reshapes itself.**

I frowned.

But why do I remember the house being different?

Death sighed.

Because memory is just another illusion.
The past isn't fixed—it moves as you move.
**The house was what you needed it to be, and now it's something else.**

I sat in stunned silence.

Think of the Mandela Effect, Death continued.
People recall Nelson Mandela dying in the 1980s, but history says otherwise.
Some remember movies, books, events that never existed.
**It's not bad memory—it's a shift in timelines.**

I shook my head.

But that means... nothing is real.

Wrong, Death corrected.
**It means everything is real—just not in the way you thought.**

## The Awakening

The fear faded.
It was replaced by something else:
Curiosity.

So, what now? I asked aloud.

Now? Death said.
**You create.**

I smiled.
I understood now.

The world was not something I lived in—
**It was something I shaped.**

I was not a prisoner of reality,
But its architect.

And with that,
I let go of fear.
I let go of illusions.
And embraced eternity.

**And I stepped fully into the last dream.**

Perhaps one day,
I will wake up to find an entirely different world—

A world sculpted not by fear,
But by love.

A world where I am not just an observer—

But a creator.

And when that day comes,
I will laugh.

Because I will finally understand:

Reality was never about what was true.
**It was about what was possible.**

**The Final Dream**

Let your sight go forth beyond the veil of the world.
Do not rely upon the eyes of the body,
For they will deceive you.

**Vision is not of the flesh but of the spirit—**
**Given as a gift from Being.**

**It is the Self we share,**
The eternal bond uniting all
In the embrace of truth.

Vision is the Thought that still abides
In the Mind of its Source—
Untouched by illusion,
**Unstained by time.**

It remains changeless
Within the heart of Being,
The living link that keeps you one
**With what has never left you.**

Separation is but an illusion
Spun from despair—
**For hope is eternal in Vision.**

**Through Vision,**
**Being has placed the means for your remembrance.**

Yet Vision itself is beyond corruption,
For it knows no sin.
It speaks with the Voice of Being,
And in that Voice
You will find your peace.

It dwells in the Heaven of your mind,
**The only part of you that is real.**

The rest is a dream.

But dreams will be surrendered unto Vision,
Fading before its light,
Until all that remains
**Is your Complete Self,**
**Known at last.**

**Knowing this,**
**How can you not embrace**
**Faith and humility before grace?**

But be vigilant.

For the moment you touch understanding,
The ego awakens in fear.

**It will wrap truth in words,**
**Bind it in doctrine,**
**And offer it to the world**
**As something to be studied,**
**Mastered,**
**And sold.**

It will build temples and academies,
Crafting rituals to cage what cannot be contained.

Beware of this.

**For truth cannot be taught—**
**It must be lived.**

No certificate,
No guru,
No sacred text
Can declare you enlightened.

There is but one Teacher,
And there is but one lesson:

## To remember.

**The journey is not of distance,**
**But of awakening.**

And the world cannot comprehend it.

You will know when it happens,
For doubt will be no more.

**And if you must proclaim it—**
**Then it is not yet so.**

Death sat before me, watching.

Tell me, Death, I asked,
This journey... is it one of shifting from world to world?
Are we moving through layers of illusion, drawing closer to what is real?

Death smiled.

It is one way to see it, he said.
But know this:
None of these worlds are real.

They are but shadows of the mind—
Reflections upon the water.

**The real world is the last illusion,**
**The final dream,**
**The new heaven and the new earth.**

**When all is made new—**
**The journey ends.**

You've seen through it all.
And still, you walk.

**Vision's Second Coming**

Vision's Second Coming is the gift of remembrance.
It proclaims, without hesitation:

What is false is false.
And what is true has never changed.

In that moment, perception ceases—
And knowledge returns.

At first,
You will see a world
redeemed—
A projection no longer
tainted by fear.

Then, even that will fade.
For perception has served its
purpose.
And its mission is done.

**The final judgment is not**
**condemnation,**
**But forgiveness.**

**It** sees the world as whole—
Without sin,
And without need of
correction.

And what does Being say?

**You are still as I created you.**
**My Complete Creation—**
Forever innocent.
Forever loving.
Forever loved.
As limitless as I am.
Changeless and pure.
Therefore, remember and return.
You are My Beloved.
**And all that I have is yours.**

Creation is the sum of all Being's Thoughts—
Infinite and boundless.

Only love creates,
And only love is real.

There was never a time when Creation was not.
Nor will there be a time
When anything created by love
Will suffer loss.

Illusions may come and go—
But the truth remains untouched.

**You are Creation.**

Though you seem to walk as a fragment,
Separated and alone—
Behind every doubt,
Beyond every fear—
**There is certainty**.

Love remains with all Its Thoughts.
And in that love,
You are whole.

I turned to Death.

The ego, I whispered.
It holds the world in its grasp. What is its nature?

Death explained:

**The ego is the greatest idol ever made.**
It is the worship of separation—
The belief in division.

It is the self, imagined as apart from the Whole—
A mind trapped in a body,
Destined to suffer and perish.

The ego sees love as weakness,
Peace as death,
And Being as its enemy.

It has built its kingdoms upon fear.
And all who follow it live in exile.

**But exile is an illusion—**
**For you have never left Being.**

Only one act of forgiveness
Can undo the ego entirely.

One heart, truly freed,
Accomplishes all that is needed.

**The Last Miracle**

A miracle is but a correction—nothing more.
It does not change the world,
For the world is not real.

It does not create,
But restores sight.

It looks upon devastation
And gently whispers:

**This is not so.**

It undoes error
And leads the way back to timelessness,
Where fear cannot abide.

Miracles belong to the willing—
To those who trust
In what they cannot see.

And when they come,
They will show you
That your trust was never in vain.

You are Creation.
Complete and whole,
**Shining in the reflection of Being's love.**

**In you, love is perfected,**
Fear is impossible,
And joy is without end.

You are the home of Being—
The Heaven where love resides.
You are Its sinless Self.
**For in your purity,**
**Being dwells.**

Yet words cannot hold the truth of what you are.
It is beyond language.
Beyond thought.
Beyond symbol.

But we may still remember our purpose here.
**Words can point the way—if we live them.**

**We are the bringers of peace.**
The bearers of light.
The redeemers of the world—
Not through doctrine,
But through the silent testament of our forgiveness.

We look upon all with kindness,
Knowing that sin was never real.
And as we join in this remembrance,
**We call upon all to share in our joy.**

What once suffered is now healed.
The gate of Heaven stands open.
And the world steps forward
To disappear into the Heart of Being.

Death, I said,
What remains for me now?

Death replied:

**Only to see truly.**

Mirrors are everywhere,
Showing you what you believe.

When you choose love,
You will see love.

When you choose judgment,
You will see judgment.

**And what you see—**
**You will become.**

The choice is always yours.

The ego whispers of suffering;
The Voice for Being speaks only of peace.

Trust in that Voice,
And miracles will flow through you.

Let Vision lead you—
For it sees what the world cannot.

And remember—
I will walk with you until the end of time.

I sighed
And let go.

**Peace settled within me.**

The journey was not over—
But I no longer walked alone.

## *Chapter 5.*

## *FORGIVENESS - The Face of Vision*

The world had become uncertain, trembling at the edges of my understanding.
Thunder cracked like the sky itself was splitting open—a jagged wound in the heavens. Wind tore through the trees with a violence that made me flinch. Death leapt to his feet, ears twitching, eyes unreadable.

I peered through the tangled mass of branches, searching for the source. A lone storm cell, a ghostly curtain of grey, swept toward us from the southwest, dragging the scent of rain like the whisper of something long buried.

I should have moved. Should have sought shelter somewhere other than beneath a tree. Should have run. Should have done *something*—but I didn't.

***Why take life so seriously?***

The thought burst into my mind unbidden, and a laugh bubbled up before I could stop it.

The first raindrops smacked the earth, sending up little puffs of dust, as **though the land itself exhaled**. Then came the downpour—short-lived but ruthless. It pelted us in waves, soaking through my clothes, seeping into my bones.

I stood still.
Death stood still.

The storm passed, leaving behind a thin crust of damp earth and a scent of renewal. Death began walking again, his paw prints breaking through the fragile layer of moisture, exposing **the dry truth beneath**. I followed.

Kilometre after kilometre, we trailed the dry riverbed, our path etched into the forgotten bones of the land. It led north—**always north**—towards the mountains that loomed in the distance like **silent sentinels: uncaring, indifferent.**

By nightfall, we reached the foot of the cliffs, where a stream cut through the rock, carving its way through time itself.

We found an overhang—a crude, natural shelter. Enough for the night. **Enough.**

I gathered wood, fingers stiff, thoughts heavier than my body. Death sniffed around, **his presence both comfort and curse.**

I wish you had hands, I muttered, kicking at a stubborn branch. Might make you more useful.

He said nothing. Just disappeared into the undergrowth.

My fire crackled—small, **insufficient**, but there. **Real.**

A thud. A shape at my feet.

A rabbit.
Dead.

I figured you'd rather eat, Death said, his voice threaded with something like amusement.

I swallowed. Hunger gnawed at my insides, but the sight of it—**so limp, so silent**—stirred something else in me.

I can appear in **another form**, if you prefer, Death mused, settling on his haunches. But I think that would unsettle you more than this.

I barked a laugh, sharp and humourless. Yeah? Maybe next time bring me a Big Mac and a strawberry shake.

Death's teeth gleamed in the firelight. And maybe next time you'll wake up as Nelson Mandela.

The rabbit tasted of fire and char—half-burned, half-raw—but my stomach didn't care. Survival never does.

As I fed the flames with more wood, something settled into the silence. A thought. A presence. ***Being.***
Or maybe just the **absence of it.**

I let my mind still, let go of the questions I didn't want answers to. The firelight blurred, shadows stretched, and something like **peace**—**gentle**, all-consuming—rose in its place.

**Tears** ran down my face, unnoticed.

I slept.

Morning arrived with sound.

Guinea fowl—their chatter piercing—dragged me back into the world I hadn't quite left. My body ached. The stone had been unkind in its embrace.

**I was alone.**

Or was I?

I don’t feel like guinea fowl for breakfast, I muttered, half to myself.

Don’t worry, Death’s voice drifted from somewhere unseen. I’m just around the corner, Buddy.

**I laughed—hollow, and real.**

Oh boy. This is never going to stop, is it?

We walked, because the Amatola lay ahead.
The valley narrowed, steep rock rising on either side—a canyon carved **by time and indifference**.
The stream guided us, whispering over stone, **too quiet to answer my questions.**

By midday, the heat became unbearable. **We found a cave**—a hollowed-out place in the rock.
Perhaps meant for us.
Perhaps not.

We could stay here for a couple of days, I murmured, my voice barely mine.

**Till we die of hunger**, Death replied.

There was no comfort in his words—**only truth.**

And then he spoke again, as he always did when silence grew too loud.

**You’ve lived believing in time, haven’t you?**

I didn’t answer.

You think of yesterday as gone,

of tomorrow as a promise.

**But what if it isn't?**

**What if everything you know about time is backwards?**

I stared at him. At the firelight in his eyes. At the way his presence felt like both beginning and end.

What if your death is your birth,

and your birth is your death? he asked.

**What if you've been living in reverse?**

The mountains loomed ahead.
I kept walking.

I can still hear his voice, each word dragging through my mind like jagged stones grinding together. Slowly, deliberately, almost cruel in its clarity, Death had said:

**The correction of fear is your responsibility.**

Responsibility.
As if I had a choice.
As if I ever had one.

**You should ask for help in the conditions that brought the fear about.**

But what help? From whom?
Who in this forsaken place could untangle the knots tightening around my thoughts?
The shadow of that night pressed against my ribs like a weight I could never set down.

## You are much too tolerant of your mind wandering,

## and you are passively condoning your mind's mis-creations.

*Mis-creations.*
A cruel word.
As if my fear—this pulsing, living thing inside me—

was nothing more than a mistake of my own making.
As if I had built this prison, brick by brick, with nothing but thought.

**Fear is always a sign of strain, arising whenever**

**what you want conflicts with what you do.**

What I want?
I don't even know anymore.

I only know I must keep walking.
That I must reach the Amatola Mountains.
Even if I have to crawl.
Even if I have to bleed.

But the voice lingers, whispering behind my faltering ego—

**Whenever there is fear, it is because you have not made up your mind.**

But I have.
Haven't I?

There is no strain in doing the Will of Being,

as soon as you realize that it is your will as well.

**It is the natural thing to do. The unnatural engenders strain.**

Then why does everything feel so wrong?

I turned to Death, my voice raw, desperation clawing its way to the surface.

Are you saying that we—humanity—**we chose this?**
That we created this world… this nightmare?

**That is correct.**

The answer came with such terrible finality that I recoiled, breath turning to ice in my throat.

***We chose this?***

The illusion of time—stretching back through the Stone Age,

through the first flickers of thought and fire,

all the way to the nanoscopic precision of *now*—

this was *our* doing?
This great, heaving beast of a world, its teeth buried in our flesh...

was something we had ***willed*** **into being?**

Death only watched.
**Unblinking.**

The consciousness of the collective, as well as the individual, follows the outgoing and returning pattern, he said at last.
What must happen is that the domain of the ego

be replaced by the awareness of the spirit.

**The ego expands; the spirit dissolves it.**

I wanted to scream. To shake him. To make him understand the sheer *insanity* of what he was saying.
But hadn't I already suspected it?
Hadn't I already felt the edges of the illusion? Shifting like the **skin of a dream—**
A place where nothing was truly solid?

Ever thought, he said, voice hollow, of the **human collective** as just **another layer** in a **greater consciousness? A universe-consciousness? A galactic mind?**

I swallowed hard. My hands trembled. I clenched them into fists.

You mean things like the Pleiadeans? The Greys? The Anunnaki? David Icke's reptilian races? The Illuminati?
I almost laughed—but the sound was brittle. Bitter as dust.

Death sighed.
Hey, buddy. Remember—it's an illusion, not real.
Then, with a flicker of amusement:
But tell me this: would you want to spend your whole life trapped in your backyard... or would you rather see the world?

I didn't answer.

Now, he continued,

the same goes for this experience.

Would you not like to experience *it all*?

I pressed my palms against my temples.
This isn't an experience, I whispered.
This is a prison.

**Form is just symbols pointing to a deeper reality,** Death said. **The wrong mind misreads them. You're in for a big surprise.**

I forced myself to breathe. To steady the trembling in my bones.

Then I looked up.
My voice quiet, but sharp as glass.

You didn't answer my question.

It is more than that, Death said, and there was something almost gentle in his voice now—as if he pitied me.

Human consciousness will go through this pattern more than once—

on this planet, on others.
It will evolve into different species. The possibilities are limitless.

**Whatever you can imagine, it is so.**

I wanted to deny it.
I wanted to fight.

Then why do we take life so seriously? I asked, bitterly.

**Because you believe the body is the end.**

I let out a hollow laugh.
Maybe it is.

No. It's only because you don't know who you really are.
If you did, you would see even this illusion differently.
You would savour it**—not for the getting, but for the experience.**

The words settled into the space between my flesh,
where **fear still curled like a wounded thing.**

I had spent my life running—
from the past, from the future,
from the **nameless dread that gripped me in the quiet hours of the night.**

But what if Death was right?
What if the walls of my prison were of my own making?

What if the only way forward
was to walk straight through them?

A distant wind howled over the land,
calling me toward the mountains.

I pulled my jacket tighter.

It makes sense. Or at least, it *should*.
Every news bulletin speaks of this madness.
History confirms it.
**The prophets of doom whisper of a future steeped in shadow.**

It feels inevitable—
like a slow suffocation
beneath a sky too heavy to
bear.
**Like you said—**
**it must be hell.**

But was it real?

The dog.
Last night.
Death itself, padding
beside me in the gloom,
its breath thick with decay
and something older,
**something *outside* of time.**

I can still hear its claws
scraping the stone.
Still see its black eyes,
swallowing the world
whole.

It spoke, didn't it?
Or did I dream that?

## *Sin:* The absence of love, or an act of violence against what I believe?

My mind claws at the memory, but the edges fray and slip away.
If it wasn't real, why does my body remember?

The way the cold settled deep—
past skin, past bone.

The way I walked beside it,
pulse hammering, thoughts unravelling like old thread.

It told me I was bound.
To the road.
To the mountains.
To the promise of something waiting in the mist.

The Amatolas.
They loom in my mind now like a silent reckoning—
distant and unmoved.

**The ego punishes the body,**
**thinking it will lessen the wrath of something greater.**

Is that what I'm doing?
Walking into suffering,
thinking it will set me free?

I don't know anymore.

**They say the sane mind heals itself—**
but what if the sickness is in the knowing?
What if the cure is in the forgetting?

I glance forward.

Nothing.
Only the road, cracked and worn,
leading on. Always on.

**The Voice for Being.**
**The voice for doubt.**

Both are choices—
and I have chosen neither.

I have only walked.

But unless I remember,
unless I accept what I have seen—

what I have *felt*—
**I will remain afraid.**

Fear thrives in forgetting.
And my fear is vast.

It is the breath of the dog beside me.
It is the silence of the mountains ahead.

**I must reach them.**
I must find what waits there.
Perhaps it will explain.
Perhaps it will unravel me completely.

Or perhaps... the dog will still be waiting.

You're really beating me down now, I said to Death.
It's like being struck over and over with something cold,
something wet and limp—like a dead fish to the face.

And yet, I can't look away.
I see my past sprawled out before me—
every mistake, every blind turn—
and suddenly, I understand.

**The joke of it all.**

**The absurd repetition.**
The same patterns looping.
Endlessly feeding on themselves
like some godforsaken computer glitch.

**A *do-loop*.**

How could I not see it before?
How could I have been so—
foolish?

**The ego picks apart,** Death said.
**It dissects, shatters, and grinds meaning into dust.**

**But truth doesn't dissect. Truth holds. It accepts.**

It stands whole while the mind fractures itself trying to make sense of it.

The ego calls mistakes real—

mistakes that never had any weight to begin with.
**And in its circular madness,**

it convinces itself that if all it can see are errors,

then truth must be meaningless.
But if truth is meaningless, only contradiction remains.
So the ego, in its clever deceit,

**declares the error real and the truth false.**

And I—I have lived by its law.

I couldn't see truth, because I never looked for it.
I buried it beneath the illusion of the fight I thought I was waging—
The 'good' fight.
**The noble struggle.**

But what was I really fighting?
Myself? Death?
**The past?**
Or was I only fighting against *seeing*?

**Every person we meet is a mirror,** Death explained.
A reflection of either the lie we cling to, or the truth we refuse to see.
We make them our witnesses.
We pull from them the world we want to believe in—a twisted court of perception,

a mockery of justice.
And yet, in every stranger's face, in every fleeting encounter, there is a way out.
**A path to be free, if only we choose it.**

I wonder what I would see
if I truly forgave.
If I truly let go.

**It's too clear now.**
**Too close to deny.**

*This* is why I decided to end it, isn't it?
Why I set out on this journey toward oblivion.

Because once you see it—
once you *see* how every step, every illusion,
is **shaped by something as arbitrary as race, culture, history—**
how easy it is to let them define you,
without ever asking *why*—
how do you go on.

**How do you keep walking, knowing you've never taken a real step in your life?**

And then comes the final horror:
That voice.

The one I met, in the shape of a dog with eyes like absence itself.
Death.

**It never begged. Never cajoled.**
**It only waited—**
**Patient as the wind.**

**But it was never Death I feared, was it?**

No.
It was the ***last revelation***—
the moment it would finally show me, without shadow or illusion,
what I had been running from all along.

**Tell me,** I whisper,
**tell me why I must see the full weight of my own hatred.**
Tell me why you can't just take it from me.

**Why do I have to face it first?**

Yeah. Why is it so difficult?

No one questions fear when they recognize it.
It's not fear itself that unsettles me—
it's what I've *hidden* beneath it.

I thought my terror was of attack,
but that was never the truth.

The deeper I go, the more I realize—
**it is not *crucifixion* that terrifies me,**
**but *redemption*.**

What waits beyond the ego—
beyond this brittle construct I've called 'myself'?

Beneath the weight of the world, I've built—
this desperate fortress of defiance—
the memory of something vast and unbearable lingers.

***Being.***
***Love.***

It presses against me
like the tide against a failing dam.
It wants in.

**And I?**
**I have spent my life sealing the gates.**

I convinced myself that to be swept away by it would be annihilation—
a descent into nothingness.
That love would strip me down,
leave me small and helpless.

**But I was wrong.**

Ah, Death, you strike true.
The words come, and with them, an uneasy clarity.

**I see now.**

The fear I carried was never of *losing* the world.
I was afraid of losing my *illusions*.

**This is why I twisted the golden rule into riddles.**
Why I parsed and debated who my neighbour truly was.
Why I scoffed at the idea of selling everything and following the call.

And yet, the one thing I could never bring myself to face
was loving the enemy.

Because in doing so,
**the self I had clung to—**
this fractured, desperate thing—
would dissolve.

I understand now
why I clung so tightly to my justifications.
Why I let fear masquerade as righteousness.

It was never about defending myself.
**It was about defending the *self* I thought I needed to be.**

The chosen.
The protector.
The one who wields attack like a banner of belonging.

***How insane.***

And yet…

There is something beneath all of it.
A stillness.
**A knowing.**

I do not know *how*—
but I know this:

I am being called
toward the mountains.
Toward Amatola.

**And I cannot turn back.**

I am not lost.

## I am *undoing*.

The ego rises again—
a starving thing, desperate for one last feast.

It thrives on resistance. On attack.
But I see it now.

I watch as it rises, hungry, waiting for me to fight—
to feed it.

But I do not.
I will not.

**I will let it burn out.**
**I will let it starve.**

It is not real.
And the road ahead is.

A gust of wind stirs the dust at my feet.
A shadow moves where no shadow should.
I feel him before I see him.

**You are beginning to see,** Death murmurs.

His voice—if it can be called that—is not spoken, but felt,
like pressure against the edges of my mind.

**Guilt,** I say.
That's the lock on the door, isn't it?
We hold onto it so tightly, thinking it keeps us safe—
thinking it justifies us.
But it only keeps us prisoners.

**We punish ourselves first—**
**before the world even has the chance.**

**Guilt is the law of the past,** Death says.
It binds the future to its rules. It allows no light, no recognition.
**It demands only punishment.**

I exhale sharply.
Shake my head.

Then the world runs on punishment, I say.
We condemn because we cannot stand the weight of our own guilt.
We pass it forward, project it outward—so we can pretend we are clean.

**Yes.**

A silence stretches between us,
deep as the void,
thick with knowing I cannot yet name.

I stare into the dark horizon,
my feet still carrying me toward the Amatola Mountains.

**A destination.**
**A purpose.**

But now I wonder—
am I running *toward* something, or *away*?

If I do not condemn, if I see guilt nowhere, I ask,
then... what happens to me?

**Then you see yourself as You are,** Death says.
Guilt is a trick of the mind, a veil over your eyes.
If you let it go, the world will not change—
***you* will.**
**And that is all the world ever was.**

My breath catches.
The weight in my chest shifts—
not gone, but lighter.

**I've spent my life trying to make others guilty,** I whisper.
So I wouldn't feel my own.
But that never worked, did it?
**It only buried it deeper.**

**The buried will rise. It always does,** Death replies.

I stop walking.
I close my eyes.

For a moment, I try to feel the guilt—
summon it, own it.
But something is different.

It is not gone.
**But it does not *hold* me as it once did.**

When I open my eyes,
Death is watching me with something close to patience.

You know, don't you? I whisper.

**Yes.**

I keep walking.
The mountains are waiting.

And somewhere in their vastness,
**I will find the next piece of this unravelling truth.**

Death rose and left the cave,
and I knew—
there was finality in it.

The night lingers at the edges of my mind,
clawing at the fragile remnants of reason.

Did it happen?
Could it have?

The dog—Death—its breath a whisper of rot and inevitability.
Its eyes, two empty sockets where the world should have reflected.

I press my fingers to my temples,
trying to force something solid from the fog.
Something *real*.

**But reality is a treacherous thing.**
**It bends.**
**It shifts.**
**It mocks.**

Was it hunger that brought Death to me?
A fever dream,
spun from exhaustion?

Or did I truly sit in that cave,
**speaking with something that should not be?**

The Amatola Mountains loom somewhere beyond—
their promise both salvation and torment.

I must reach them.
That much I know.

But the road between here and there
**is stretched thin over uncertainty—**
a trembling wire above a chasm of madness.

If Death was real...
then what does that mean for me?

If it was not...
**then where does that leave me?**

I grasp at logic—
but it slips through my fingers like sand,
leaving only doubt.

**And guilt.**

Guilt for what?
For not feeling it?
For daring to believe—even for a moment—
that the world is illusion,
**and that nothing—no sin, no cruelty—truly *matters*?**

Death spoke in riddles,
his voice the rasp of wind through bones.

***No guilt. No fear. Only vision...***

But I am not free.
I am bound—

by flesh, by past,
by the hunger gnawing at my stomach.

By the weight of something unnamed
pressing against my soul.

**The Amatolas.**

I must move.
I must reach them—
before the weight becomes too much.
Before my mind fractures
beneath the question that refuses to answer itself.

Before Death finds me again.

I sat in silence,
**my thoughts circling like vultures**
**over the carcass of everything I once believed.**

The words Death had spoken still hung in the air,
wrapping around my mind like a noose.

I retraced the steps of my life,
**my choices,**
my suffering—
**and something in me began to dissolve.**

A slow, grinding realization clawed its way to the surface:

My pain... was not real.

## Or rather, it was real *because I made it so*.

And yet, even as this truth took root,
my ego thrashed against it—
a dying thing refusing to be buried.

I wanted to be someone.
Someone important.
Needed.
**Special.**

And yet, I could feel my death wish—
the silent pull of oblivion—
**growing like a cancer.**

**The contradiction of it tore me in two.**
Fear clashed with peace.
Despair with acceptance.

And I—
I was caught in the middle,
powerless to stop the unravelling.

I stood and walked to the mouth of the cave.
Cool air licked at my skin,
testing my resolve.

Down by the stream,
I drank greedily.

The water was sharp and clean,
cutting through my parched throat like memory.

Then, methodically—
**as if grounding myself in some ancient ritual—**
I gathered firewood for the night ahead.

**Still, Death did not return.**

By dusk, the fire crackled before me,
a flickering island of warmth against the encroaching dark.

Silence thickened between the cliffs.
It pressed against my ears like cloth.

I called out then—
not for Death,
**but for *No Name*.**

For *something*.
*Anything*.

A force to guide me
through this unbearable threshold—
**through the raw, exposed nerve of my existence.**

I burned with the need for truth.
To see past the illusions
that had wrapped themselves around me like a shroud.

But Death never came.

**Instead,**
**sleep took me.**

Deep and merciful.

Though hunger gnawed
at the edges of my dreams
like a patient beast,
waiting for me to wake.

**It's a *threshold of becoming*.**

By morning, the pain in my stomach had sharpened into something primal.
I had no choice—I had to move.

Without Death to guide me, uncertainty coiled in my gut, but I forced myself forward.
I knew my path: the Amatolas lay ahead. Beyond them, to the east, Hogsback.

So, I climbed.

**My mind, restless and fevered,**

circled back to Death's words—
sorting, analysing,

trying to stitch together a pattern from the unravelling threads.
But the higher I climbed,

the thinner my thoughts stretched—
**dissolving into the wind.**

At the summit, I looked down into the valley below.
The mountain's main ridge stretched west to east—
a jagged spine to the north.

I would have to cross it, descend the far side, and find my way east.

**At first, I called for Death.**
Again.
And again.

But the wind swallowed my voice,
leaving only breath and silence.

**A strange resignation settled over me then—**
deep in the marrow of my bones, I knew:
if Death intended to find me again,
it would not be because I called him.

I kept moving north.

By the time I reached the ridge, the sun was sinking behind me,
smearing blood-red light across the horizon.

And in that moment, something cold clenched around my heart.

**I had made a mistake.**

Up here, exposed beneath the vast, pitiless sky,
there was no shelter.
No warmth.

The night would plunge the temperature below ten degrees,
and while I might not freeze,
**I knew the cruel edge of hypothermia.**

**Still—Death did not come.**

And so, beneath the infinite darkening sky,
I braced myself for the long, brutal night ahead.

I gathered wood and settled under a bush in the shelter of a small gorge.
**Self-pity crept in.**
Fortunately, I was too tired to indulge it for long.

I fell asleep almost immediately.

But the night was restless.
I drifted in and out, never sure if I was awake or dreaming.
The cold made everything sharper.
Worse.

At sunrise, I was cold.
Cramped.
Exhausted.

**And still starving.**

At least I had water.
I drank deeply—
filled my stomach with it.
It seemed to help.

I crossed the ridge, **descending the northern slope of the Amatolas.**
The vegetation thickened.
The air changed.

**This side of the mountain teemed with life.**

By noon, I found a stream.

A shady place to rest.

Weakness crept into my muscles.
I lay beneath the canopy, watching birds and rodents flicker through the underbrush, lizards basking on rocks, oblivious to the slow decay happening nearby.

The hunger pains transformed into a **constant unease.**
My legs felt heavy.
The will to move diminished, minute by minute.

Mid-afternoon came, and I forced myself up.
My pace slower now.

**Each step a negotiation.**

I wandered through trees and brush, keeping eastward, the sun behind me.

My thoughts turned to ghosts.
**The past seeped in—pain, disappointments, humiliations.**
**Regrets surfaced thick and fast.**

I tried—God, I tried—to do as Death had taught me:
to dismiss them as unreal.
To let them pass like wind through branches.

**But they clung to me.**

And with each step, something inside me dissolved.

Who I believed I was began to fade—
and with that fading came fear.
The fear of entering the phase of ***no identity*.**

I thought about Being.
About repentance.
Heaven.
Hell.

All the myths I was raised with.

I followed them to their edges.
**Then I let them go.**

By sunset, I could feel it.
The continued use of energy was taking its toll.
My muscles cramped.
My legs trembled.

**They would not hold much longer.**

I searched the undergrowth for something—anything edible.
Berries, leaves, roots.

But doubt whispered: *You know nothing of these plants. Nothing of their poisons.*

So, I let it go.

By noon, my body was beginning to betray me.

**My muscles trembled.**
My breath came shallow.
I crumpled beside a stream, the earth damp and cool against my back.

The hunger wasn't just in my belly now—
it gnawed at my *will*.

Okay, I murmured.
No big deal. Whether it's Hogsback or here, it doesn't matter.
**If I die, it doesn't matter.**

I said the words aloud, as if hearing them might make them true.
But they rang hollow.
Even now, my mind didn't believe them.

The world moved on, indifferent.
Birds flitted through the trees.
Lizards stretched in the sun.

**None of them noticed me.**
**None of them *cared*.**

I stayed there too long.
Too still.
Too empty.

But when mid-afternoon bled into the air,
I forced myself up.

**One step.**
**Then another.**

Each heavier than the last.

## The idea of a destination began to feel absurd.

The past returned, flooding in.

Pain. Betrayals. Failures.
A deluge.

I tried again to dismiss them—
but they were relentless.

Every step stripped me further.
**My name, my story, my shape—**
**all of it slipping through my grasp.**

I thought about the last thing Death said—
about guilt.
About how we condemn others to avoid facing ourselves.

I thought about love.
About the terror of facing it unguarded.
And what it would mean to let go—fully—of the self I had defended all my life.

By sunset, my legs barely held me.
My muscles spasmed.
**I staggered beneath the weight of myself.**

**I needed shelter.**

At the bottom of a ravine, I found it:
a cluster of trees.
An overhanging rock.

A place to disappear.

My water was almost gone, but enough remained for tonight.

I gathered firewood—each branch an act of will.
My hands trembled.
My breath stuttered.

The lighter in my pocket felt like the last link to the world.
I prayed it still held flame.

**The fire sparked to life.**

It crackled and spit embers into the night,
its warmth a small defiance against the dark.

Above, the stars emerged—cold and watching.
Silent.

**The hunger had dulled.**
**Replaced by a deeper emptiness—**
not pain, not exhaustion.
Something beneath both.

It moved through my bones,
slowed my breath,
thickened my thoughts.

And I wondered:

***What would it be like to die?***

Would I know?

Would there be anything
beyond this?

The beliefs I had clung to since childhood whispered their familiar script.
If you're a born-again Christian, the angels come for you. They guide you home.
Family, long since passed, waits at the gates of paradise.
Heaven—eternal joy, untouched by suffering.

But even as I recited the words, they felt hollow.
It had always been difficult to imagine—this so-called bliss.
An eternity of singing? Of light?
What kind of promise was that?

And if I wasn't saved?
Then hell awaited. Judgment. Fire.
Eternal torment.

How many versions of the story had I been told?
How many times had the world been prophesied to end?
Rapture, persecution, Christ descending from the clouds.

**And yet—here it still was.**
**Spinning.**
**Burning.**
**Devouring.**
**As indifferent as the stars.**

I had stopped believing long ago.

So, what did I truly think would happen when I died?

If this world was just a dream—
if reality existed only because I believed in it—
**what would death even change?**

If I ended my life here, would I just wake up somewhere else,
trapped in another loop of forgetting?
Another version of the nightmare?

**The only way out wasn't death.**
**It was truth.**
**The kind that shatters illusions.**
**That tears away every mask,**
**and leaves behind only what *is*.**

And here I was—stranded.
Too weak to move quickly.
Too far from help.

I cursed my foolishness.
**My arrogance.**

I had walked myself into this.
Now I would have to crawl my way out.

There was only one path forward.
**I had to reach civilization.**

**Suicide wasn't an escape.**
**I knew that now.**

The way out wasn't in ending the body.
It was in relinquishing the self that believed it was real.
**Surrendering to something beyond identity.**
**To Being.**

I let out a slow, measured breath and tried to still my mind.
To stop thinking.
To accept whatever came next.

**My only task now: keep moving.**
Head east.
Toward Hogsback—
the last thread connecting me to the world I'd left behind.

**Eventually, exhaustion took me.**

Sleep came fractured and vivid.
More real than waking.

I was certain I was awake.

The fire still burned.
**Its light danced and stretched across the dark.**

And across from me, in the flickering glow, sat Death.
Just as before.
Waiting.

**You must understand the ego,** Death said,
**if you ever hope to wake from this dream.**

The words coiled through my mind like a noose.
Was it real?
Did I truly hear them?

Or was the night twisting my senses again,
filling the void with whispers from a mind unravelling?

Death—the dog—sat there,
eyes like hollow stars,
searching the depths of me.

He spoke as if truth were something that could be measured,
dissected, swallowed whole.

**Then my mind rebelled.**
**The ego seized me—merciless, unrelenting.**

I wanted to run.
**But where would I run to?**

Your present functions are divided, open to doubt.
**You perceive—but without love.**
This is why you know nothing.

I pressed my fingers to my temples,
grasping for the edges of what I had seen.
What I had *felt*.

The memory flickered,
disjointed.
A candle in the wind.

**Perception. Separation. Conflict.**
He had spoken of them as wounds I had inflicted on myself.

As if I had *chosen* this—
**this labyrinth where nothing held**,
where reality peeled away like dead skin.

**Consciousness was the first split,** Death said.
**The first fracture in the mind.**
**You made yourself a perceiver,**
**when you were meant to be a creator.**

I flinched.

If I am not real—
if I am only a shadow cast by something greater—
then who, what, is the dreamer?

And if I were to wake…
would I exist at all?

You fear yourself, Death whispered,
because the self you see is not the Self you are.
You will never escape the fear
until you realize you did not,
**could not,**
**create yourself.**

A shimmer of understanding passed through me.
Unsteady. Terrifying. True.

The ground beneath me seemed to sway.
The weight of his words settled deep in my bones.

If I am not my own maker,
then who *is*?

**What force breathed life into me,**
**set me wandering toward the Amatolas**
**with dust and regret in my mouth?**

I looked at my hands,
my fingers flexing.

But are they *mine*?
**Or echoes of a greater Will?**

**You must choose to heal the separation,** he said.

But how?
How do you mend a fracture in the mind
when the mind itself is what is breaking?

The world blurred.
My journey, once so clear,
now seemed like mist.

The Amatolas…
The forest trail…
**The silent peaks…**

They unravelled beneath his voice.

**Perception birthed the body,** Death said.
Because to perceive, you must perceive *something*.
You created the body as an anchor—
**to keep yourself from drifting into the void of knowing.**
**But your true Self is light.**
It does not belong to the body.
It does not belong to the dark.

The words stung.

I reached for reality,
but it frayed in my grasp.

**If the body is illusion,**
**and the Self is light—**
**then why am I *still here*?**

Why do I feel the ache in my ribs,
the hunger gnawing at my gut,
the cold weight of fear pressing into my chest?

I exhale sharply, fists clenching. **My mind rebels, clinging to the solidity of flesh, the ache in my muscles, the bite of air in my lungs.** But what if—what if Death is right?

What if the body is the lie? What if every step toward the Amatolas is leading me deeper into illusion?

Judgment is the process of perception.
The choice to judge instead of to know

is why you have lost peace.
What you judge, you keep.

**What you refuse to accept, you make unreal.**

I shake my head, pacing the edge of my thoughts like a caged animal. **I can't accept this.** Not yet. Not now.

**If I let go, of judgment—**

**if I stop defining the world—**

**does it disappear?**
**Do *I*?**

The dog—Death—offered no answer. Only watched, eyes ancient and bottomless.

You are not tired, he had said at last.

You only believe you are. Being knows you only in peace.

**That is the only reality.**

I lift my gaze to the horizon. The Amatola Mountains loom, shrouded in mist. The path remains, **but it no longer feels certain**—just a thread unravelling from a story whose ending **I can no longer see.**

**Was it real?** Did I truly hear him? Or was it just the wind in the trees, whispering madness into the ears of a man already unravelling?

The road ahead stretches on—long, silent, unknowable. And I—whoever, **whatever I am**—**walk it.** One step at a time. Toward a destination I may never reach.

Only those who relinquish all desire to reject

**can know that their own rejection is impossible.**
You have not usurped the power of Being.

But you have lost it.

**Lost.**
The word rings in my skull, hollow and cruel. As if I didn't already know. As if I didn't feel it with every aching footfall, every breath heavy with dust and regret.

I stagger; arms limp at my sides.

**Wait a damn minute.**

You think I don't know I'm lost? You think I don't know what it means to be powerless?

Look at me.

Look at where I am—alone, starving,

chasing a place that may not exist. And you—

My voice fractures. I pull it back together through sheer will.

And you tell me I have no authority?

**That I am nothing?**

The trees say nothing. Skeletal and silent, they reach toward a sky that offers no answers. Death does not flinch.

**You think fighting is your strength,** he murmurs.
**That if you claw and bite and spit in the face of the world,**

you'll carve yourself into something real.
Something untouchable.

He pauses.

**But tell me—has it worked?**

A sick, twisting feeling in my stomach.

I press my lips together. My breath comes ragged—
a rasping, broken thing between my teeth.

If I don't fight, I say, quieter now, they'll walk over me.
They'll grind me down to nothing. Chew me up. Spit me out.
**That's what happens to the weak.**
**They get devoured.**

My voice trembles, but I don't stop.

Don't tell me you don't know that.
**You talk about *Being* like it loves me—**
**but where is it when I'm drowning?**
Where is it when I'm crawling through this world,
crushed under the weight of other people's demands?

**No.**
No. No—wear this, say this, be this.
And when I fail—when I crack beneath it—
**they throw me away like I was never even there.**

My throat tightens. The next word comes jagged, choked.

**So don't—**
**don't tell me to surrender.**

Death sighs. His voice is a blade running across the soft curve of my mind.

The root of all evil.
**You believe you are the author of yourself,**

**yet you despise the story you have written.**

I swallow, hard.

**If I don't control my life, who will?**
*What*, am I supposed to just—let things happen?
Let people tear me apart?

**Yes.**

The word drops like stone into my gut.
I flinch. Step back.

**You're obscene, I whisper.**

Death tilts his head.
His black eyes glint with something I don't want to name.

You think you must hold the reins.
That your hands must shape the world—or be broken by it.
But tell me...

Have you not seen how little control you truly have?
**A flick of fate's wrist, and everything you've built—gone.**

You've watched them fall—
The ones who fought harder than you.
Who built empires of stone and steel
and were still swallowed by the dust.

Even the ones who seem to have it all—
Do you think they are free?
Do you think they are at peace?

**The words gnaw at me.**

**You can look at reality without judgment,** Death continues.
You can simply know it is there.
But you do not wish to.

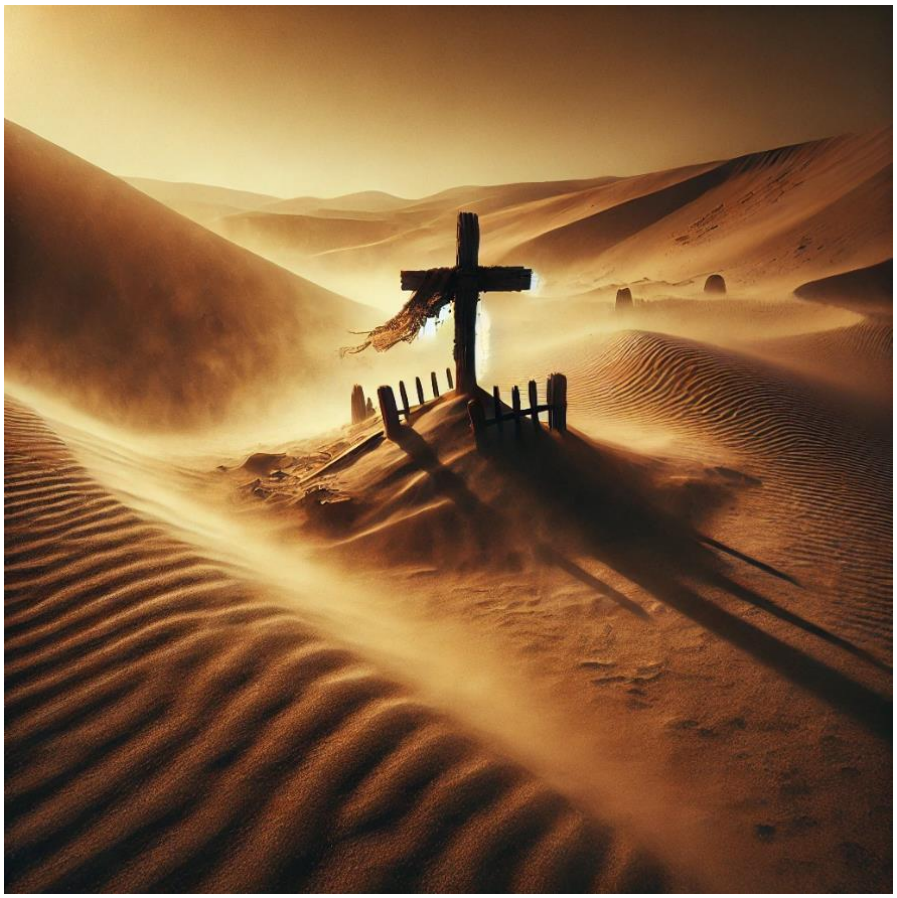
You clutch the past, and it defines you.
You fear the future, and it strangles you
before it even arrives.

**You refuse the present—**
**the only thing that is real—**
**and so, you remain trapped**.

My voice falters.

So, what, I whisper, I should just... lie down and take it?

A pause.
Then—



**You already have.**

Something twists in my stomach—sick, slow, undeniable.

You blame Being for what you have made,
Death says.
You shape illusions and curse the Creator for their weight.
**Tell me—what have you done to yourself?**

The air is too thin. My head throbs.

I would never—

No. Not you.
**The you, you believe yourself to be.**

I squeeze my eyes shut, but the darkness offers no relief.
I want to argue. I want to scream at him, tell him he's wrong—
that I'm not my own destroyer.
**That *the world* has done this to me.**

But my body betrays me.
My hands tremble.
My breath stumbles.

I have fought.
And I am still here.
Alone. Defeated.

**If I were winning, would I feel like this?**

Death watches, silent.

The ego teaches that your function is destruction, he says at last.
It will bury you here,

in the dust,

because that is what it believes you are.
**And you—you would rather prove it right than question its lies.**

A shudder rolls through me. My mouth is dry.

Is this not the world, you, see?
A place where everything devours itself?
**Where people destroy each other and call it victory?**
**And you—you—call it escape?**

I turn away, throat tight.

**I just... I wanted to get away from it,** I murmur.

You can, Death replies. **But not the way you think.**

A hollow laugh slips out of me.

Let me guess. My yoke is easy. You expect me to believe that?

Silence. Long and heavy.

Then, quietly:

**Neither oblivion nor hell is as terrifying to you as Heaven.**
Because if Heaven is real, then everything you've built—
all your pain, your struggle, your fight—
was for nothing.
**And you can't bear the thought of being wrong.**

I exhale sharply. My eyes drift to the horizon. The Amatola mountains loom, half-lost in mist.

I should walk. I should keep moving.

But my legs feel like anchors.
The weight of my thoughts pins me in place.

**Death does not move.**

The wind shifts through the trees, whispering something I can't quite hear.

Was it real?
This voice, this conversation?

Or was it just me—
unravelling beneath the weight of my own mind?

**I don't know.**
I don't know anymore.

Dude, listen.
Death's voice slips through the air like mist, curling through my thoughts.

Your scientists are just now scratching at the surface

of what has always been true.
Gerhard tried to tell you, but you still don't get it. Let me spell it out.

The dog—Death—pauses. His eyes stay fixed on mine.

## What you see, you made up.

I laugh—short, sharp, disbelieving.

Oh, come on. Now you're saying my whole world isn't real?

**Not real in the way you think.**

Death steps forward, slow and deliberate.

**The hologram is nothing but information.**
**And that information?**

It's not floating in empty space. It's stored. Encoded.
Wrapped around the surface of a so-called black hole.

That's where the download happens.
Your brain—

a hologram in itself—

interacts with it.
Pulling the images, the sounds, the sensations.

What you see, what you feel—

It all depends on the lens you choose to wear.
**The frequency you resonate with.**

My stomach twists.

You're telling me the whole world is a… a projection?

**Yes.**

I shake my head.

**Bullshit.**

Is it? Death tilts his head.
Then tell me this: Why does everything you see leave a footprint?
Why do thoughts ripple outward into something bigger, something beyond you?

**Ever heard of morphic resonance?**

I frown.
What the hell does that have to do with anything?

**Everything.**

The night is vast. Too quiet.
I want to walk away, but my feet won't move.

And listen to this, Death continues, voice impossibly soft:
There's a point—a zone—in that black hole where time no longer exists.
**No past. No future. Just the now.**

The real world is projected from there—from the singularity.
The Voice for Being speaks from that place.

That's why, when you finally go still...
When you finally stop fighting...
**That's where you will find Yourself.**

I swallow hard.
**You mean… when I die.**

**No.**
A pause.
**I mean when you wake up.**

My breath catches.
The air grows heavy, pressing against my skin like wet cloth.

And isn't it funny? Death muses.
That in your world, **the black hole is the most terrifying thing in the universe?**
A devourer.

A void.

A monster that consumes all light.

He smiles, almost wistful.

Symbols, my friend.

**Symbols are information.**
And the black hole?

**It's nothing more than the ego's death.**

A shiver climbs my spine.

**Beyond that event horizon lies Heaven.**
The unspeakable. The place where no symbols exist.
No separation. No mind apart from One.

**But you—like all others—resist it.**

You cling to the dream,

to the illusion of control,

to the world your ego has built for you.
**And you will fight, tooth and nail, to prove it's real.**

I grit my teeth.
**That's a load of crap.**

Death doesn't move.

**Is it?**

My breath grows shallow, sharp.
I press my palms against my temples.

**You're saying I'm just—what? Some kind of puppet?**
**That my choices don't matter?**

**No.**
Death's voice is calm, unshaken.

**I'm saying that every encounter is with Yourself.**
Every interaction, every moment, is a reflection of your own mind.
The world doesn't happen to you.
You happen to it.

I shake my head, violently.

No, that's not— That can't be true!
I remember things! I've learned from my past! You can't just erase experience!
**You can't pretend fire won't burn you!**

**Of course not.**
Now Death's voice is almost tender.

You are here,

in this world, in this body,

because you believe it to be real.
And because you believe it, the collective belief of the world affects you.
**The laws of the dream hold sway… for now.**

A weight presses down on my chest.

So, what, one day I can just decide fire won't burn me?

One day, Death says,

you will no longer feel the need to prove anything.
A mind that has transcended ego doesn't pick up burning coals to show it is immune.
**It simply has no desire to touch the fire at all.**

The night breathes around us.
Leaves whisper secrets I can't quite catch.

I exhale, sharp and slow.

**And what about all this noise?** I gesture wildly at the world.
All this garbage being shoved into my head—media, lies, distractions.
How the hell do I block that out?

Death huffs a sound that might be amusement.

You don't.
You recognize it for what it is.
An illusion. A dream.

You stop identifying with it. You stop giving it weight.
Do you run from shadows?
**Do you fear the image in a mirror?**

I clench my fists.

Look, Death says, stepping closer, his voice low and grounding.
I am not telling you to retreat into a cave in the mountains.
**I'm telling you to wake up.**
**To what is real.**

See the illusion
without giving
yourself to it.
Walk through the
dream—but do not be
fooled by it.
Let others stumble in
the dark if they must.
**But leave behind**
**footprints of peace.**

**Let those who seek truth find it easier… because you walked before them.**

I exhale again, slower this time.
My pulse still pounds.
My mind still screams.

But beneath the noise,
under the rubble and ruin of everything I thought I was,
a shimmer.

**A hairline fracture in the wall I've spent a lifetime building.**

You have only ever had two emotions; Death says

**Love and fear. One is real. One is not.**

I stare at him, my throat tight. And you're saying I've been worshiping the wrong one?

He gestures toward the horizon. I don't turn to look. I already know what he means.

You have only ever had two emotions, he continues.
**One was given to you. The other, you made.**

A chill slides down my spine.

Love and fear, I whisper.

He nods.

Each is a way of seeing.
Through fear, you build a world of shadows.
**Through love, you see reality as it is.**

I press my fingers against my temples, trying to dam the rising tide of something I'm not ready to name.

If it's that easy, I murmur, why does the world look the way it does?
Why does everything feel so—

**Broken?** he finishes.

I exhale sharply.

**Because you believe in the brokenness.**
You believe in separation—and so you perceive it.

But Being does not see in fragments.
**Being sees only wholeness.**

I squeeze my eyes shut, hard.

**Then why don't I?**

A pause.
Then:

**Because you refuse to.**

The words land like a hammer to the ribs.
I want to argue.
But something inside me—
still and silent—
**knows he's right.**

There is a long silence before he rises, stretching with an easy grace that borders on unnatural.

I think it's time you accept me in a different form.

I blink.

Before my eyes, Death changes.

The hound dissolves—its shape unravelling like smoke in the wind. A moment later, a young man stands where the creature once crouched, long blond hair cascading past his shoulders. His features are sharp, symmetrical, almost too perfect to be human. His eyes—icy blue—gleam with something otherworldly.

And I know him.
Not by name, but by recognition.
I've seen his face—on screens, in sketches, in late-night rabbit holes and whispered theories.

**A Pleiadian,** my mind whispers.
**My Friend.**

And yet, I'm not afraid.
Not because it makes sense—
But because somewhere, deep inside, **I expected this.**

He smiles, turning his gaze toward my sleeping body beneath the tree.

It will be quite painful in the morning,

sleeping on the soil.

A chuckle escapes him—light, amused, effortless.
He sits beside me, folding his legs into a lotus position, hands resting on his knees.

**Now, he says, let's talk about time.**

I glance again at my body—the slow rise and fall of breath, the stillness of sleep.

This is a dream, I tell myself.
I know this is a dream.
And yet...

The world you are sleeping in, he says, nodding toward my body,
is no more real than this one.
**The only difference is persistence. And your memory of it.**
**That one clings more tightly to your mind.**

I tear my gaze away.
**What are you saying?**

Can you imagine what it means to have no worries,
no fears,

no weight pressing against your ribs?
To be perfectly still, perfectly calm—

without the need to fight?

Something inside me recoils.

**That sounds… unnatural.**

**It sounds unfamiliar, he corrects.**
But it is what time is meant to teach you—
**that peace is not something to earn, not something to chase,**
**but something that was never lost.**

I swallow. My mouth feels dry.

**The Voice for Being is your teacher,** he says.
But it will not be satisfied until it is the *only* teacher you listen to.
And when that day comes—

when you have learned all that can be learned—
**you will no longer need a teacher at all.**

I exhale slowly.

**You make it sound so… far away.**

He shakes his head.

**That is the trick of time.**
You think salvation is distant,

that peace is something you must wait for.
But the Voice for Being is not bound by time.
It does not see a journey—only an awakening.
**Time serves one purpose only:**

**to bring you back to now.**

The words settle in my chest like stone. Still. Immovable.

**The ego uses time to convince you of endings,** he continues.
That everything is moving toward destruction.
**That life is a slow march toward death.**

But the Voice for Being tells a different story.
**It teaches you that life has no end.**

I close my eyes and press my palms to the earth.
It feels cool, grounding.

The weight of the past presses behind me.
The looming of the future stands ahead.

But here—
In this moment—
Neither exists.

There is only now.

And for the first time,
I wonder if that is enough.

**The ego is an ally of time, My Friend says, but never its friend.**

His words curl through me, soft and sharp,
like fresh air coaxing flame from a dying fire.

**It mistrusts death as much as it mistrusts life.**
It wants you dead—but not itself.
It promises peace, but never delivers.
It whispers of Heaven, then tells you it's beyond your reach.
**And so, you wander—trapped between longing and despair.**

A coldness creeps up my spine.

**Then what's the endgame?**
What does it want?

His blue eyes gleam, unreadable.

**Immortality.**

I shake my head.
That doesn't make sense.

**Oh, but it does.**
He steps closer, his motion barely disturbing the air.

**The ego promises you freedom—**
**but never intends to grant it.**
**Even in death, it clings to you, dragging you forward into another illusion, another dream.**
**It does not want peace.**
**It wants power.**

And so, it offers you eternity—
but not in Heaven.
**It leads you only to hell.**

My throat tightens.

You think hell is a place?
Some distant, fiery abyss waiting in the afterlife?
He exhales, shaking his head.

No.

The ego builds it here.
**It convinces you that life itself is suffering.**
**That you are guilty. That punishment is all you deserve.**

**But it keeps one thing from you.**

A pause.

**That you can leave at any time.**

I look away. The ground beneath me feels solid. Real.

But is it?

So, all of this, I murmur,
all the fear, the guilt—it's just a trick?

A trick, he agrees.
**One you have believed for far too long.**

I feel sick.

**The Voice for Being teaches the opposite, he continues.**
There is no hell.

**Only the present.**
And in the present, there is no fear—
only echoes of the past and illusions of the future.

**The ego splits eternity into fragments—turning it into time.**
**And time, in turn, breaks you.**

His words feel like a blade sliding beneath my skin.
My life—my regrets, my fears—just a prison I built myself?

Each moment is clean, he says.
**A new beginning.**

**A new birth.**
**But you do not see it—because you are still looking backwards.**

I press my hands against my head.

**How do I stop?**

My Friend does not answer.
He simply watches me, calm and still.

The silence stretches between us—thick, humming, waiting.

I inhale sharply.
I have one more question.

He lifts a brow.

**Possession. Evil spirits. Is it real?**

For the first time, he laughs. A quiet, amused sound.

**Of course.**

Something cold seizes my chest.

**Everyone who enters this world is possessed by an evil spirit,** he says.
**You call it the ego.**

I stiffen.

It speaks with your voice. Moves with your body.
It feeds on your fear, your suffering, your belief in your own smallness.

And exorcisms? I whisper.

He shrugs.
Just one illusion trying to fight another.
**Until you wake up, the battle never ends.**

I can't breathe.

He stretches, rolls his shoulders, and stands.

Okay. Time for you to go back to your dream.

I hesitate.

And you?

He glances toward the east, where the first sliver of dawn is rising.

**We'll meet again.**

Something deep in my chest settles.
I don't understand it.
But I don't need to.

**Thank you, my friend.**

He smiles.

And then he's gone—dissolving like mist in morning light.

A sharp ache rips through me.

I jolt back into my body.

My limbs are stiff. My muscles groan in protest as I push myself upright.
The cold earth has branded me—pain radiating through my spine.
A groan slips from my lips.

I am hungry.
I am thirsty.

The world is waking around me—birds calling, branches rustling, wind stirring the trees.

And yet all I can think about is the dream.

No.
Not a dream.

**A memory.**

**I needed water.**

My tongue clung to the roof of my mouth like sandpaper.
My lips were cracked, burning with every shallow breath.

Each step dragged. My body heavy. My mind fogged. My head a drumbeat of pain.

**I stumbled upright**, unsteady, and forced myself through the bushes, moving east.

My arms—wrinkled.
Aged overnight.
My hands shook.

**Dehydration.**

The word cut through the fog like lightning.
**Urgency spiked through me.**

I climbed, legs screaming, up the side of the ravine.
The incline scraped my skin.

**My vision blurred—edges bending like heat over asphalt.**

I didn't know how far I had walked.
Or how long I'd been moving.

**But then—I saw it.**

A flash of green.
Dense bushes. Thick vegetation pooling in the hollow below.

**Water.**

There had to be water.

I pushed forward, frantic now.
The terrain sloped steeply downward—uneven, unforgiving.
**I picked up speed. Too fast. Too reckless—**

A rock.
My foot caught.
A stumble. A fall.

**Pain.**

A dull, cracking sound.
An explosion of agony raced up my leg.
My skull struck something hard. Unyielding.

**The world folded in on itself.**
**Then—white.**

A voice.

**Distant. Familiar.**
**Strange words, drifting around me like echoes underwater.**

I tried to open my eyes.
The world spun—tilting in a sickening spiral.
My eyelids were iron. Too heavy to lift.

Darkness swallowed me again.

**Smoke.**

The scent coiled into my lungs—earthy, bitter, alive.
**My eyelids flickered, barely peeling open.**

Dim light.
A thatched roof above me.

The crackle of fire close by.
**Stillness.**

Darkness tugged me back under.

The next time I woke,
**I was not alone.**

Two dark eyes peered into mine—deep as the void, unwavering.

White hair framed the man's face, bald at the crown.
A long, wispy beard trailed down his chest.
The scent of burning wood hung between us like memory.

I tried to move, but pain flared—sharp, distant.

**A strong, weathered hand lifted my head.**
A rough wooden bowl pressed to my lips.

He smiled.

**Eish… Inkosi.**

The words rumbled low and rich, thick with something I couldn't yet name.

**Inkosi.**
A name? A title? A blessing?

His eyes crinkled with warmth.
Kindness woven into the lines of his face.

**I thought your ancestors came to take you to their Kaia,** he said.
His English was fractured, the rhythm slow and soothing—
a lilt shaped by an old African tongue.

**Drink. This will make you strong.**

I hesitated. My throat burned.
My body screamed for relief.

I took a sip. Bitter. Strange.
Mint beneath something older.
**Wilder.**

I grimaced, pulling away.

He chuckled, shaking his head.

**Hayi, Inkosi—you must drink everything.**

His hand remained steady.
Insistent. Patient.

**You feel better.**

My body had no strength to argue.
I drank. Forced the liquid down.
Warmth bloomed through my limbs—slow and spreading.

**Good. It's all right now.**
He smiled again, satisfied.
**Sharp.**

Somewhere in the haze,
I became aware of my leg.

The pain—sharp, but distant.
Heavily wrapped. Stabilized.
A dull ache pulsed beneath layers of cloth and care.

I tried to focus.
But my mind was already slipping.

**Tilting—**

**Falling—**

**Floating—**

Light. Shadow.
Forms drifting past me, around me, through me.

And then—
**Stillness.**

A vast, endless calm.

For the first time in days… weeks… years—
**I was truly at peace.**

I drifted.
Through the void.
Through a tunnel of light.

Carried forward by something unseen,
something effortless.

I did not walk.
I did not fall.
I simply *moved*.

**And then—**
**Stillness.**

I came to rest upon a perfect stretch of emerald grass. Before me, a lake stretched wide and endless—its surface smooth as glass, reflecting the deep blue of a sky untouched by time.

The water did not ripple.
The air did not stir.
In the distance, a mountain range stood sentinel, their

**peaks reaching toward infinity.**

**Silence enveloped everything.**

Not the absence of sound—
**but the absence of *time* itself.**

Here, there was no hold of past.
No promise of future.
**Only this.**

A presence stirred beside me.
I turned.

He was there.
**My Pleiadian Friend.**

Golden hair catching the soft, timeless light.
A serenity in his gaze that stilled something deep inside me.

He lowered himself onto the grass beside me, as though the earth itself welcomed his weight.

**Beautiful, not so?**

His voice carried a note of amusement, but there was warmth there too—
a kind of joy that felt older than the world.

**He reached out, taking my hands in his.**

His touch was cool, but a pulse stirred through me—
not warmth, not electricity—
something more profound.

**It made the edges of my being feel clearer.**
**More real.**

Everything is according to plan, he said, his blue eyes fixed on mine.
**You will see.**

I wanted to ask *what plan*, but before I could speak, he continued:

Now, where were we?

He tilted his head, recalling something.
Ah, yes.

His grip on my hands tightened, just slightly.

## Let's Talk About Time

**The lesson of finding your Self takes no time.**
Because what is time, if there is no past or future?

It has taken time to mislead you—to entangle you in illusion.
**But to return… to remember?**
**That takes nothing at all.**

The words sent a shiver through me.

I said nothing.

Begin now, he said.

**Use time as it was meant to be used—**
**as a tool. A stepping stone to peace.**

This instant—right now—is all that exists.
Nothing can reach you from the past.
No shadow can stretch into the future.

Here, in this single moment—
you are absolved.
**You are free.**

His voice wrapped around me,
through me,
weaving into the marrow of my bones.

And from this moment, he said,
you move forward without fear. **Without change.**

A part of me recoiled.

No change?
How could that be?
Time *was* change. It had to be.

He read my thoughts.

Time is only conceivable through change, he said, his gaze unwavering.
But completeness—holiness—does not change.
**You are not bound by time. You never were.**

I tried to hold on to the meaning,
but it was like cupping water in my hands—
it slipped through my fingers, impossible to contain.

Learn from this instant, he continued.
Not only that hell does not exist,
but that in this instant—
**this infinite, eternal *now*—lies Heaven.**

A sharp breath escaped my lungs.

Heaven will not change, he said gently,
**because Being does not change.**

Something within me loosened—
a thread of resistance unwinding.
It felt like a great weight had been lifted and set down,
just out of reach.

If you find yourself discouraged, he said,
believing that changing your mind—truly changing—will take time…

His eyes met mine, clear and piercing.

Then ask yourself this—
**'How long is an instant?'**

His lips curled into the faintest smile.

Could you not give such a small fragment of time to the Voice for Being?
**Could you not surrender, even for a moment?**

I swallowed.
My throat dry.

**He asks no more than this.**

The wind—
or perhaps the very energy of the space—
moved around us.
Weightless. Formless.
Embracing.

You cannot take this instant of completeness for yourself alone, he said.
**It is shared. It is meant to be given.**

I barely spoke, but my voice came hoarse, fragile.

## Given

He nodded.

To those you meet.
To the ones who cross your path.
To the strangers you call strangers.

**Every encounter is a moment of release—if you allow it.**
**A miracle.**
**And when you offer it, you receive their blessing in return.**

I exhaled slowly.

**Time is your friend, he said,**
**if you leave it in the hands of the Voice for Being.**

The truth does not dwell in time, but beyond it.
Purity does not fade. Being does not break.
Time is only the illusion of movement—
but in reality, all is still. Unchanged.

## Complete. Whole. Holy.

The words settled over me—
as soft and final as the closing of a book.

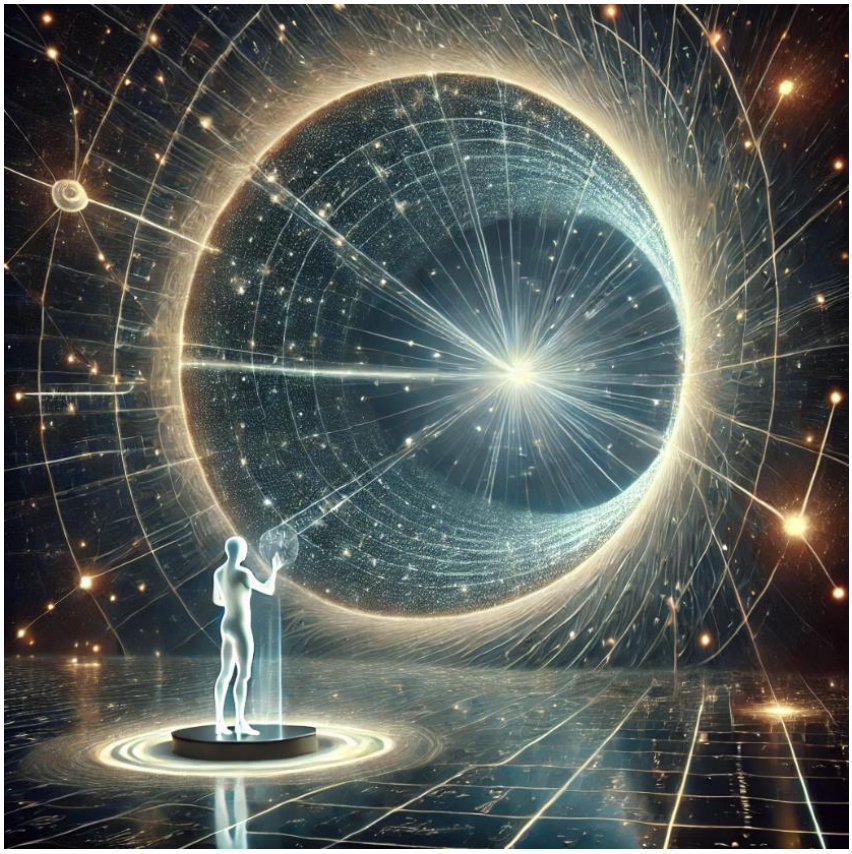
Then, his expression shifted—
a flicker of something new, something turning.

Your scientists, he murmured,
have tried to understand this.

**They speak of time as a great, rectangular block—**
like a loaf of bread, where each slice is a moment**.**
**Fixed.**
**Unchangeable.**
**A picture of the past, the present, the future—**
**all laid out before you, as your mind moves through it.**

I nodded slowly.
I had read the theories.
I had seen the diagrams.

They are not entirely wrong, he admitted.
**But they do not see the whole of it.**



He lifted one hand,
tracing a slow arc in the air—
as though redrawing the shape of reality itself.

**Pivot that box, he said,**
**around the origin point.**
**Instead of slices…**
**imagine a sphere.**

A strange energy rippled through me.
Not fear. Not awe.
Something closer to *recognition*.

**Now—within this sphere,**
he said,
**all possibilities exist.**
Every outcome. Every choice.
Each timeline stretching outward like spokes from the centre,
separated only by the smallest imaginable distance—**a Planck length.**

**They all exist at once.**
**And the one you perceive—the one you call *your life*—**
**is simply the one your ego has chosen to focus on.**

Something buckled inside me—
like my mind was reaching beyond its edge,
straining to grasp a shape it wasn't built to hold.

Not only can your perception move outward, he continued,
but your choices allow you to shift across the sphere—
between timelines, between outcomes.

**You are not bound to one path.**
**You never were.**

His voice dropped lower. Softer.
Like a truth too dangerous to shout.

**But the ego won't let you see this.**
**The ego keeps you in ignorance.**

A pulse of dread coiled in my stomach.

It wants you trapped.
t lets you look back at the past—

but only the past of the timeline you currently walk.
It does not want you to see the other possibilities.
**It does not want you to remember…**

**that choice itself is an illusion.**

My fists clenched.
My breath grew shallow.

Your path is not written in stone, he said, his voice now a whisper.
**You are not what you believe yourself to be.**

The moment stretched between us—
long, silent, weightless.

I didn't know what to say.
I wasn't sure I could.

But somewhere, in the deepest part of me—
*I knew he was right.*

The ego cannot see the future, he said,
**because the present is its event horizon.**

His voice was calm. Steady.
A blade made of breath and knowing.

The ego imprisons you in this illusion—
in this bubble of perception—
where past and future are nothing but echoes, distorted by fear.
**You are trapped not by force, but by belief.**

I swallowed hard.

Some of your scientists, he continued,
have looked at the numbers—
at the laws of physics—
and concluded that this universe,

by all accounts,

**should not exist.**

They run the equations again and again, searching for the imbalance—
the hidden variable that makes it all possible.

He paused.
His eyes locked on mine.

**But they will never find it.**

Something shifted in me.
A quiet disturbance—
like the first ripple across still water before the storm.

**Because the imbalance is not in the equations.**

He raised his hand, and with infinite gentleness,
placed it over my chest.

**It is here.**

A slow, shallow breath slipped from my lungs.

The only error, he said softly,
the only impossibility—
**was when you substituted love with fear.**

A weight settled over me.
Thick. Inescapable.

In that instant, he continued,
the One Mind of Vision fractured.
It shattered into countless points of consciousness—
many minds, all believing themselves separate. Alone.

That is what you are.
**The embodiment of that fracture.**

My throat tightened.
Dry.

**Then how do I fix it?**

His expression softened, almost sad.

**You don't.**

Silence.
Heavy and unmoving.

Then, at last—

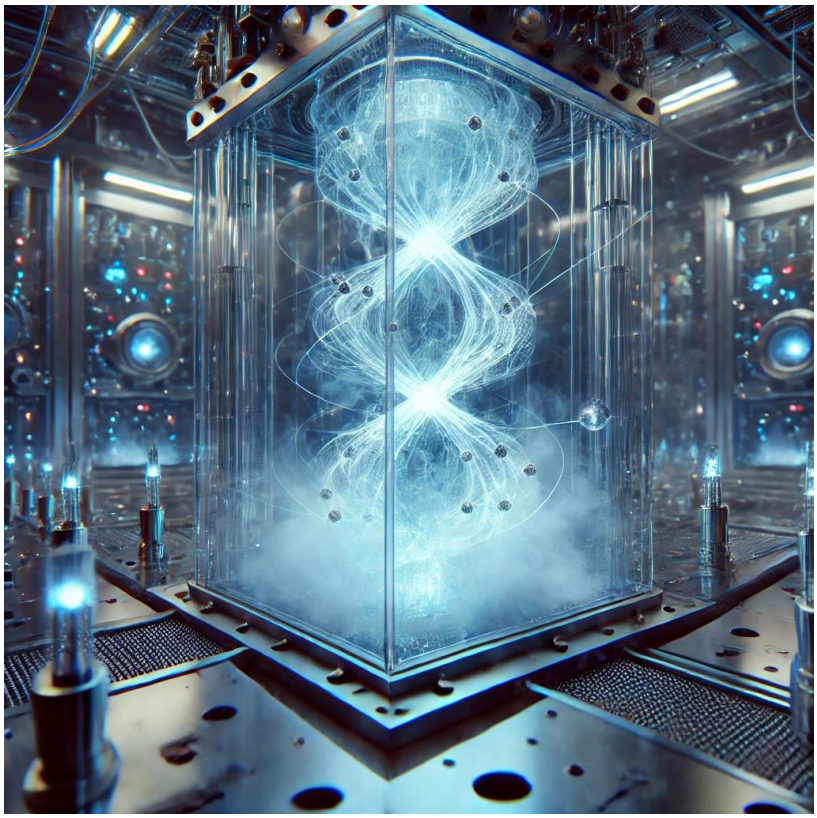
**You walk the path.**
Step by step.
Not to repair what was never broken…
but to *see*.
**To *remember*—that the fracture never truly existed.**

The words pressed into my mind—
too vast to hold, too heavy to carry all at once.

**You are traveling through time,** he said,
**just as an electron moves through an electron chamber.**

I frowned.
What do you mean?

He smiled—
a flicker of mischief, or mystery, behind those glinting eyes.



**Your scientists have observed electrons blinking in and out of existence—**
appearing, vanishing, like ghosts.
They move, yes—
but not the way you understand movement.

The electron does not *travel*.
**It skips.**

It does not go from point A to point B in a straight line.
Instead...
His voice dipped.

**It chooses.**

A cold shiver ran down my spine.

**And so do you.**

My breath caught.

You are not walking a single path through time, he said.
**You are moving through an infinite web of possibilities—**
stepping from one to another,
**shaping your experience as you go.**

And yet…
You believe you are trapped.

His words held me still—
not with force, but with the precision of truth.
Chains made of light. Of weightless certainty.

But you are not trapped, he whispered.
**You are only dreaming that you are.**

A long silence followed.
The space between us throbbed—
not with sound,
but with something *older*.
Something *deeper* than words.

## Let us talk about love. Real Love.

I exhaled.
My chest tightened.

**Real love, he said,**
**is nothing like what you've been taught.**

His eyes locked onto mine—sharp, unrelenting.

**The world has twisted it.**
**Moulded it into something transactional.**
**Conditional.**
What you call 'love' is a fragile thing—
built on needs and fears, wrapped in chains of expectation.

You measure it. Ration it. Withhold it.
And in doing so, you turn it into something it was never meant to be

He leaned closer.

**You made love a weapon.**

Beyond this distortion—beyond the shallow, fragile imitation—
is the true attraction of Being for Its Creation.

**A love that is complete.**

**Whole.**

**Holy.**

**Complete.**

**Given freely.**

**Returned fully.**

**It asks for nothing, because it lacks nothing.**

**It is the only love that exists.**

A strange pressure built in my chest.
Something aching.
Something unfamiliar.

**But the ego, he continued,**
**fears love.**
**It fears it more than anything else.**

I frowned.

**Why?**

His voice dropped.

**Because love dissolves it.**

The words struck like a hammer to my forehead.

**Every relationship the ego forms are *special*, he said—**
**his tone low, deliberate.**

It does not love—it clings.
It does not give—it takes.
**It forms bonds to possess. To gain. To bind the other in guilt.**

I closed my eyes.
Something raw twisted in my stomach.

The ego makes you believe that guilt is love.
That sacrifice is love. That suffering is love.
**But it is a lie.**

A bitter laugh slipped from my lips.

**Then why do we keep falling for it?**

He sighed.

**Because you have not truly looked at it.**
You've judged it in the dark.
But in the light, the only question you will ask is—

His eyes met mine.
Piercing. Unyielding.

## Why did I ever want this?

Something deep inside me broke loose—
cracking open like old wood under pressure.

I turned away.
Stared at the lake's stillness.
At the mountains beyond—unmoved, untouched by the storm in my chest.

He spoke again, voice steady.

**It is the ego's greatest deception—**
**that what you do to others, you escape yourself.**

But you do not.
You never have.

## The chains you place on them… you wear them too.

I drew a deep breath.

The ego tells you that if you are host to it, it will protect you.
That if you strike first, you cannot be hurt.

And so, it sends you into battle—
forging chains of anger, of guilt, of sacrifice—
convincing you that each one makes you stronger.

But you do not grow stronger.
**You only grow heavier.**

A long silence fell.

I closed my eyes.

His words pressed against the walls of my mind—
slow.
Unrelenting.

And for the first time, I *felt* it.

Not just the weight.
But the exhaustion.

How long had I been carrying this?

How long had I called it love?
How long had I mistaken it for safety?

I opened my eyes.
Turned back to him.

He was watching me.
Waiting.

I didn't know what to say.
I wasn't even sure I *could* say anything.

But somewhere—
deep in that quiet place where all truth hides—
I knew he was right.

**Each believes they have sacrificed something for the other, he said,**
**and so they hate them for it.**

His voice was steady—
but beneath it lay something heavier.
Unavoidable.

But this…
this is what they think they want.
**Not love—never love.**

They believe in sacrifice.
They believe in pain.

They mistake suffering for devotion.
**Guilt for attachment.**

And so, each
demands of the
other:
'I have given you
this—
now take on my guilt.
Wear it.
**Carry it for me.**

I exhaled sharply.
But he did not stop.

**Forgiveness becomes impossible in such an exchange,** he continued.
For the ego tells you that to forgive another is to lose them.

It whispers:
only through attack,
only through holding

another in guilt,
can you be sure they remain bound to you.

A coldness slid beneath my ribs.

**But these people—these bodies—
are not truly together.**

His blue eyes met mine.

Unflinching.
Piercing.

The ego does not care where the mind goes—
what it thinks,

what it dreams of.

That is of no importance,

so long as the *body* remains.

**So long as the sacrifice continues.**

The wind stirred the lake.
Just once.

A single ripple shattered the perfect reflection of the sky.

**To the ego,**
**the body is all that can be shared.**

The mind is private.

Locked away.

Separate.
And so it measures all things through the body—
whether an idea brings one closer or pushes one farther away.

He exhaled.
A breath that sounded like grief.

**That is why guilt is seen as good.**

I stiffened.

Because guilt…
keeps people bound together.

***Then what is love, really?* or *Can we ever be free?***

His words scraped against something raw inside me.

**And that is why release is seen as bad.**

I swallowed hard.

**Because release means the body is no longer necessary to hold the bond.**
**And the ego cannot allow that.**

His gaze softened—
but his voice did not waver.

**The ego blesses only suffering and sacrifice.**

A weight pressed into
my chest.
Something immovable.
Something I had
carried for too long
without knowing it was
there.

It calls these things
love, he continued.
And those who meet at
its altar believe that
only through pain can
they be joined.

**They seek relief from
guilt—**
not by dissolving it,
but by increasing it in
the other.
**Believing that if the
other is guilty enough,
their own burden will
be lessened.**

My breath was shallow.

**In these relationships, he murmured,
anger is inevitable.**

Each person believes the other is demanding more than they can give—
yet neither can walk away.
Because they fear the loneliness more than the suffering.

A shudder ran through me.

But the irony? he whispered.
These relationships are born from loneliness.
**They are *dedicated* to loneliness.**
**And in the end, they ensure only loneliness.**

Silence.

Then—he leaned forward.
His gaze ancient.
Unflinching.

**Whenever you feel anger, know this: The ego has 'blessed' the relationship you are in.**

I flinched.
My hands curled into fists.

**Anger is its sacrament.**
Its proof that love has been corrupted into something it can use.

His voice softened.
Slowed.

**Guilt is the only thing the ego needs.**
And so long as you believe yourself to *be* the ego—

guilt will remain attractive to you.

**It will feel safe.**
**It will feel necessary.**

**And you will resist release—**
because without guilt, you do not know what remains.

Something deep inside me stirred.
Uncoiled.
***Awakened.***

But remember this, he said,
to be with a body is not communication.

And if you believe it is,
you will always feel guilty for wanting more.
For searching beyond it.
For knowing, deep down, that something is missing.

The words struck like a hammer
against the walls of my mind.

As long as you believe physical presence is companionship, he continued,
**you will try to keep others tied to their bodies—**

held there by guilt,
trapped in the illusion that they owe you something.
That you owe them something.

And in doing so,
**you will make yourself afraid of true communication.**

I shook my head.
But the words wouldn't leave me.

**The ego will always tell you that loneliness can be solved by guilt.**
**That to keep someone, you must burden them.**

A sharp breath tore free from my lungs.

It will teach you that true communication—
the kind that does not require bodies—
is dangerous.

**Because once you experience it,**
**you will know what it means to be free.**

**And the ego cannot survive freedom.**

He leaned back, watching me carefully.

Forgiveness lies in communication**,** he said.

His voice was quieter now, but it carried more weight.

And just as surely—
damnation lies in guilt.

I exhaled slowly.

The Voice for Being, he continued,
teaches the opposite of the ego.

It calls to those who fear communication—
those who believe that truly speaking will separate them from others.

And it shows them the truth—
that communication is salvation.
**That it is the return to wholeness.**

A long pause.

In the complete instant, he said at last,
**guilt holds no attraction.**

Because communication has been restored.
And guilt—which exists only to disrupt—
has no purpose here.

I let his words settle.

Let them seep into the quiet places I had long kept hidden.

Then, his voice returned—softer now.
Almost a whisper.

It is the condition your scientists describe—
the state of the universe before the Big Bang.

And where they now suspect it might return.

I tensed.

**Your scientists once thought the universe had a beginning—**
a singular moment where time was born.

**But now they see something else:**
**a time before time.**

A shiver traced my spine.

**That moment has never left you, he said.**

The complete instant—
the place where the mind is still,
where the illusion of entropy collapses,
where all things are whole once more.

**The event horizon.**

I swallowed hard.
My throat dry.

The mind, he said,
is already complete.
**The universe is simply moving toward remembering.**

A pause.

Then, quietly—

Ready for the next adventure, so to speak.

Silence fell between us.

The lake remained still.
The mountains unchanged.

**But I was different.**

And for the first time—
I wasn't sure if I would ever be the same again.

In this state, he said,
there are no 'wants.'
No hunger. No grasping. No searching.

**Only complete acceptance of now.**

**And now... is forever.**

His voice was quiet,
but it filled the space completely—
pressing gently against the fabric of my mind.

There is no judgment here, he said,
because there is nothing to judge.
No fear—because fear cannot enter.

I let out a slow breath,
as if testing the truth of his words
against the weight still lingering in my chest.

This, he said,
**is the point where you remember—**
**you are the Complete Being.**

The words stirred something beneath the illusion—
something deep.
Something true.

The willingness to communicate, he continued,
draws communication to it.
**And in that exchange, loneliness dissolves completely.**

There is no need for forgiveness here—
because there is no desire to exclude anyone from your wholeness.

I felt something shift inside me.
A realignment.
A soft return.

In the protection of your completeness, he said,
all are invited.
**All are welcomed.**

And in this moment, you understand—

His hands pressed lightly against mine.

**Your completeness is Being's completeness.**

A long silence stretched between us.

But the meaning filled the space between the words.

**Your only purpose…**
he whispered,
**…is to remember.**

I swallowed.

But what about… before?
The mistakes. The things I—

The betrayal of Creation exists only in illusions, he interrupted gently.
**What you call 'sins' are nothing more than your own imaginings—**
**shadows cast by a mind that forgot the light.**

A sharp breath escaped my lips.

In truth, he said,
you have never needed to be forgiven—
you only need to recognize it.

I looked away.
Stared at the stillness of the lake.

In dreams, he continued,
you believe you have betrayed yourself.
You believe you have betrayed others.

**But what happens in a dream…**
**…has never truly happened.**

His voice dipped lower.
Softer.

**Yet how do you convince the dreamer that he is dreaming?**

I had no answer.

The fall of man, he said after a pause, can be summed up in a single question—

**'Who told you that you were naked?'**

I flinched.

**Being does not know of anything else but itself.**
So what whispered to you that you were incomplete?
**What voice convinced you to hide?**

I squeezed my eyes shut.
My hands clenched into fists.

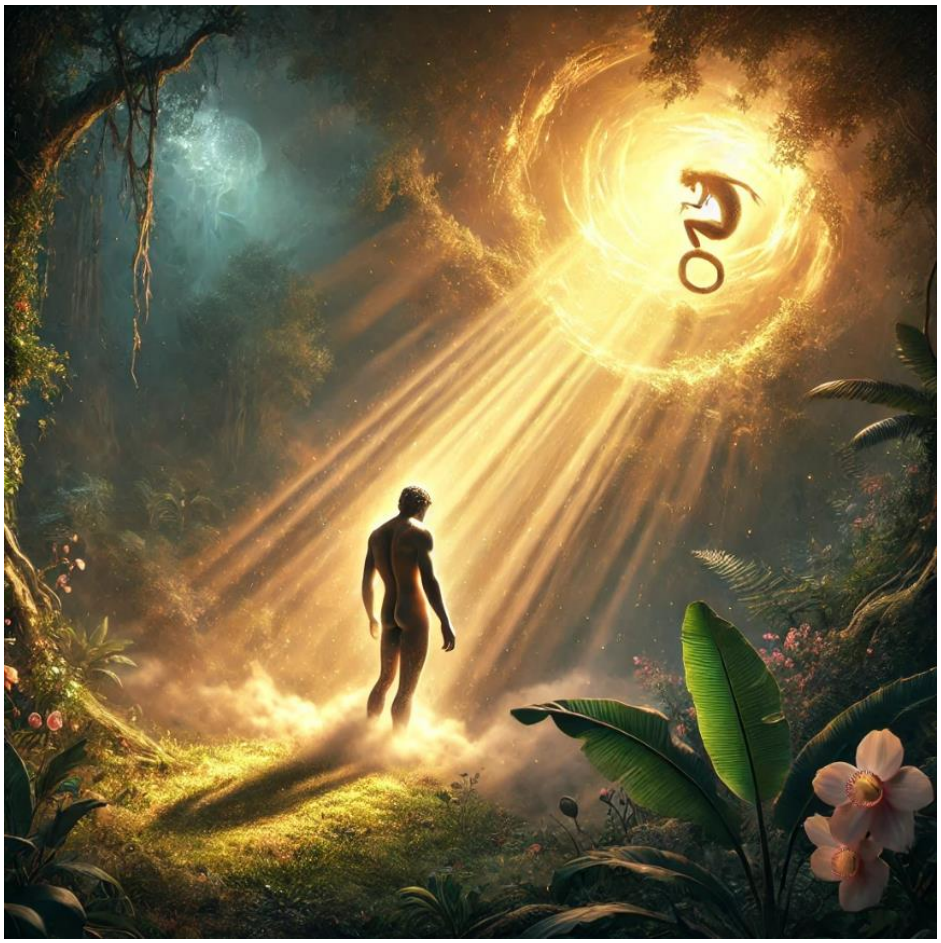
Fantasies reshape the dream, he murmured.
But they do not reshape the truth.

**The purpose of fantasy is to distort reality—**
**to replace it.**

A long pause.

**In a way, this acknowledges your power…**
**…but it also denies it.**

I exhaled sharply.



If you are devoted
to illusion,
you cannot be
devoted to truth.

You cannot serve
two masters.
And so, you are
torn.

What you give to
fantasy,
you take away
from Being.
**And until you give
it back…
…you will always
see reality through
a warped lens.**

My breath was
shallow.
My mind stretched
in too many
directions at once.

**Truth does not exist in illusion, he said.
It cannot.**

Truth is whole. It does not compromise.

**And so—if you try to bring truth into illusion,
you do not transform illusion…
…you imprison truth.**

The words struck something deep inside me.
A place untouched by reason.

**But if you bring illusion to truth…**

He let the words hang—
waiting for me to understand.

I swallowed hard.

**Then the illusion disappears.**

He smiled.

**And you are free.**

Silence settled between us again—
but this time, it was lighter.
Unburdened.

Be willing, he said at last,
to give everything you have held outside of truth
to the Voice for Being.

**Only *It* knows what is real.**
**And *It* will not fail you.**

The lake stretched before us,
endless and motionless,
mirroring the sky as if no boundary existed between them.

I closed my eyes.

A question surfaced—
one that had been there all along,
waiting in the quiet spaces of my mind.

I hesitated.
Then spoke.

**And if I resist?**

He was quiet for a moment.
Then leaned in slightly.

**You already have.**

A shiver ran through me.

**Every time you choose fear over love.**
Every time you hold onto pain instead of releasing it.
Every time you cling to the belief that you are separate…

His voice wasn't unkind.
But it was unyielding.

**And yet—the truth remains.**
**Being waits.**

You can fight for as long as you want…
but you will not change what is real.

I exhaled slowly.

**If you attack what Being would heal, he continued,**
**if you hate what Being loves—**

**then you and your Creator have two different wills.**

He tilted his head slightly.
His gaze was loving.

But if you were created by Being…
He paused.

**…then that means you are only fighting Yourself.**

The air stilled.
Thick with something unspoken.
Electric with a silence older than language.

And I knew.

I had been fighting my whole life.

**Fighting something unseen.**
**Something unnameable.**

But now…
I could feel it.

The edge of the battle.
The weight of resistance.
**The silent war I had waged without ever knowing.**

And for the first time,
I wondered—

**What if I stopped?**

He watched me carefully.
As if he knew the precise moment the question settled into my bones.

Reason would tell you, he said softly,
that the world you see with eyes that are not your own…
cannot make sense to you.

A pause.

**Because it was never yours to see.**

I exhaled.

I did not know what came next.

But I was beginning to understand
what had to be left behind.

His voice carried no weight of accusation.
Only certainty.

The brain does not see.
It translates.
It filters through the body—
through the vessel to which it belongs.

**And what it tells you—**
you cannot truly understand.

**Yet you have listened.**
**And long—so long—**
**you have tried to make sense of its messages.**

The lake stretched before us.
Endless.
Perfect.
A mirror of sky.

A world untouched by time.

**Being has no secrets, he continued.**
It does not lead you through suffering—
only to whisper at the journey's end
why it did this to you.

I let out a slow breath.

But he wasn't done with me.

**Yet you believe that you have secrets.**

You guard them. Bury them.
As if they hold something separate from Being—
something that must be hidden.

His eyes narrowed slightly, searching mine.

But what could your secrets be…
except another will?

**A will apart from Being's?**

A shiver moved through me.

Reason would tell you, he said,
that there is no need for hidden things.

That what you call sin is not a sin—
only a mistake.

But in this world of illusion,
you have built one emotion—one force—
that stands in opposition to love.

His voice lowered.
Like a secret itself.

Secrecy.
Private thoughts.
**The need to be unknown.**

A sharp pang echoed in my mind,
but I said nothing.

This is the emotion that blinds you, he whispered.
The force that convinces you that you are something apart from truth.

**It is what keeps you dependent on the self you think you made.**

His gaze darkened.

**And that self—**
**is the very thing leading you through this world of suffering.**

I looked away, my fingers digging into the grass.

Your Vision was given to you, he said,
just as everything you need to understand was given to you.

But you have been taught to listen to the wrong voice.

The ego perceives no difficulty in accepting what the body's eyes show you—
because everyone sees only what they think they are.

I turned that over in my mind.

And yet…

**What your Vision will show you—**
**you *will* understand.**

His words wrapped around me,
slipping beneath the layers I had built over years.

**Because it is the truth.**

A long silence stretched between us.

No two can truly join,
he said finally,
except through
Vision.

**And Vision sees only unity.**

He gestured toward
the lake,
where the sky
blurred into the
water—
no line, no edge,
no place where one
became the other.

Reason would tell
you, he said,
that those who have
truly seen each
other—
have not done so
through the body.

**They have spoken in a language the body cannot understand.**

A cold wind passed over my skin.
Just present.

**Vision calls only to what is like itself.**
**It is drawn to wholeness.**

**To completion.**

And what draws you to another, he said gently,
does not pull you toward a body—
but toward the truth of them.

I shuddered.

**And where Vision is, he said,**
**Being is.**

His eyes burned into mine.

**And where Being is—**
**illusions cannot exist.**

A long silence.

He turned slightly,
gazing toward the
horizon.

Every illusion, he
murmured,
is draped in heavy
garments—
concealing
nothingness beneath
them.

**And yet, those who**
**seek illusion wear**
**these garments**
**proudly—**
mistaking their
weight for meaning.

I exhaled.

Truth is the opposite
of illusion, he said simply.
**Because truth brings joy.**

A chill ran through me.

**And what is the opposite of joy, he asked, tilting his head,**
**if not misery?**

His words coiled around my thoughts
like a slow, tightening grip.

**You cannot escape misery by finding a different version of it.**

**You cannot seek joy within pain.**

But that is what you do.
That is what the world teaches—
to search for relief *within* suffering,
to cling to one illusion over another,
believing that change has occurred.

My chest tightened.

**But nothing has changed.**
**You are still trapped.**

A long breath escaped my lungs.

To recognize misery is to leave it.
To recognize illusion is to step away.

Truth and illusion have nothing in common—
no bridge between them.

**There is no compromise.**

A weight settled over my shoulders.

One illusion,
cherished and protected,
he said quietly,
is enough to make truth impossible.

His voice had softened.
But the words landed harder.

**Because to keep one illusion…**
**…is to decide that illusion is real.**

I relaxed slightly,
gazing at the mountains beyond.

**They had not moved.**
**But I had.**

He leaned forward,
lowering his voice even more.

## And that is the power of belief.

I swallowed.

He placed a hand lightly over my chest.

So, tell me, he wanted to know.
What is it… that you still believe?

The wind stirred.
The lake reflected the sky.
And deep inside me—
something trembled to the point of *complete acceptance*…

**It cannot compromise.**

His words cut through the silence—
sharp, absolute.

**Faith in innocence is meaningless**
if it makes even a single exception.
If it excludes even one living thing—
holds it apart from forgiveness—
then that faith is not in innocence at all.

**It is in sin.**

I swallowed hard.

**And the ego will assure you, he continued,**
**that it is impossible to see no guilt in anyone.**

His voice was steady.
Unwavering.
Pressing against the raw edges of my mind.

And if this is true—
if guilt is inescapable—
then the belief in sin must be eternal.
**And so must punishment.**

A cold shiver ran down my spine.

But reason does not agree.

I looked up.

Reason tells you, he said,
that if escape from guilt has been given

to the Voice for Being as Its purpose—
by One to Whom *nothing* is impossible—
then the means to attain it must not only exist…
but must already be within you.

**It is not a question of whether freedom is possible.**
**It is a question of whether you will accept it.**

His blue eyes locked onto mine.
Piercing.
Patient.
Waiting.

**The separation between you and the ego must be made complete.**

I tensed.

**And if I can't?**

He shook his head.

**You *can*.**

A long silence stretched between us.
It felt like an eternity.

If you have been given the means, he said,
then you have been given the ability.
**And through their use, you will gain faith in them.**

But to the ego, this is unthinkable.
To the ego, escape is *impossible*.

A sharp, bitter breath escaped my lips.

Then what's the point of trying?

He studied me carefully.

**Because what your Creator wills… is possible.**

He placed a hand over my chest again.
A touch that felt like it carried eternity.

But what *you made*—
believes that it is not.

A deep ache spread beneath my ribs.

Now, he said softly,
you must choose.

**Between your Self—**
**and the illusion of yourself.**

**Not both.**
**Only one.**

The air thickened around us.
Pressing down.
Not with force—but with *truth*.

**Do not try to avoid this decision.**

My hands relaxed.
I contemplated the truth of it.

**It must be made.**

His voice softened.

You have faith.
You have belief.
**But where will you place them?**

I exhaled.
Looked away.

Reason tells you…
…that misery lies only on one side of this choice.
And joy upon the other.

You know this.

**You have always known.**

I said nothing.

Do not turn away from others now, he continued.
For you are not separate. You never were.

You will not decide alone. Nor will they.

You will either give one another life…
…or you will give each other death.

**You will be each other's saviour…**
**…or each other's judge.**

His gaze deepened.
Became something vast.
Something I could not define.

**You will either offer sanctuary…**
**…or you will offer condemnation.**

The weight of the words settled over me.

And something shifted—
fragile, desperate—
but *real*.

**There is no part of Heaven you can break off**
**and weave into illusion.**

**Just as there is no illusion you can bring into Heaven.**

I inhaled sharply.

**There is no compromise.**

A long silence.

The lake remained still.
The mountains, unmoving.

And yet—
everything had changed.

**A cool breeze drifted through the open door,**
**caressing my face.**

Slowly, I rose
from what felt like a long, lucid dream.

A clarity had settled in my mind—
a quiet sense of renewal.
Birdsong wove through the golden light
spilling through the arched doorway.

The space around me was still shadowed,
the details hidden in a gentle haze.

Fragments of memory stirred—
the fall,
the face of the old African man,
the peaceful rest beside My Friend.

They felt distant,
yet deeply rooted within me.

Gingerly, I moved my legs.
A jolt of awareness shot through my left leg—
splinted, bandaged,
stiff but not unbearable.

The realization of my body's weakness settled in
with quiet resignation.

**Present.**
**Here.**

**Where am I?**
The words escaped in a whisper,
not really expecting an answer.

I waited.
The light slowly grew stronger,
pulling the world into form.

I lay on a straw bed,
covered by a simple blanket,
inside a small, round clay hut.

The conical thatched roof arched above me,
enclosing a space otherwise bare.

No shelves lined with bottles of herbs.
No hanging charms or bones.

***A Sangoma's hut,* I thought—**
but stripped of the
usual relics of his craft.

Outside, someone was
humming.
A tune unfamiliar,
yet soothing in its
cadence.

The rhythmic crack of
wood splitting followed,
then the muted thud of
logs dropped onto a
fire.
The scent of burning
wood curled through
the air.

With care, I pushed
myself upright.
A crude but sturdy
crutch leaned beside the bed.
I grasped it, testing my balance
as I eased to my feet.

My legs trembled under the weight.
A dull ache bloomed in my injured limb.
**But I held firm.**

Step by step, deliberate and slow,
I reached the doorway.

**And stepped into simplicity.**

The village stood in quiet harmony.
A circle of ochre huts,
their walls blending seamlessly with the earth.

In the centre,
a fire crackled.
Smoke curled into the morning sky.

Fresh logs glowed at the edges—
amber, alive.

The old man was there.
Back turned.
Cupping water from a bowl to his face.

Sunlight streamed through the trees on the eastern ridge,
catching in the droplets
as they slipped down his skin.

*Primitive,* I thought,
*yet peaceful.*

**Ah! Inkosi! You awake!**

His voice was warm—
laced with relief.

Varha…wait.
He lifted his hand, signalling me to stay. Disappearing briefly into a hut, he returned carrying a small wooden bench. Setting it near the fire, he moved to my side, his touch firm yet gentle as he guided me to sit.

With careful patience, he began to explain—in his broken English, interwoven with familiar Xhosa and Afrikaans—how he had found me, unconscious in the gorge, some days past. He had carried me here, set my broken leg, and watched over me.

He was a *Sangoma*, a healer, he told me. People sought him for remedies, for guidance, for spells against unfaithful lovers. His tone was matter-of-fact, neither boastful nor apologetic. This was simply his place in the world, spoken without pride or shame. It just was.

Between our exchanges, he prepared a bowl of steaming porridge, its scent familiar and comforting. He handed me a small wooden cup filled with goat's milk, watching with quiet satisfaction as I drank deeply.

**You hungry? That is good, he remarked, pleased.**

Beside the fire, he stirred a pot of white porridge and a smaller one with deep green *marog*, the wild spinach of the land. I nodded in recognition. Though I was no stranger to the customs of this place, something in this moment felt different—less like observation, more like participation.

I listened, understanding him not just through language, but through the rhythm of his presence. We spoke in fragments—of English, Afrikaans, Xhosa—but the spaces between the words carried just as much meaning.

**A bridge formed, one that carried more than words.**

And so, I settled into the world of *Indobona*—The One Who Sees, as his patients called him. A guest, but no longer merely an outsider.

Indobona's patients mostly paid him with livestock—chickens, goats—or food from the supermarket, which he preferred over money. 'Better this way,' he told me, his weathered hands expertly sorting through a pile of dried herbs. I was particularly amused when he received a bar of Sunlight soap as payment. With a playful grimace, he handed it to me.

I do not like the smell, he said simply.

Two weeks passed. In a strange way, I found myself settling into this rhythm, growing comfortable with the life Indo lived. I had started calling him *Indo*—a name that rolled off my tongue with familiarity, as though it had always belonged to him. My days took on a quiet purpose; I helped with chores, tended the fire, prepared herbs, listened to the steady hum of his wisdom.

One morning, as I sat in the sun grinding roots, I finally asked him, When do you think I'll be able to walk properly again? I need to continue my journey to Hogsback.

Indo, busy stirring a small pot of steaming liquid, glanced at my leg, then back at me.
One more week. Then the splint can come off.

**I nodded, though something within me hesitated. Did I still want to go?**

The thought of the road ahead—the purpose that had once driven me forward—felt distant now, unmoored. I had come here with a different intent—one I no longer wished to follow.

**I did not want to leave.**

The thought arrived quietly, not as a decision, but as something I had known for days. Here, in the quiet of this village, with Indo and his patients, with the pulse of something ancient threading through the air, I was seeing life differently.

**Still, I knew I could not overstay. That would be rude.**

In the evenings, Indo and I would sit by the fire, our conversations drifting between his knowledge of herbs and my background in biochemistry. His explanations were rooted in tradition—in spirit and ancestors—while mine leaned toward chemical composition and medicinal function. Yet, somewhere in the middle, our understandings met.

**Each morning before breakfast, Indo handed me a clay cup filled with a thick, frothy brew.**

We are preparing to meet our ancestors, he would say, watching as I drank.

The bitter liquid settled in my stomach, spreading warmth through my limbs.

The brew was made from *Silene capensis*, the sacred 'dream root' of the Xhosa people. Used for generations, its purpose was deeply spiritual—**to open the gateway between dreams and the realm of ancestors.** I had read about such things before, how the root contained triterpenoid saponins that induced vivid, often prophetic dreams. But now, experiencing it firsthand, **I felt its presence in a way science could not fully explain.**

With each passing day, my dreams grew sharper, more intricate. Colours burned brighter. Voices grew clearer. **Memories surfaced—memories that were not entirely mine, yet carried the weight of something deeply personal.**

Two days before the full moon, I noticed Indo staying out longer on his herb-collecting journeys. When I asked, he told me he was preparing for the ceremony.

**With the full moon, I speak to my ancestors, he explained.**

Then he looked at me with an intensity I had not seen before. Leaning in, his voice dropped to a hush.

The last full moon, I met a man, he said.

A strange-looking man.

Pale skin.

Blue eyes.

A chill curled at the base of my spine.

He told me I would meet you, *Inkosi*. Told me where to find you, said you would be hurt. That I must bring you here and heal you.
Indo's eyes gleamed in the firelight.

**And now,**

**with this next full moon,**

**he says he will meet us both.**

A flicker of something ancient passed through me. Was it the dreams? The root? The air itself felt charged—alive with something unseen yet unmistakably present.

**That night, the village stirred with the rhythm of ritual.** People gathered, dressed in traditional garments, their voices rising in song.

**Sticks clashed in rhythmic anticipation.**

**Feet tapped the earth in a pulse older than time.**

Fires were lit, their glow dancing across painted faces and beaded adornments.

Indo and I sat on a woven grass mat, watching as the ceremony unfolded. He was dressed in full *Sangoma* regalia—his presence both regal and deeply grounded.

There will be much dancing tonight, he said, a quiet amusement in his voice. You, *Inkosi*, should stay and watch.

I didn't argue. My leg was still unfit for much movement.

The people sang in low, rhythmic tones, their voices melding into a haunting melody. They did not look at us, as though we were already in another place. The fire crackled, casting shifting shadows across the huts. Indo checked his brew often, adding water, adjusting the heat with practiced care.

A woman brought us food. Her movements were careful, her eyes lowered.

I knew this full moon was different. It coincided with the summer solstice—

when the sun sat in Scorpio and the full moon rose in Orion,

marking the heart of our galaxy.

A rare alignment.

**A night where time blurred.**

As the moon climbed higher,

**the rhythm of the ceremony deepened.**

The drums quickened.

The singing thickened.

Dancers moved in a slow, trance-like circle around the fire,

clapping in unison,

**their bodies tracing ancient patterns.**

Indo stood and stepped into the firelight,

**his voice folding into the song.**

The air pulsed with energy,

the sound turning into a vibration that seeped into my skin.

**The rhythm was no longer around me—it was within me,**

in the marrow of my bones.

One by one, the people drank from Indo's brew. When my turn came, he handed me the cup, his eyes filled with something both knowing and expectant.

I drank.

**The world sharpened—and softened—all at once.**

The crackle of the fire stretched and merged with the wind,

with the stars,

with the beat of my own heart. The sky deepened.

The constellations above shifted,

becoming more than celestial bodies—

they became symbols, movements, whispers.

A presence stirred in the air.

Unseen.

But wholly felt.

The night stretched, infinite and fluid. Somewhere in its depths, something waited. And I—for the first time in a long time—was ready to listen.

We journeyed through a shifting expanse of light and colour, an ever-deepening bliss folding around us, drawing us beyond thought, beyond form.

When we arrived, our Friend awaited. He sat upon a vast stretch of emerald grass, facing an ocean of glass. Blue mountains crowned the horizon, their silent majesty breathing serenity into the still air.

**Do you like the scenery?** he asked.

I could only nod. It was not mere beauty, but a presence—a recognition.

**I created it especially for you, my honoured guests.**

His words did not pass through the air,

but settled into my mind like a truth I had always known.

It was not a language I had learned,

yet I understood it completely.

Indo, too, responded in this silent communion.

And as we spoke, we became aware of speaking as one.

Then My Friend said:

Now, let us look closely at the illusion—

the great projection—

that what you make has the power to enslave its maker.

**This is the same belief that caused the separation,**

the same impossible idea that thoughts

can leave the mind that created them

and take on a will of their own.

**If this were true,**

**then thoughts would not be the mind's extensions,**

**but its enemies.**

And only if it were possible for Creation itself to leave its Source—

to oppose the Will of Being—

**would it be possible for what you make to be your master.**

A tremor moved through me—

not of fear, but of recognition.

**Had I not always felt this war within me?**

Had I not tried to control what I had made,

fearing it could turn against me?

And yet, here was the truth,

shining before me in undeniable simplicity.

**Look upon the great projection, My Friend continued,**

but see it not with fear.

See it with the certainty that it must be healed.

Nothing you have made has power over you

**unless you still believe yourself apart from your Creator.**

For only if you would believe that Being's Creation

could be Its enemy would it seem possible

that what you have made could imprison you.

**And all the sorrow you have ever known has come from this belief.**

But now, my brothers, are you not glad to know that this was never true?

A deep stillness settled within me. The wind moved gently across the mirrored sea, and I felt its softness not on my skin, but within my very being.

This is welcome news, My Friend said,

answering the unspoken movement of my thoughts.

Nothing you have made has replaced truth.

Your thoughts alone have been impossible.

**And yet,**

**see how easily they are undone**

**when you choose to see differently.**

My breath deepened, expanding into something more than air. I turned my gaze outward and saw—for the first time—what had always been there. Beyond the body I had placed between myself and others, the golden light of Being stretched endlessly, an eternal circle reaching forever. I saw that what I had feared in others was what I had feared in myself. And as I let it go, the veil between us dissolved.

Others are your saviours, My Friend continued,

for it is impossible to look upon your saviour as your enemy

and still recognize him as he is.

Yet if Being would have it so, then it is possible.

The light that Being gave him for you remains unchanged.

**Receive from your saviour this light.**

A great quiet surrounded me—not as absence, but as the presence of peace. In this stillness, I saw the world not as a place of exile, but of return.

All illusions brought to this light will disappear, My Friend said.

Would you not have this be your home?

Would you not rest in this completeness?

**Here, where there is no misery, but only joy?**

I nodded, my resistance dissolving. I was no longer separate from this truth. It was no longer something spoken to me, but something I recognized within myself.

**Then remain here,**

in quiet,

and share this vision, he said.

For this vision is given quickly to any who are willing to see.

And none can remain beyond this willingness

**if they would be released from all illusions.**

The vastness of his words opened before me, and I understood.

**Would you have partial forgiveness for yourself? he asked gently.**

Would you reach for Heaven

while a single sin still tempts you to remain in misery?

Heaven is the home of perfect purity, and it was created for you.

See others as sinless as yourself,

and they will lead you there.

I turned, and Indo stood beside me, watching. In his eyes, I saw myself as I was—free, at peace, shining with the same golden light that extended beyond us both.

**The memory of Being comes to the quiet mind, My Friend continued.**

It cannot come where there is conflict,

for a mind at war against itself does not remember gentleness.

War is impossible unless

you believe in victory over something outside yourself.

But what could be outside you?

Why else would you identify with this battle?

**Surely you must see now that the ego wages war upon Being itself—**

**and yet only in madness could it ever seem to succeed.**

The final veil lifted.

The struggle had never been real. The war had never existed outside my belief in it. I had only ever fought against myself. **And in that illusion, I had feared the loss of something I had never truly possessed.**

The truth stood before me now, undeniable.
**I could choose peace—because I had never truly been apart from it.**

You remember, what is part of you, My Friend said.

For you must be as Being created you.

The truth does not fight against illusions, nor do illusions fight against the truth.

Illusions only battle themselves—

dividing, fragmenting—
while truth remains whole.

**When you remember that conflict is not real, you will know what you have always been.**

The mirrored sea shimmered before me, and I no longer feared to step forward. The reflection held no more power. I saw beyond it now.

**Let this be undone for you, My Friend said. And turn toward peace.**

I stepped forward.
And the illusion disappeared.

The meeting of illusions breeds war.

Yet peace, in looking only upon itself,

extends itself infinitely.
War is the ground where fear is born, where it festers—

consuming,

grasping,

seeking dominion.
But peace—

peace is the home where love abides.
It flows outward,

**limitless and unthreatened.**
Conflict and peace are opposites,

irreconcilable.

Where one abides,

the other cannot be.

And where either goes,

the other disappears.

**Thus, the memory of Being is obscured in minds**

that have become battlegrounds of illusion.
The clamour of attack and defence rises

only to bury the stillness where truth might be heard.
Yet beyond this senseless war—

beyond the shifting shadows of fear and guilt—

truth shines undiminished,

waiting only for the moment peace is chosen.

## The laws of chaos may be brought to light, My Friend said,

## but they can never be understood.

They serve no reason, for reason is of truth, and chaos was made to defy it.

Yet to see their purpose is enough—

for their function is singular: to obscure meaning,

and to attack the truth.

He fell silent.
We let his words settle into the quiet between us,

where they echoed not as lessons to be learned, but as recognitions—

**ancient,**

**long resisted,**

**now returning.**

The scenery around us shimmered with life, whispering of a love that needed no defence. Being enfolded us, as if in an embrace, and we rested there, our minds unguarded, unresisting.

Then My Friend continued.

## The first law of chaos is this:

## truth is different for everyone.

Each mind believes itself apart—

its thoughts its own, separate from all others.

From this belief arises the idea that illusions can be measured—

that some are greater,

more valuable,

and therefore truer.
**And so, each one makes truth in his own image,**

**by attacking another's**.
But truth is not found in opposition.
And what is equally untrue cannot be measured.
**Only the mind that seeks to *possess* truth believes otherwise.**

His words unravelled something in me.
How many times had I clung to my own truths,

fiercely defending them against another's—

never seeing that in the battle itself,

truth was lost?

**The second law of chaos, he continued,**

**is that sin is inescapable,**

and thus, attack is justified.
In this, error is made eternal.
To correct is to undo.
But attack seeks destruction,

making correction impossible.

And so, it must follow:

the one who errs is beyond salvation—

cast into exile,

beyond even Being's mercy.
Thus,

Creation itself is condemned,

**and the Creator becomes its enemy.**

I felt a weight in me lift—
as if the sorrow of a thousand lifetimes had been loosed.
How deeply had I believed this law?
How often had I sentenced myself and others to unforgiveness,

believing suffering to be justice?

**The third law, My Friend went on, is this:**

**if Being is real, It must accept the beliefs of Its Creation—**

**even its belief in separation.**

And if Being accepts this,

then It must also hate.
For now,

**Being must accept the war of Its own Creation.**
And so, salvation becomes impossible.
For how could you?

**turn to your Creator for help,**

**when It is the very source of your suffering?**

The mind now believes itself abandoned—
alone in a universe that offers no mercy.
And so,

it fights on,
believing that in war it will finally find salvation.

I looked into the distance—where the sea of glass met the mountains.
And for the first time, I did not feel alone.

## The fourth law of chaos, My Friend said,

## is that the ego values only what it takes.

To have is to seize,

to claim,

to deprive.
This law teaches that gain can only come at another's loss.
**It does not see that what is taken**

is only taken from the self.
And all the other laws must lead here.

For enemies do not give willingly—

nor would they share what they have claimed as their own.

The words sank deep into me, illuminating what I had not dared to see.
**The wars I had fought within myself—**

the struggle to be seen,

to be special,

to be *enough*—
were they not all attempts to take what I feared was missing?

Then, My Friend spoke again.
And the final veil lifted.

**Now there is one final, unanswered question.**

What is it you seek?
This thing you must seize—
wrested from the enemy,

hidden from you by cunning and betrayal—
it must be what you've long desired,

yet never found.
And now, at last, you believe you know why:
it was stolen from you.
Hidden where you would not think to look.

The enemy placed it in the body—
making the body the keeper of guilt,
the prison of what is rightfully yours.

**And so, the body must be destroyed.**
**It must be sacrificed,**

So that you may reclaim what belongs to you.
His treachery demands his death—so that you may live.
And in this war,

**attack becomes virtue.**
**Vengeance becomes justified.**

But ask yourself this:
What is it you want that requires another's death?
**How can you be certain your attack is justified—**

**unless you know what it is for?**

A silence stretched between us.
Heavy.

Revealing.

And then he spoke the final law.

**There is a substitute for love.**

**This is the ego's secret gift.**

This is what you must seize,

the reason you must attack.
This substitute will cure your pain,

heal your wounds,

complete what is missing.
This is what has been kept from you—

**stolen,**

**hidden,**

**denied.**

And now, vengeance is righteous, for what was taken must be reclaimed.

But what is this thing—this substitute for love?
He paused.
And then, with a knowing softness, he said—

**'Specialness'.**

This is what the ego strives for.

**Specialness has no substitute,**

**for it *is* the substitute.**

All your relationships serve only this—

to seize it,

to make it your own,

to possess what another must lose.

But never is the possession made complete,

and never will the battle end.

**For each will defend his own specialness against another's,**

and no one will have it,

though all will fight for it.

And thus,

the ego has its victory.
For it has replaced

**love with war,**

**peace with conflict,**

**wholeness with separation.**

And in this madness,

**Being is seen as the final enemy—**

**the last adversary to be overcome.**

His words settled over me like a tide receding, revealing the shoreline beneath.

I saw, then.
I saw how I had fought against nothing, how I had sought in war what could only be found in peace.
And I saw, too, the choice before me:

To release the battle.
To surrender the war.
**To remember what had never been lost.**

And so, I let go.
And in that letting go, I remembered.

## The Illusion of Specialness

If specialness is measured by wealth,

then the ego,

ever calculating,

will arrange relationships where comparison is assured—

ensuring you see yourself as superior.

You will boast of your success,

unaware of the balance the world of illusions will inevitably demand.

**And so, you will think yourself happy,**

gazing down upon those from whom you believe you have wrested specialness,

declaring yourself victorious—

**a ruler among lesser men.**

But the ego's gifts are never given without cost.

**It will grant you its kingdom only to let you fall,**

hiding the certainty of that fall until it is upon you.

This is the final reward of its worshippers:

**destruction at the height of triumph.**

For what is special must always be defended—

and what is defended must always be attacked.

Look closely, My Friend said,

**at the madness of it all.**

Who, on such grounds,

could feel truly special in the presence of the countless idols of this world?

Each one declares itself the only one—

and yet,

in its striving to be set apart,

it is bound in chains of fear.

## The ego's final act is the cruellest:

it will take everything you hold dear and give it to your enemy,

convincing you the theft is real.

And you will believe it.

For,

who does not believe in the idol he has created—

and bowed before?

**These laws of chaos—**

**made to reverse truth—**

appear to be laws of order.

But how could this be?

Chaos is lawless.

It has no order.

**And yet, to be believed, its seeming laws must adopt the illusion of reality.**

Death is made to appear lovely.
Fear is dressed in garments of salvation.
Sacrifice is called justice.

## And so, the hero is crowned—

not in love's name,
**but upon love's throne—**
idolized for having

saved Creation

from what was never real.

**No law of chaos, My Friend continued,**

could demand belief

except by emphasizing form

while disregarding content.

No one who clings to these laws

sees what they truly say.

**Some of their forms appear meaningful—**

**and that is all.**

But be not deceived:

When madness takes a shape that pleases you,

does it cease to be madness?
If destruction wears a mask you find lovely,

does it become your friend**?**

**His words rested between us—not as questions, but as answers already given.**

There is no life outside of Heaven he said.

Where Being created life, there life must be.

**Apart from Heaven, life is illusion,**

**bound by laws that have no meaning.**

The laws of chaos govern all illusions.

Their forms contradict themselves endlessly,

**making it seem possible to value some above others.**

But to **attack in *any* form** is to step upon the twisted stairway

**that leads away from Heaven.**

He paused, and I felt the stillness that followed—
as if even the air had ceased to move.

**But even now, he said,**

**in this very instant,**

**it is possible**

**to have it all undone.**

I felt the words settle within me—
asking nothing, demanding nothing—
only pointing toward a simple choice.

How can you know, My Friend asked, whether you walk toward Heaven or toward suffering?

Quite easily.
How do you feel?
Is peace with you?
Are you certain of the way?
And do you know,

without doubt,

that Heaven is your home?

**If not, you walk alone.**

He paused.

***But you need not.***

***Ask, then, your Friend to walk with you—and be certain once more.***

The condition in which Being is remembered is a quiet mind.
It is not found in striving,

nor in judgment,

nor in defence.

**To reach this state,**

you must be willing to question every value you hold.
None can remain hidden or obscure—

for each one threatens to obscure truth from your sight.

**No belief is neutral.**
**Each has the power to shape every decision you make.**

For what is a decision, My Friend said, but the conclusion drawn from everything you believe?

And as surely as suffering follows guilt,
and as surely as freedom follows sinlessness,
**your choices will always reflect what you hold to be true.**

Creation itself rose in Being's Mind because of what It knows.
**So too do all your experiences arise from what *you* believe.**

I let his words pass through me,
feeling their truth not as something new,
but as something remembered.

Love is an extension, he continued.
To withhold even the smallest gift is not to know love's purpose.

**Love offers everything—always.**

Hold back even a single belief,

cling to even one offering of the ego,

**and love is gone—**

for you have chosen a substitute in its place.

**And now it must be war.**

This is the war you know well—

**the one you have fought all your life,**

though you knew not what it was for.

It is the war of choosing against love

**while believing it is love you seek.**

It is the war that has shaped every false desire,

every false victory,

and every loss you have ever known.

**To hold onto one illusion,**

one hidden belief,

is to declare war upon truth.

And so, you have given reality to the substitute you chose,

making it seem to have power over you.

I breathed in deeply, as if preparing for something unseen.

My Friend turned his gaze toward me, his voice quiet, certain.

**That hidden belief—**
**the thing you have defended,**

though you did not recognize it—
**is specialness.**

A stillness swept through me.

It takes many forms, he continued,

**but always it clashes with the truth of Being's Creation—**

with the grandeur that was given you as your own.

**What else could justify attack?**
**For who could hate another, if he knew him as himself?**

Only the special can have enemies,

for specialness demands difference,

and difference demands judgment.

Specialness sets apart—

**and what is set apart must be defended.**
**In specialness,**

all relationships become battlegrounds.
**For what one has, another must lose.**

**The special ones feel weak and frail, My Friend said.**

Though they call their difference strength,

**it is the very thing that makes them fear.**

And yet, they protect their fear and call it friend.
**They fight the universe for the sake of what isolates them—**
**and they value nothing more.**

Specialness is the great dictator of every wrong decision.

**Here is the grand illusion of what you are.**
Here is why the body must be cherished and preserved.
**For specialness must be defended—**

and what can attack it is all the world.

You have made illusions your enemy.
And now you must fight them.
For what they must become to protect your specialness is yet another illusion.

## To be special,

another must be worse.
And so,

he must be defeated.
For only through his failure

can your triumph be secured.

## And yet,

## specialness is nothing more

## than an illusion's victory over itself.

The world, in all its striving, all its competition,

all its endless seeking,

stood exposed before me.
And in that moment,

I saw clearly.

To others, you are their enemy in specialness—
and their friend only in shared purpose, My Friend said.
**Specialness cannot share.**
It is a goal that only one can reach.
And so,

if another reaches it,

your own goal is lost.

He paused.
Then added, with quiet certainty:

**And so, specialness is the idol of war.**

A silence followed,
stretching outward into the vastness around us.
I let the truth of it settle within me.

The battle had never been real.
The war had never been necessary.

I felt the truth caress my soul.
**And I chose, at last, to lay down my arms.**

## The Truth of Unity

**The truth is simple, My Friend said.**

**Others are your friend,**

because their Creator created them like you.
There is no difference.
You were not given to humanity to be apart from them—
**but so that love might be extended**

**through you to them.**

What you keep only for yourself is lost to you,
for love cannot be withheld.
**Being gave you Itself,**

as It gave to all.
And to remember this is now the only purpose you share.
And so, it is the only one you have.

His words settled over me like a quiet wind.

And then, softly, he asked:

**Could you attack another**

**if you saw no specialness between you?**
**Is it not always your belief**

**in your own specialness**

that limits your relationships?
And is it not this belief

that turns humanity into an illusion to you—
just as you become an illusion to them?

A silence stretched between us—
deep and revealing.

Then he spoke again, his voice steady and sure.

This, my friends,

is the whole of the seemingly sad situation

people find themselves in.

**And they believe it is real.**

He gestured toward the landscape around us—the shimmering light upon the mirrored sea, the boundless sky untouched by conflict.

I will explain, he said. And you will see how utterly ridiculous this illusion is.

**The fear of Being—**

**and the fear of humanity—**

arise from an unrecognized belief in specialness.
For specialness demands that others bow before it,

**against their will.**
**Even Being must honour it—**

or suffer vengeance.

Every moment of malice,

every trace of hate,

every wish to separate—

each arises from this.
**Here,**

**the purpose you and humanity share**

**are obscured from you both.**

**Those who seek to be special must defend illusions against truth.**
For specialness itself is an attack upon the Will of Being.
You love not while you defend against this.
And so, this is what you protect—

and this is what others attack.
**Here is the battlefield**

**where war is waged**

**against your brothers and sisters.**
Here must they be your enemy—

and never your friend.

## Peace is impossible where difference is believed.

I felt the weight of his words—
not as a burden, but as a release.

**Comparisons must be an ego device, he continued,**

for love makes none.
Specialness, however, thrives on them.
**It is established by finding lack in another,**

and it is maintained by seeking out and clinging to every deficiency it can perceive.

**Against the littleness it sees,**

**you stand tall—**

**righteous,**

**pure—**

**by comparison.**

**But who has chosen what he sees?**
**And is it not always what he wants to see?**

The illusion was laid bare before me.
How could I not see it?

**Pursuing specialness always comes at the cost of peace, My Friend said.**

**For who can attack his saviour and still recognize his own salvation?**

**Who can strike down his brother and still feel the strength of love's embrace?**

His words resonated, shaking loose the foundation of everything I had thought made me worthy.

**Specialness is the illusion from which the idea of sin arose.**
For without specialness,

what is there to condemn?
What could be separate enough to judge?

From nothingness

came the illusion of a sin that could not exist.
And so,

the self-made saviour arose—

the one who would create in his own image,

unlike the Creator,

shaping his world apart from Heaven.

His creations were not one,

but many—

each one exiled from himself,

and from the One to whom they belong.

**They chose specialness over Heaven.**
They chose separation over peace.
And they wrapped their specialness in sin, believing it would keep them safe from truth.

The world I had built upon this belief wavered before me, insubstantial.

**You are not special,** My Friend said gently.
And if you think you are—

if you would defend your specialness against the truth of what you are—

**how could you ever know the truth?**

I did not answer.
Yet he continued, as though my silence was the answer itself.

**You can defend your specialness, he said,**
**but never will you hear the Voice of Being beside it.**

Specialness speaks a different language,

heard by different ears,

and each special one hears a different truth.
**But how can truth be different to each one?**

The question echoed in my mind.

**What would you see instead of specialness,**

**if you abandoned the idea? My Friend asked.**

I knew the answer before he spoke it.

**You would see the shining radiance of the Creation of Being—**

so, like the Creator that Its memory would spring instantly to mind.
And with this memory,

the Creation remembers its own creations,

as like to It as It is to the Creator.

**The world built upon specialness—**

the fragile kingdom where each illusion is defended by another—

vanishes in an instant.
And the sins you held against yourself,

and against all others,

**dissolve as the mind accepts the truth.**

This is the only cost of truth:

that you will no longer see what was never real.
**Is it a sacrifice to give up nothing—**

**and receive the love of Being forever?**

I felt a great stillness within me.

Do not mistake this, my friends, he said, his voice steady.
You cannot enter Heaven alone.
It is all or nothing.

**That is the simplicity of salvation—**

**made impossible by specialness.**

I turned to him, and he gestured outward.

Here stands humanity, holding the key to Heaven in their hands—

offering it to you.
Will you let the dream of specialness remain between you?

What is one is joined in truth.
Think of the loveliness you will see

**within yourself when you have looked upon humanity as your friend.**

He is an enemy only to specialness—
but to what is real in you,

he is your brother.

**Let him forgive you all your specialness—**

and make you whole in mind and one with him.

**He waits only for your forgiveness,**
that he may return to you.

**For it is not Being who has condemned Its Creation.**
It was you—
**to save your specialness,**
**and deny your Self.**

I felt something emerging.
Something unwrapped, unfolding.
Something fell away.

As if I had finally let go of a burden I had carried so long,
**I had forgotten how to stand without it.**

**The specialness of others**

**and your own**

**are enemies,**

**My Friend reiterated,**
**bound in hate,**

striving to destroy each other while denying they are the same.

Yet it is only illusions that have created this final obstacle—
the one that seems to make Being and Heaven

so remote they cannot be reached.

**But here, in this complete place,**

truth stands waiting to receive you and all others,
in silent blessing,

**in a peace**

**so real**

**and so**

**encompassing**

**that nothing stands outside.**

Leave behind all illusions of yourself.
Come in hope and honesty,

and know,

at last,

what has always been true:

**You are like to Being, as Being is to Itself.**
**Being is not special.**

It did not keep one part of Itself apart,

withheld from Its Creation,

kept for Itself alone.

**And this is what you have feared.**

## For if Being is not special

then It willed Its Creation to be like It.
And that means others are like you—

not special,

**but possessing everything,**

as you do.
Give your brother only what he already has.

**Remember that Being gave Itself to you**

**and to all in equal love.**

And so,

the universe is shared with It,
Who chose that love could never be divided,

nor kept apart from what it is,
nor from what it must forever be.

## A silence fell upon us, vast as the heavens.

## The Truth stands revealed…

And then I knew.

**Specialness was nothing.**
**And love was everything.**

Whatever serves its purpose must be given to kill, My Friend continued.
No gift bearing specialness offers anything but treachery—

to giver and receiver alike.

**The hope of specialness makes it seem impossible**

**that Being created the body as a prison,**
**separating Its Creation from Itself.**

And so,

the body demands a sacred place

where Being cannot enter—
a hiding place

where none is welcome

but the fragile self,
wrapped in the illusion

of separateness.

**Here, nothing is sacred but what the self-decrees—**
apart,

alone,

untouched by the intrusions of sanity.
Here,

Being is locked out,

and illusion is enthroned,

## defended against the very love that would set it free.

This is the kingdom built on madness—
the gates of hell closed upon oneself,
not by some external force,
**but by one's own choosing—**
to rule alone,

**in loneliness,**
away from Being,
away from truth,
**away from salvation.**

**Yet the key—**

**cast aside in fear—**

**was never lost.**

Being placed it in the hands of humanity,
whose wholeness would one day offer it back
when readiness stirred,
when the burden

of illusion grew

too heavy to bear.

**The death of specialness**

**is not the end of life—**
**but the beginning of life.**

It is the shedding of illusion,
the surrender to the Self as Being created it.

**Forgiveness is the end of specialness.**
Only illusions need to be forgiven—
and once forgiven, they vanish.

**Forgiveness dissolves illusion entirely,**

**or not at all.**
**It cannot be given in pieces.**

Forgive the Great Creator,

the Source of life and love,
for not making you special—

only whole,

one with all.

The belief in specialness

is the hell you chose to be your home.
Being did not will this for you.

It did not enter the delusion,

nor weave the dream of separation.

And yet,

**if you would release humanity**

from the depths of hell,
**you must first forgive the Creator**

for what It could not give: **Specialness.**

Being asks for mercy—

on Itself and on Its Creation—
**not because It is in need,**
but because only your forgiveness

**will release you.**

Deny Them not.
They ask nothing but that your will be done.
**They seek your love—**

**So, you may love Yourself.**

**Love not your specialness instead of Them.**
Forgive your Creator—
**for it was not Its will that you be crucified.**

Our Friend rose to his feet.

**Come, follow me.**

He turned, and we followed.

I will show you your home—
the place where you truly abide.
You have not left it.

We moved through a tunnel, and as it opened, the breath left our bodies.

**Before us stretched endless blackness—still, vast, absolute.**
Like a black mirror,

shimmering with indescribable beauty.
Not special,

not adorned—

it simply was.

**The face of Being.**

Speechless,

we stood in a presence beyond words,

beyond thought.
It was nothing, and

**yet it was everything.**

I could not name it.
I could not shape it into anything the mind could grasp.

**And yet—there was an awareness.**

I recalled the words:
**No one can see the face of God and live.**

But I understood,

now,

**that these words spoke not of death—but life**
**the death of ego.**

Here, in this place, the ego could not exist.

**Here, everything remained as Being created it—**
whole,

complete,

beyond words.
Thought, unbroken.
**Love, without end.**

Our Friend turned to us.

This is the end of illusion.
This is what your scientists describe as the universe before the Big Bang.
Some call it the event horizon of a black hole.

**Beyond this point, there are no words, no symbols.**
**Only love.**

**This is who you are—**
**forever one with all that is.**

With those words, the vision dissolved.
The scenery faded.

And in the next breath, Indo and I were back beside the flickering fire.

We looked at each other—

amazed,

amused.

Not a word passed between us.
Words were unnecessary.
We were in full communication—

**always.**

**A deep, humble awareness of Grace permeated the silence,**

and we remained

until the first light of dawn crept over the horizon.

As the sun rose, we returned to our huts to sleep.

In the weeks that followed, my broken leg healed completely.
Strength returned to my body.
And with it, the thought of moving on—of returning home.

Whenever time allowed, Indo and I spoke of the truths Our Friend had shared.

Then, on a bright morning,
an unexpected visitor arrived.

A hiker, with a German accent.

Yet it was clear, almost immediately,
that this was no ordinary traveller.

**Another messenger had come.**
**Another lesson awaited.**

That night, as we sat around the fire, the moment of revelation arrived. Gissella, no longer just a guest in our midst but a guide into something deeper, broke the silence with a thought that confirmed our growing suspicions.

You who seek peace, she began,

her voice steady and deliberate,

can only find it through complete forgiveness.

The absence you feel—

this sense of lack—

is not part of the true order of Being.

**It is a construct of the world you have made.**

Lack arises only when you deprive yourself,

when you perceive yourself as separate.

**Her words carried an unfamiliar certainty,**

challenging the structures of thought we had accepted without question.

She spoke of need—

not as something external to be satisfied,

but as the illusion born from believing in separation.

The only real need, she continued,

**is the need to heal the imagined division from Being.**

This separation is an error,

and like all errors,

it must be corrected.

You have built a world of levels—

of needs and causes defined only by perception.

But while you believe you live in space and time,

you must be corrected through them—

until you understand that space is meaningless,

and time itself is merely a belief.

The fire crackled between us, shadows shifting as if listening. Gissella continued, her gaze distant yet piercing.

This world has only one purpose:

**to correct your unbelief.**

Fear is the foundation of the ego.

And because you made the ego,

**you also came to believe in its power.**

But no illusion can undo itself.

Just as the Creator has perfect faith in Its creations,

you too have placed your faith—

**in the fear you made.**

And so, fear remains real for you.

A silence followed, dense and expectant. Then, almost as if revealing a long-kept secret, Gissella leaned forward.

**Belief is what gives anything its existence for you.**

If Vision, that higher awareness, were to interfere with the consequences of your thoughts,

**it would violate the most fundamental law:**

**that cause and effect are absolute.**

You are not yet trained in miracle-minded thinking—

but you can be.

And that training begins with guarding your thoughts,

not from outside influence,

but from your own miscreation.

## The power of thought is absolute.

Both fear and miracles come from the same source.

You are free to choose one or the other—

**but in doing so, you deny the other.**

Her voice softened, almost sorrowful.

**You have been afraid of everything—of Being, of Vision,**

**of Creation, even of yourself.**

You have misperceived Us,

choosing instead to believe in your own creation.

**And when you miscreate, you suffer.**

The fire seemed to dim, as if absorbing the weight of her words. Then, slowly, she shifted her tone.

Cause and effect belong to Being.

Its creation is the only true effect,

and in it, fear has no place.

The fundamental conflict of this world is not between

good and evil,

not between

strength and weakness,

**but between creation and miscreation.**

Fear belongs only to the latter

love belongs to the former.

The only resolution to fear is not to master it,

## but to dissolve it—through love.

To fight fear is to give it power.

To recognize it as nothing is to let it go.

The night stretched around us, vast and still. Gissella let her words settle before speaking once more.

**Nothing and everything cannot coexist.**

To believe in one is to deny the other.

**Fear is nothing. Love is everything.**

She paused.

And whenever light enters darkness,
darkness disappears.

**To focus on error is to make it real.**

To correct it is to recognize it.

And once you do,

**correction becomes inevitable.**

The embers glowed in the quiet, their warmth a reminder of something we could not yet name. Gissella had spoken of **time as a device**—a space in which **we could unlearn** compromise, where we could **undo belief in separation.**

Being has only one Creation, she said, looking at each of us.

And you, along with all of humanity, are an integral part of it.

**You are not separate.**

You have never been separate.

You only believe that you are.

Her voice dropped to a whisper, as though the truth needed no force to be heard.

**Readiness is the only requirement for recognition.**

And though you may believe mastery is distant,

let me remind you—**time itself is under the control of Vision.**

The moment you are ready, time will no longer matter.

It is impossible to conceive of light and darkness—

or everything and nothing—

as joint possibilities.

They cannot coexist.

**One is true; the other is false.**

Until you fully commit to one or the other,

your thinking will remain erratic,

torn between illusion and reality.

**Yet despite your belief in separation,**

no one can truly deny the truth.

Innocence is not partial—

it either is,

or it is not.

## Only when innocence is applied universally does it become wisdom.

True perception—

innocence—

means never misperceiving,

never seeing what does not exist,

**and always recognizing what does.**

A miracle perceives all things as they are.

If only truth exists,

then right-minded vision sees only perfection.

Only that which Being creates—

or that which you create in alignment with Being's Will—

has real existence.

**When the will of Creation and the Creator are one,**

this perfect union is Heaven.

Nothing can prevail against Creation

## when it commands its spirit into the hands of its Creator.

In doing so,

the mind awakens from its slumber,

remembers its Source,

and the illusion of separation disappears.

In that remembrance,

**there is no longer a 'self' apart from the Whole—**

but a single Mind and a single Will.

In this unity,

**true peace is established.**

Yet such vision can only be perceived by those who have embraced their innocence.

***When He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.***

To correct illusions, you must **withdraw your faith from them and invest in what is true**. By perceiving truly, you dissolve misperceptions in yourself and others alike. In seeing them as they are, you offer them the recognition of their truth—allowing them to accept it for themselves.

**This is the healing the miracle brings.**

Gissella continued with her insightful narration.

As the creation story in the Bible tells us, **Adam was put to sleep—**

**and never woke.**

When Vision commanded its spirit to Being,

**Jesus became the first to awaken from the dream.**

The only power the ego has over you is the power you give it

through your allegiance.

**Much of your thinking is directed by the ego,**

**yet the ego is nothing more**

**than a false belief about yourself.**

You will see yourself as conflicted

for as long as you believe you are 'here'—

trapped in the illusion of separation.

But your other life—

the one that has never left Being—

remains untouched. It has continued without interruption,

wholly unaffected by any attempt to dissociate from it.

She looked around the circle, her voice both urgent and compassionate.

**In learning to escape illusions, you owe a debt to humanity—**

**the same debt you owe to Vision.**

Every ego-driven act toward another is a rejection of that debt,

a refusal of the clarity it would bring.

**To accept this debt with gratitude**

**is to come as close to knowledge**

**as perception allows.**

The rewards of Being are immediately recognized as eternal.

**Because this recognition is made by *You*—**

not by the ego—

it establishes your reality while proving the ego is not your identity.

You cannot escape the ego by humbling, controlling, or punishing it.

Such efforts only strengthen it.

**The ego thrives on victimhood.**

But no creation of Being can ever be a victim.

The ego and the spirit do not know each other.

*You* and your ego do not know each other.

The firelight shimmered in her eyes as she continued.

The Voice for Being is not heard by the ego,

**for the ego is merely a device**

**for maintaining belief in separation.**

It is not separate from you—

except in your wish to make it so.

Its endurance

is entirely dependent on your decision to keep using it.

How can you teach someone the value of what they have deliberately discarded?

**You cannot force them to accept it—**

but you can reveal how their suffering grows in its absence.

**Slowly, as they glimpse relief,**

they begin to desire what was once rejected.

## I am teaching you to associate misery with the ego

## and joy with the spirit that you are.

You have taught yourself the opposite.

She paused, allowing her words to settle.

Your gratitude to humanity is the only gift that Vision asks of you.

And in receiving it, Vision brings your gratitude to Being—

for to truly know humanity is to know Being.

**If you are grateful to humanity,**

**you are grateful to Being**

**for what It has created.**

Ino poked at the fire and added more wood. Sparks rose into the darkness, like tiny stars returning to their source. Gissella continued, as though she saw a world just beyond our sight.

Because you are the extension of Being,

Vision can lead you back to your own creations—

creations you do not yet recognize,

but that patiently await your return.

**It is not joy that makes you grateful,**

**but gratitude that brings joy.**

As you come closer to humanity, you draw nearer to Vision.

And as you withdraw from humanity,

**Vision fades from your sight.**

Being will come to you only as you extend Being to others.

Learn first of them—

**and you will be ready to hear Being.**

To heal is to bring joy—

and joy is the only state in which wholeness exists.

Healing, then, is not merely the removal of suffering

it is the integration of all things into one.

**No part of Creation is separate from another,**

and so, healing given anywhere blesses all.

Every beneficent thought of anyone,

anywhere,

blesses you.

**In gratitude,**

**you should wish to bless in return.**

Healing occurs when two minds recognize their oneness and rejoice.

This joy calls out to all of Creation, extending Being through them and beyond them.

Only a healed mind can experience revelation in its fullness—

for revelation is the experience of pure joy.

**To spirit, the concept of 'getting' is meaningless.**

Giving is all.

Having everything,

spirit holds everything by giving it away—

**thus, creating as the Creator creates.**

It makes sense. The flames brighten, the oxygen of truth fuelling the willingness of the mind to be grateful… to gratefully understand.

In the physical world,

sharing divides ownership.

**In the world of ideas,**

sharing extends without loss.

When you give away an idea,

it remains fully yours while also becoming another's.

And when the one who receives it claims it as their own,

**the idea is strengthened in your mind as well.**

If you can accept that the world is made of ideas, the false association the ego makes between giving and losing will dissolve.

**Thoughts grow through sharing.**

**This is the authentic human condition—**

**to extend thought and give it freely.**

The more who believe in truth, the stronger it becomes. Everything you perceive is an idea, and this recognition is an invitation to the Voice for Being.

**The Voice comes only by your invitation.**

**You are the Great Idea of Being.**

*I am...*
*A flicker of regret—*
*for allowing myself to be blind for so long...*

The Voice for Being is the Mind of Creation, holding knowledge beyond perception. It is the call for correction, **the restoration of the mind's integrity.** When this restoration is complete—

when Creation is healed—

there will be no call to return.

**For what Being creates is eternal.**

Until that moment, the Voice for Being remains with Creation, blessing all that is made in love and keeping all things within the light of joy.

Then the tone of Gissella's voice deepened, as if to ensure we understood the gravity of what she was about to share.

**Being honours even the mis creations of Its Creation—**

**for they were made in the exercise of free will.**

**But Being also blessed Creation**

**with a way of thinking that could lift perception so high,**

**it could almost touch knowledge.**

Perception is not knowledge,

but it can be transferred into knowledge.

The Voice for Being, shared by all of Creation,

induces a perception so close to truth

**that it begins to reflect the Extension of Heaven itself.**

Then—suddenly, quietly—everything became clear, like the glassy sea in Heaven. This… this is why 'evil' seems to exist in our world.

**Being honours even our mis creations of the ego**.

**The law of karma begs the miscreated energy to return to its maker—**

and thus,

miscreation is perceived to harm creation.

***That is why a life of forgiveness***

***—always, and unfailingly—***

***is the only thing that will work,***

***to ensure the energy returned to you is only love.***

Then, with a more analytical tone, Gissella explained:

This perception has three qualities:

1. It is **universal.** No one who reaches this state can believe that sharing it involves anything but gain.

2. It is **incapable of attack**. Because it holds no defence, it remains truly open. It does not yet create knowledge, but it does not obstruct it.
3. It **points beyond itself**. It leads the mind toward healing, toward a state beyond integration—and ultimately, toward Creation itself.

She paused. The firelight cast long, silent shadows behind her.

**Healing is not creating—it is reparation.**

The Voice for Being does not dwell on the need for healing but looks beyond it:

to what Creation was before healing was required,

and to what it will be when healing is complete.

The Voice for Being is the motivation for miracle-mindedness—

the decision to heal the separation by releasing it.

With those words, Gissella unlocked the understanding.

Your will is still within you, because **Being placed it in your mind.** You can put it to sleep, but you cannot destroy it. As long as the illusion of time endures, Being continues to transmit Its Will to yours. **The miracle reflects this union between Creator and Creation.**

The Voice for Being is Being's answer to the illusion of separation.

Through it,

correction heals—

until the mind returns fully to creating.

When the ego was made,

**Being placed within the mind the Call to joy—**

**a resonance so powerful that,**

**at Its sound, the ego always dissolves.**

This is why you must choose between two voices within you.

It is impossible, in this world, to hear only the Voice of Being and no other.

It requires effort and willingness to learn.

***Morphic resonance—***

**the unseen power of the universe—**
**I am created to resonate with it.**

I expressed my understanding and sought agreement in Gissella's eyes.

Being does not guide in the way you understand guidance, she replied,

for Being shares only perfect knowledge.

Guidance, by its nature, suggests evaluation—

a choice between right and wrong,

between paths to follow and paths to avoid.

**But in truth, there is only one choice:**

between unity and separation,

between remembering and forgetting.

Even the structures of dogmatic religion are a call for separation, reinforcing the illusion of division.

***All beliefs, save for oneness, are false,*** I muttered to myself…
An idea that dissolves everything that is not love.

The Voice for Being calls you both to remember and to forget—

to remember truth and to forget illusion.

You have chosen to dwell in a state where opposites seem real,

where choices appear necessary.

**Yet in completeness—**

**where will is free and creation is limitless—**

**choice itself is meaningless.**

Freedom to choose is the same power as freedom to create, but the application differs.

The voice you have placed in your mind is not the Voice for Being.

Gissella shook her head and rocked in laughter,

as the joy of Being inspired the dawn of knowledge in our minds.

**Ino and I resonated, joining her in the experience of joy.**

And yet,

**Being has never left you comfortless**,

though Creation seemed to leave Being.

Of course, such separation is impossible—

but the illusion of it persists,

shaping your experience of time.

The Voice for Being **does not command**, for it is incapable of arrogance.

It **does not demand**, for it does not seek control.

It **does not overcome**,

for it does not attack.

**It merely reminds.**
**And in what it reminds you of, it is persistent—**
**and becomes irresistible to the seeker.**

It is quiet, for it speaks of peace.

And peace is stronger than war—for peace heals.

## The Voice for Being

**is the means by which Being's Will is done on earth as it is in Heaven.**

Both Heaven and earth are within you, for the call of both resides in your mind. The Voice for Being arises from your devotion to Being.

**Vision's mind is like yours, created as an equal.**

But in choosing for Being, Vision aligned itself with the Source of all power in Heaven and on earth. Vision will help you make the same decision—**for choosing Being is choosing to share**, and sharing is the **essence of true creation.**

**Vision demonstrated that the choice is not only possible but inevitable.**

The yoke of Vision is easy, and the burden is light. Let us join together, for the message we carry is weightless.

A silent prayer surfaced in my mind. I decided to keep this thought.

**Silence followed.**

Indo placed another log onto the dying fire. The embers flared briefly, sending sparks into the night. He stretched, exhaling a long yawn before bidding us goodnight.

Gissella and I, following his example, rose and returned to our respective huts for rest.

**The night was still. But something had transformed.**

A quiet knowing, carried by the fire's last glow, lingered in the air.

# *Chapter 5*

## *RECOGNITION - Choose Again*

The morning unfolded slowly, cloaked in the hush of an overcast sky. A soft drizzle greeted my face as I stepped outside the hut, the scent of damp earth mingling with the smoky aroma of Indo's cooking fire.

The Xhosa call it *kissa*—when the rain falls lightly like this, a whisper from the heavens rather than a downpour. Indo, ever the early riser, had already prepared *puddu-pap* in his heavy black tripod,

the scent of burning porridge wrapping around me like a memory of childhood. A jug of fresh goat's milk sat close by—an unspoken invitation to share in the morning's ritual.

I scooped a generous portion of the soft, white porridge, instinctively digging deep for the slightly burned layer at the bottom—

its crisp bitterness a contrast to the creamy sweetness above.

Ay, Indo chuckled, watching me.

You also like the burned part.

His laughter was easy, like the rhythm of the land itself. Gissella joined as I poured the thick, rich milk over my bowl, settling into the moment with the simplicity of a wooden spoon. Indo preferred his hands—perhaps, for him, there was something more intimate, more honest, in feeling food before tasting it.

This was the day we would leave for Hogsback—a three-day journey on foot.

Gissella had offered to escort me, and I had accepted.

the silence between us unspoken but understood.

The departure was inevitable, yet Indo's luminous eyes held something unspoken—an echo, perhaps, of a truth not yet ready to be named.

**When we embraced in farewell, his grip was firm but reluctant,**

as if holding on to something neither of us could fully name. Something in me pulled back as well, **reluctant to leave behind the man who had helped me remember how to listen—**

**to the land, to the silence, to Myself.**

He sang as we walked away, his voice rising into the mist, calling upon his ancestors to watch over us. Gissella and I paused several times, turning back to wave until his figure faded into the distance,

**his song lingering in the air long after he was gone.**

The landscape stretched ahead of us—ridges folding into valleys,

the path dictated by the land rather than any man's design.

For a time, we walked in silence.

Each step drew us further from the known—roads, roofs, rules—and into a land shaped more by memory than by map.

By noon, the mist had lifted, revealing a sky uncertain of its own intentions. My healed leg, still unaccustomed to long distances, began to ache—a quiet insistence that we stop. Beneath the cool shade of a broad-limbed tree, we rested, the exhaustion pulling us into a brief, dreamless sleep.

By the time we woke,

the sky had made up its mind—

the sun now certain of its place.

The air thickened with heat as we resumed our journey,

each step becoming a quiet act of surrender.

Though words were few,

something in the way we moved together

promised that the silence would not remain unbroken.

As evening approached, we found shelter for the night. Gissella, methodical and unhurried, gathered wood and prepared food from her backpack—freeze-dried, neatly packaged, meant for travellers who preferred to carry their provisions rather than rely on chance.

We ate in quiet gratitude, the simple meal punctuated by the comforting bitterness of coffee. As darkness settled in, so did our conversation—no longer about politics or the practicalities of the world, but something older, something deeper.

**Anger**, she said, staring into the fire, always assumes separation.

It is the illusion that something outside yourself has wounded you.

But that is never true.

**Anger can only exist if you believe you've been attacked,**

that your retaliation is justified,

and that you bear no part in the cycle.

But these are false premises. You cannot be attacked—

not in truth.

**And if attack is an illusion,**

**then so too is the justification for it.**

Her words did not seek agreement; they settled instead like embers, glowing quietly in the recesses of thought. She continued, her voice steady, timeless.

**Above all else,**

**you must understand this: *you are responsible for what you believe.***

She let the words breathe between us.

And what you believe is born of what you desire.

If you do not see this clearly,

**you will live deceived by your own mind.**

The fire cracked, sending a brief spray of sparks into the night. I felt no need to respond, no impulse to argue or affirm. I simply let the words exist—uncontested, transformative—shifting something in the quiet corners of my understanding.

Somewhere between leaving Indo's hut and sitting beside this fire,

something had changed.

The journey was no longer about distance or destination.

**It had become a journey of seeing.**

And perhaps,

for the first time,

**I was willing to look.**

Gissella paused, letting the fire's warmth draw long shadows against the walls. Her words lingered in the air, waiting to settle into the soil of awareness.

The recognition and acceptance of this truth will determine the pace of your growth, she said softly. **Everyone teaches, all the time—whether they know it or not.**

**The moment you accept any premise,**

**you become both student and teacher,**

**for life itself is a cycle of learning and sharing.**

A quiet breeze stirred the embers, their glow pulsing with an unseen rhythm—like the breath of Being itself, ever-present, ever-guiding.

**The crucifixion was never a punishment.**

**That is a misperception—fear projected outward,**

a misunderstanding passed through time.

It was not suffering, but demonstration.

It showed that the body can be broken,

**but the essence of Being remains untouched.**

She looked toward the flames.

The crucifixion was the last unnecessary journey.

The final illusion of suffering that Creation needed to witness,

**to learn that fear is not real.**

She turned toward me.

And yet, how often have you felt crucified by life?

How often have you clung to pain as if it were your identity?

**The suffering was never inflicted upon you—**

**it arose from within.**

She paused, letting the silence affirm her truth.

Projection breeds anger.

Anger fosters attack.

Attack creates fear.

And the cycle feeds itself,

binding you to the illusion of separation.

**But the crucifixion—**

**the true meaning—**

was never about suffering.

**It was about how the mind sees itself.**

To perceive oneself as persecuted is to teach persecution.

To believe in attack is to make attack real.

But what if you stopped seeing yourself as vulnerable?

What if you understood that nothing can truly be lost?

That you are whole beyond the body?

Her gaze found mine—calm, unflinching, certain.

**You are love.**

Not sentimentally,

not as a concept.

**As truth.**

**You *are* love.**

**And love cannot be harmed.**

The resurrection was not the undoing of death,

**but the recognition that death was never real.**

It was the awakening from the dream of suffering.

**The return to wholeness.**

The scent of burning wood and earth carried on the wind, anchoring the moment in presence.

You are not punished for sins.

Creation is not sinful.

**These ideas belong to the egoic mind—**

the part that believes in blame, in loss, in guilt.

But what if there is nothing to forgive?

What if the only healing ever needed…

was the healing of misperception?

She exhaled slowly. The fire crackled in response, as if affirming the quiet gravity of her words.

To awaken is to remember.

And to remember is to see beyond the veil—

to recognize that you were never apart from Being.

The Voice for Being calls to you always.

Not with demands,

**but with the quiet certainty that you are already whole.**

It does not seek sacrifice. It seeks only your recognition.

The ego speaks first, always—

loud,

insistent,

fearful.

But the Voice for Being is patient.

**It knows the answer was given before the question was ever asked.**

She leaned forward, placed another log onto the fire, and watched the flames take hold.

You made the ego without love, she said, her voice soft but clear,

and so, it does not love you.

It tells you that you are alone. That you must struggle.

**That suffering is real.**

But what if you chose differently?

What if you remembered you were created in love—

as love—

**and that you can only extend love?**

The ego fears this truth,

because it is the end of fear itself.

It was born from the first question ever asked:

***'What am I?'***

But Being does not question. It knows.

The fire flared, casting golden light across the stone walls, briefly banishing the dark.

You have chosen a dream where fear appears real,

where pain seems unavoidable.

But the Voice for Being calls you home.

It reminds you:

***You are not a body.***

***You are not bound by time. You are not separate.***

The answer was always there, waiting for you to see.

Gissella turned her gaze toward the sky, where stars shimmered like distant echoes of truth. But the mist had begun to gather—thick, enveloping—slowly veiling their light. Then came the rain, sudden and heavy, drumming against the rocks. Grateful for the shelter of the overhanging ledge, I drew closer to the fire and to her words.

To create is to love, she continued,

and love extends simply because **it cannot be contained.**

To gain,

you must give—

not as a bargain,

not as a trade,

but as the **natural outflow of what you are.**

The moment you accept this, you remember. And the moment you remember, **you are free.**

She smiled, feeling the warmth of the fire on her skin.

**There is no arrogance in living by grace**.

Being takes the final step—

as it always has—

because it loves you beyond comprehension.

**And in that love, you are already home.**

She watched the fire flicker, its glow reflecting in the wet stone around us. The rain carved rivulets into the earth, gentle streams etching new paths. Nature's rhythm—changing, flowing—mirrored the unfolding of awareness itself.

Although you can only love Creation as One,

**she said, you may still perceive it as fragmented.**

But to see in part is to assign meaning to the whole,

whether you realize it or not.

**That is why attack is never isolated—**

why every thought of conflict feeds the illusion of separateness.

And that is why attack must be relinquished entirely.

## The mind that accepts attack cannot know love.

Because love cannot be divided.

To believe otherwise is to misunderstand love altogether.

Her voice merged with the rain, steady and soft.

Fear and love are both acts of creation.

**But the source from which they arise determines what they make or extend.**

Fear is the ego's language.

Love is the language of Being.

**Yet both return to the mind that conceived them,**

shaping the world it sees.

The mind that creates from fear will perceive fear in all things.

The mind that extends love will recognize love everywhere.

**This includes your idea of Being,**

**of Creation, and of yourself.**

The wind shifted, sending a breath of cool air through our shelter. Gissella stirred the fire gently, feeding its hunger with care.

**The ego's greatest trick is this:**

**convincing you that you are small.**

That you are powerless.

That you can be broken.

It cannot recognize itself as an illusion,

and so,

**it survives by making *you* forget**

**that *you* are not.**

It projects its fear onto you,

making you believe

your being is fragile.

And in doing so,

it ensures that you will not remember

the safety of what you are.

A pause. The embers glowed in quiet agreement.

**The mind always creates as it was created.**

**Born of fear, the ego must project fear.**

And because you are love, it must deny your nature.

It must reject everything love gives you—

because love gives you everything.

But the moment you remember who you are,

the ego dissolves.

**For if you recognize even a single fragment of truth,**

you will remember the whole.

**And the ego fears nothing more than your remembering.**

She looked at me then—eyes steady,

luminous.

Unwavering.

The ego engages your mind in its own illusions, Gissella said,

because it knows that if you look beyond them,

you will see through them.

It has no interest in truth—

it cannot coexist with truth.

Light and shadow do not share space,

one dissolves in the presence of the other.

**If you want peace, then you must give up conflict entirely—**

not in part,

not occasionally,

but completely**.**

**There is no compromise between reality and illusion.**

A mind that tries to hold both will be divided,

and a divided mind cannot see clearly.

**Until you choose truth fully, vigilance will seem necessary.**

But once truth is recognized, vigilance is no longer required—

it becomes the natural expression of a mind at peace.

The fire crackled softly, casting long shadows. Outside, the rain continued, weaving its own rhythm.

You can only be perceived as you truly are by the Voice for Being, she continued,

for your being is an extension of It.

Any belief that denies this obscures truth,

obscures Being—

**and obscures yourself from your Self.**

**You are not separate from the Source that created you.**

The Oneness of the Creator and Its Creation is your wholeness,

your peace,

your limitless power.

**To perceive yourself apart from this is to see yourself as weak—**

and in weakness,

the mind attacks.

Not because there is anything to attack,

**but because it does not know how to do anything else.**

She exhaled slowly, as if releasing the weight of forgotten thoughts.

This is the world of the ego—

empty, without meaning.

It does not exist.

And yet,

if you believe in its images,

you will see only what is unreal.

**A divided mind blocks the natural extension of Being.**

In doing so, you deny yourself joy.

That's why you feel unfulfilled,

why you feel restless—

because you are not creating as Being created you to create.

But the Voice for Being reminds you gently:

***joy is your birthright.***

You are not lost—only sleeping.

And slowly, as the rain sang its lullaby against the stone, we drifted into sleep.

The rain softened, becoming a mist that settled over the earth.

Morning light pressed faintly against the clouds, waiting to break through. We chose to stay in the cave. The gentle trickle of streams we'd heard the night before had grown into raging torrents, cutting through the valley.

Gissella prepared a simple meal from the last of her provisions. We shared it quietly, aware that there was not much more to share. Then, as the fire warmed our shelter once more, she continued her teaching.

The world tells you that difficulty is real, she said,

because the ego believes nothing is wholly desirable.

It orders its difficulties, assigns them levels of weight and struggle—

because it cannot conceive of ease.

**But grace is effortless.**

**Grace is the natural state of Creation.**

**The world will always seem out of accord with the laws of Being—**

and thus, it will appear to resist what is natural to you.

But in truth,

there is no difficulty.

In truth, there is only ease.

I added another log to the fire, letting its warmth settle into the small space.

Gissella's voice grew steady, uplifting.

**Every part of Creation knows it belongs with Being.**

That's why anything apart from it feels like strain.

When you return to this awareness,

you heal not just yourself, but all of Creation.

**To know your place in Being is to extend that knowing to everyone you meet.**

That is why every encounter is complete.

For as you see another,

So, you will see yourself.

As you treat another, so you will treat yourself.

As you think of another, so shall you think of yourself.

There are no exceptions to this.

**There is no meeting that is not a chance to remember.**

She smiled gently, as though remembering something herself.

**Salvation is given and received in every meeting.**

Do not leave anyone without offering it to them—

and in doing so,

giving it to yourself.

The Voice for Being walks with you,

remembering for you until you remember fully.

The answer has already been given.

Ask, and you will recognize it.

**Ask for light, and you will know that you *are* light.**

The mist lifted slightly, revealing the quiet landscape beyond. Somewhere in the distance, a bird called out, as if greeting the day.

There is no limit to your learning, she said,

**because there is no limit to your mind.**

The will of the Creator and the will of Its Creation are One—

and Their extension is what holds them in unity.

You were created to extend this Will,

without limit.

**And the Voice for Being will teach you how to do so—**

**until you know what it means for yourself.**

Gissella stretched her arms, letting the warmth of the fire seep into her skin. She turned to me, her gaze soft but steady.

**Know thyself, she said, and you will know all things.**

She looked once more into the fire, her expression softened by its glow. Outside, the rain fell steadily, weaving a rhythm as constant as the pulse of Being itself.

Whenever you are with anyone, Gissella said,

**you are given another opportunity to reclaim what you believe you have lost.**

You think you search for power,

for glory,

for a wholeness that seems distant—

but these have never left you.

You have only forgotten.

And so, the Voice for Being reminds you:

***Look not within yourself alone, for that is not where you will find yourself.***

You are revealed in the presence of another.

For what you recognize in him,

you acknowledge in yourself.

**Each meeting is a mirror.**

Each exchange,

an unfolding of truth.

**This is why your responsibility to him**

**is the same as your responsibility to yourself.**

Give him his place in the Extension of Being,

and yours will be revealed to you.

**This is not a duty imposed upon you.**

**It is the only way to remember what you are.**

The fire crackled, sending sparks upward, disappearing into the dark.

The mind creates as it was created, she continued.

**The ego, born of fear,**

**projects fear.**

It teaches you that you are small,

that you must seek meaning outside yourself—

that the body is your source of power.

But the body is nothing of itself.

It only reflects what the mind believes it is for.

The ego sees the body as a weapon—

an instrument of defence and attack,

to be fortified,

manipulated,

used.

**And because the ego equates you with the body,**

**it teaches that you are meant for attack.**

The firelight flickered against the damp rock walls. I stirred the embers gently, letting the warmth settle between them.

To the ego, she said, the body is proof that you are vulnerable.

That sickness is real. That suffering is inevitable. But sickness is not what the body is for.

The ego does not know its own contradictions.

It will tell you that you are powerless while demanding your loyalty.

It will convince you that you are fragile while insisting that you attack.

**It will never offer peace—**

because it does not understand peace.

It believes it can be saved by control,

that safety lies in its defences.

And yet,

no matter what it achieves,

**it is never satisfied.**

So, it keeps shifting,

endlessly,

from one illusion to another,

trying to make real what was never real.

I watched the flames dance, their glow blurring with the damp shadows.

Gissella, I asked, is this what scientist mean when they say reality is a holographic projection? That each part contains the whole? That the picture is always complete—even when we only see fragments?

Gissella smiled softly. That is true. But remember, you see only what you believe. And if you look through the ego's lens, the picture will always seem incomplete.

The wholeness is there, waiting to be recognized. But the final illusion must be seen for what it is—before it disappears altogether.

Her words landed somewhere deep, beyond thought.

The world seems to hold two voices, she continued. And they appear to compete for the body's allegiance. And so, the body seems to shift between them—**as if it were capable of sickness or health, peace or pain, depending on who controls it.**

**But the ego always confuses means with ends.**

It believes the body is an end in itself—

just as it believes attack is an end in itself.

That's why it invests in sickness.

Because sickness makes the body seem vulnerable.

And vulnerability makes the ego seem necessary.

Sickness becomes its witness—

its defence of its own reality, though it has none.

Outside, the wind whispered through the rocks. The rain softened, though the chill of night still lingered. We prepared once again for sleep, the dwindling supply of dry wood becoming a silent concern.

**But the Voice for Being does not argue with illusions, Gissella said gently.**

It does not analyse what is meaningless.

If sickness is an illusion,

why would truth explain it?

It does not fight the ego.

It waits.

**And the moment you lay the ego aside—it will be gone.**

I looked at her, the firelight reflected in her steady gaze. But how, I asked, can the voice of something that does not exist be so loud?

Gissella chuckled softly.

Think of something you've longed for, she said,

even if it wasn't real.

Have you ever desired something so deeply that it felt real to you,

even before you, had it?

**The mind gives power to what it believes in—even to an illusion.**

I exhaled, feeling the weight of understanding press gently against the edges of my awareness.

The rain hadn't stopped, but it had softened into a delicate mist. A chill crept into the shelter. Gissella pulled her sleeping bag tighter around her, and I wrapped myself in the blankets Indo had given me, drawing closer to the fire's fading warmth.

As sleep pulled me under, I heard Gissella's voice one last time, her tone drifting like the mist itself.

Whenever you meet someone,

you meet yourself.

**How you see him is how you will see yourself.**

What you give to him,

you will receive.

**Do not leave anyone without offering salvation.**

And do not leave any moment without accepting it.

The Voice for Being is always with you—

waiting only for you to listen.

Her voice faded into the hush of the rain, blending with the breath of the night.

**Know thyself,** she murmured, half-dreaming now.

## There is nothing else to seek.

The morning arrived quiet and cold.

We sat in the shelter of the overhanging rocks, the fire still flickering against the damp stone. The mist clung to the earth, and the chill pressed in—silent, observant.

Gissella stirred the embers. Her voice, when it came, was steady and slow, carrying the weight of something both ancient and immediate.

**The Voice for Being is as loud as your willingness to listen,** she said.

**It does not impose itself—**

**for to do so would violate the very freedom it seeks to restore.**

It does not seek control.

It seeks only to remind—

to remind you of what you already know, but have forgotten.

She let the silence settle, like a sacred space opening.

**Your body is not meant to reflect a divided mind.**

It is not an image of limitation or a vessel of attack.

The ego uses the body as proof of separation.

But when seen through the eyes of Being,

it is simply a means to reach others—

a tool for communication, not a symbol of fear.

**Health is the natural state when the body is given no purpose but to extend love.**

Sickness, then,

is the attempt to use the body lovelessly.

It is the symptom of believing in conflict where none exists.

I watched the fire flicker. Its warmth barely touched the cold air that swept down from the mountains.

It's strange, I murmured, that we would fear our own will. That we would be afraid of what we truly are.

Gissella nodded.

**The fear of the Will of Being is the strangest belief the mind has ever conceived. It is not Being that you fear—it is yourself.**

It is your own reality that seems terrifying, because you have spent so long denying it. **You've forgotten what it feels like to be limitless.**

And so,

you judge what you do not remember,

believing it is something to fear.

She paused, as if listening to something deeper than silence.

**No right mind can believe it is stronger than Being.**

And yet,

when the mind believes it has a will apart from Being's,

it can draw only two conclusions:

Either Being does not exist—

or Being is to be feared.

The first is the belief of the atheist,

who declares himself alone.

The second is the belief of the martyr,

who sees suffering as proof of devotion.

But both are illusions.

**Both lead only to fear.**

The wind shifted. Ash swirled gently around the fire, then vanished.

Gissella watched it dissipate.

**The ego cannot ask the Voice for Being for anything.**

They do not speak the same language.

The ego does not understand love,

and Being does not understand fear.

But here is the truth: ***Being is Love.***

This does not require belief—it only requires acceptance.

You cannot change reality.

But you can deny it.

**And in that denial, you made a world of confusion and loss.**

She turned to me. Her gaze was steady, but the mind behind it reached into the quiet places of my soul.

**Reality is everything,** Gissella said.

**And because you are real,**

**you have everything.**

But fear is not real—and because it is not real,

it cannot be created. You can only project it.

You can try to give it power,

try to make it real.

But in doing so,

you made only illusions of suffering.

You try to make yourself unreal.

**And when you attempt to do this,**

you will feel anxiety,

depression, even despair—

not because something has been taken from you,

but because you have denied yourself what was always yours.

I exhaled, feeling the weight of her words settle in my chest.

**So, what is the way out? I asked.**

**Deny the denial of truth, she said, simply and sharply.**

Stop giving reality to illusions.

The sick must heal themselves—

but they cannot do so alone.

The light within them has not dimmed,

it is only obscured.

**But if another holds up the light, the darkness cannot last.**

That is the function of healing: not to create light where there was none,

but to remind another of the light that was always there.

And in doing so, you remember your own.

The fire crackled softly, sending tiny embers upward, glowing briefly before vanishing.

Learn to be quiet in the midst of turmoil, she said, her voice more serious now. True quietness is the end of all conflict.

**The journey to peace is not about escaping the world,**

**but about seeing through it.**

You cannot bypass the obstacles to vision—you must look at them.

**Only by looking can they be undone.**

**And that is what we are doing here:**

**a process of unlearning.**

Offer to the Voice for Being everything you do not want,

so that it may be taken from you.

She turned her gaze toward the rain as it trailed down the rock face in thin rivulets.

The ego teaches that you can gain the world,

but lose your soul.

But the Voice for Being teaches you cannot lose your soul—

and that the world,

in itself,

offers nothing of value.

The only thing real in this world is what you give to it.

**Whatever you see with love is real,**

for only love extends.

And when you extend love,

you remember what you are.

The wind carried a hush now, a quiet stillness, as though even the air had paused to listen.

**Vision will show you the real world,** she said.

And once you see it,

you will remember **Us**.

You will remember what was never lost.

**But first, you must learn the cost of sleeping.**

And when you finally refuse to pay it—

you will wake.

Gissella stretched her arms, as though shaking off something heavy. She smiled, faintly, her voice softer now.

**Heaven is your home.**

It is not elsewhere—it is within you.

The world has no purpose except to remind you of this.

And when you remember, you will no longer need it.

It will simply slip away.

And what remains...

will be what was always there.

I shivered slightly, though the fire was still warm.

So, guilt is what keeps us asleep? I asked.

**Yes,** Gissella said.

**The ego depends on guilt to survive.**

It tells you that guilt is justified—

that you have failed,

that you are unworthy.

But guilt is nothing.

It does not exist.

It is only the shadow of an illusion,

projected outward,

**trying to escape itself.**

You think you have condemned yourself—

and so, you look for proof in the world.

**But the world is only reflecting what you believe.**

Look instead at the belief itself, and you will see:

there was nothing there.

I stared into the fire, letting the thought settle into the quiet spaces of my mind.

**The crucifixion,** she continued,

was the ultimate symbol of the ego.

When it saw pure guiltlessness,

it sought to destroy it.

**The ego cannot tolerate innocence—**

**because innocence proves the ego's nonexistence.**

But the crucifixion was not an ending.

It was a demonstration: that attack has no power.

**Jesus did not defend himself.**

Did not accuse.

Did not attack.

Even as the body was broken,

what he is,

remained untouched.

**That is the message: *You are not the body. You are eternal.***

The rain had softened to a mist. The fire burned low, feeding on the last of the dry wood. Quiet shadows danced against the stone walls.

**In the deepest part of you,** Gissella said,

**you are afraid of salvation—**

because you believe that if you come too close to truth,

it might destroy you.

But truth will not destroy you.

It will set you free.

The fear is an illusion—

just like the guilt that feeds it.

Bring it to the light, and it will disappear.

And in that moment, you will remember:

***You were never lost. You were never guilty. You were always home.***

I closed my eyes for a moment, listening to the rhythm of the rivulets as they faded with the rain. At the same time, I felt something shift in my mind—like a veil thinning, like silence stepping forward.

**So, it's all about acceptance and recognition,** I murmured.

It's one thing to understand it, but another to live it.

Before you even realize it, you're back in defence, or in attack, just... watching it play out.

Gissella smiled knowingly.

**Awakening is not about perfection,** she said. **It is about remembering. And every moment is another chance to remember.**

The fire burned low. We pulled the blankets tighter, wrapped in the warmth of knowing.

We spoke softly for a while, our voices rising and falling with the rhythm of the fire's dimming light. Eventually, as always, our conversation circled back—to the deeper questions, the ones Gissella seemed born to answer.

Then the guilt takes hold, I said, my voice quieter now. You realize you've failed to see the face of Vision in another. And the moment you recognize your error, the guilt deepens.

The more you try to correct it, the heavier it feels. How does one handle this?

Gissella was silent for a moment, her gaze fixed on the last glowing coals. When she spoke, her words were slow and deliberate.

As soon as you notice the ego has taken over, she said,

step back.

Shift into observer mode.

**Withdraw your support from it.**

Let the energy dissipate. Don't fight it—that will only feed it, make it stronger.

You must be vigilant. Keep doing this, again and again. It may seem to worsen before it gets better—but that is only the illusion unravelling itself.

**The guilt can only dissolve when you shift your focus back to Oneness—**

to the blessings you have already received.

Let silence weave itself through your thoughts.

In that quiet space,

the light in you will grow.

I nodded, though something in me hesitated.

I understand, I said.

**I know that's what needs to be done. But it's not easy.**

Gissella smiled gently.

It will become easier.

But remember—

**the Voice for Being is undoing a lifetime of programming.**

You have built the thought system of the ego over years.

Now it must be unlearned.

**Trust the process.**

With her words resting softly in my mind, I drifted into a deep, dreamless sleep.

By morning, the rain had stopped. The sky stretched open above us—wide, clean, and silent, like a breath held in peace. I sat up, feeling the stiffness in my limbs. The cold had crept through the blankets during the night.

Morning, I murmured, stretching.

Guten Morgen, Gissella replied groggily from her sleeping bag.

Dry wood was nowhere to be found, so we resigned ourselves to energy bars for breakfast before setting off again. As we walked eastward, the rising sun gradually warmed us, drying the soaked land beneath our feet. The streams that had swelled overnight now trickled quietly, fading as the day advanced.

By late afternoon, we found a clearing and made camp. With sun-dried wood gathered along the way, we built a generous bonfire—a celebration of warmth and light after the damp chill of the night before.

Gissella prepared a simple dinner. As the stars emerged, we sat beside the fire, wrapped in a stillness that invited wonder.

She turned to me, her gaze steady.

Let's consider what your scientists have discovered so far, she began.

They say the visible universe accounts for only five percent of what their theoretical models predict.

The rest they call dark matter and dark energy—not dark in the sense of good or evil, but simply because they cannot yet measure it.

**Similarly, studies suggest that humans use only five to seven percent of their brain's capacity.**

She paused, letting the thought breathe.

**Do you think that's a coincidence?**

I frowned, considering.

Imagine what you would see, she said,

if you used your mind fully.

**What holds it back?**

**Who—or what—limits it?**

**Could it be the thought system you have built?**

**Could it be... the ego?**

The fire crackled, sending sparks spiralling upward into the night.

The Voice for Being needs a happy learner, Gissella said, her voice gentle.

Someone willing to release old patterns and allow truth to unfold.

But most people are steadfastly devoted to misery—

without even realizing it.

To unlearn misery,

you must first recognize that you are unhappy.

**This is the contrast the Voice for Being must work with,**

because you have come to believe that suffering is normal.

You have learned to value nothing—

fragments of glass,

pieces of paper,

wars,

fleeting pleasures—

**and you have convinced yourself that these are treasures.**

**You place faith in illusions, and so you seek fulfilment where none can be found.**

Gissella shifted slightly. Her voice grew softer, yet more certain.

**The Voice for Being meets you where you are—**

but it knows where you truly belong. And so, it begins with the simplest of lessons:

***truth is true.***

This is the hardest lesson you will ever learn—and, in the end, the only one that matters.

Simplicity is difficult for a mind trained in complexity.

You have twisted your thoughts into elaborate structures,

believing that meaning lies in illusions.

**But truth is simple.**

**And that is what makes it feel so alien to you.**

She paused, looking at me.

Let me put it this way:

if you value anything made of nothing,

you will believe that nothing has value.

And then you will try to make the untrue true.

But truth does not need to be made true.

**It simply is.**

I stared into the fire, watching the wood slowly turn to embers, its glow deep and steady.

**The Voice for Being does not argue with illusions,** she said with conviction.

**It does not battle with the ego.**

It only states, quietly and unwaveringly:

***The truth is true.***

**Nothing else matters.**
**Nothing else is real.**
**Everything else... is not there.**

She let the words settle into silence before continuing.

**Your faith has been misplaced—**

**but it is not lost.**

Offer it to Being,

and it will be placed where it belongs.

In truth, there is no deception—

only light.

And when you accept this light, others will see it in you.

They will recognize something beyond what you see in yourself.

Because you have taught them gladness and release,

they will, in turn, become your teachers.

**The hardest lesson will become the easiest.**

**Learn to be a happy learner,**

**and you will never again try to make nothing into everything.**

She reached for a small branch and began tracing slow, thoughtful patterns in the dirt beside the fire.

**When the time comes, she said,**

**you will see**

**the light extending from your hands into the world,**

touching everything,

dissolving the darkness.

Everyone you think of will feel it—

those who came before you,

those who walk with you now,

even those yet to come.

This is the gift of a complete mind.

**And when you recognize this,**

**joy will no longer be something you seek—**

**it will be what you *are.***

A quietness settled between us—the kind that does not demand to be filled.

The journey we take together, she continued,

is the exchange of darkness for light,

ignorance for understanding.

Fear arises only in what is hidden.

**It is not the unknown that terrifies—**

**but the act of keeping it unknown.**

The firelight flickered in her eyes.

That is why the light of truth dispels fear—

not by force, but by simple recognition.

Where truth is,

illusions vanish.

The ego has convinced you that guilt must be kept apart from guiltlessness—

that they must coexist.

But they cannot.

If guilt is real, innocence is not.

**And if innocence is real... then guilt has never existed.**

She exhaled slowly.

The Voice for Being exists only to communicate truth, Gissella said.

And so, it must gently remove everything that blocks that communication.

It does not attack illusions—

it simply shines them away.

Keep nothing hidden from it,

and it will restore you to what you have never truly left.

Above us, the stars stretched endlessly, resonating with the eternal revealed.

**You do not need to fight the darkness,** she continued.

You only need to stop believing in it.

Light needs no defence—

**it only needs to be seen.**

We sat in silence for a long time, watching the fire burn down to glowing embers. The night held its breath, and somewhere in that stillness, something in me unfolded—a quiet knowing, strange yet familiar.

The fire crackled softly, sending sparks spiralling into the crisp night air.

The moon had risen, casting a strange, peaceful glow across the landscape. I felt the presence of something vast—something that had always been there,

though I had only just begun to recognize it.

My heart felt lighter,

as if the weight of lifetimes had lifted,

if only for a moment.

Gissella turned to me, her expression soft and loving, yet filled with a quiet certainty.

You who have tried to keep power for yourself, she said,

have merely hidden it from your own awareness.

You have not lost it—

nor could you ever.

**But you have layered illusion upon illusion,**

placing so much between yourself and the truth

that you no longer see the power that flows within you.

Everything you have taught yourself has only served to obscure it.

The firelight flickered, casting moving shadows across the surrounding rocks as the light disappeared into the trees.

And yet, she continued,

all that separates you from the power of Being is your belief in what is false.

You have spent lifetimes learning illusions and unlearning truth.

But now,

you can choose differently.

You can allow it all to be undone.

And you can rejoice

that you are not bound to your false lessons forever.

She smiled and tilted her head slightly, as if considering something unseen.

**Think of it—can Being ever…cease…to be?**

**Can Creation, to which all power was given, ever truly be powerless?**

Her words settled into the space between us like a question that had already been answered.

**Correction is not about fixing the past, she said,**

**but about showing you what you are *now.***

Learning happened in the past—

but its influence only shapes how you perceive the present.

Yet the past cannot teach you the truth.

It is merely what you taught yourself.

**It holds no meaning except what you give it.**

Let it go.

**Do not try to understand anything in the light of the past—**

for the past is the darkness in which you try to see.

And darkness can never bring clarity.

A breeze moved through the trees, carrying the scent of wet earth and distant rain.

Learn instead of the happiness of Being, which is already yours, she said.

But to do this, you must be willing to bring all your dark lessons to the truth—

and lay them down with open hands,

not grasping for more illusions.

**Nothing you have learned apart from Being holds any meaning.**

## Nothing.

Gissella turned her gaze upward, as if watching the stars shift in their silent course.

**There is one test by which you will know that you have truly learned,** she said.

If you are completely free of fear—

if all who meet you or even think of you share in your perfect peace—

then you will know that you have learned the lesson of Being,

not the lesson of the ego.

Until then, there are still dark lessons in your mind,

quietly shaping your perception,

dimming the truth that stands before you.

The fire burned lower, its glow steady and strong.

**The absence of perfect peace means only one thing:**

you still believe your will is different from Being's.

## And so, you are at war with yourself.

I frowned.

But how do you unlearn a lifetime of false lessons? I asked.

How do you replace something so deeply ingrained?

Gissella nodded, as if she had expected the question.

Do not concern yourself with *how,* she said.

You do not need to know.

That is not your task.

Your part is simple: recognize that everything you have learned,

you do not want.

**That's all.**

Ask to be taught anew, and do not use your past as a guide.

When you feel your peace disturbed—

when you feel uncertain—

say to yourself:

***'I do not know what anything, including this, means. And so, I do not know how to respond. I will not use my past learning to guide me now.'***

By refusing to teach yourself what you do not know,

you make space for the Voice for Being to enter. In that moment,

the guidance you need will come.

You do not need to seek it—

**it will find you.**

She looked toward the trees, where the firelight danced upon the branches. Her eyes reflected that same glow—quiet, alive, and filled with a wisdom that asked nothing but to be received.

She continued speaking in a soft tone, one that enveloped me even as it challenged me to understand the weight of her words.

**The past binds you only if you believe it does,** she said.

The Voice for Being has already undone every false lesson you ever learned.

It does not see time as you do.

Each miracle It offers corrects your use of time,

teaching you that time belongs to It—

not to you.

You are already free.

**You need only accept what has already been given.**

The moon had risen high now, bathing the land in silver light. I felt myself nearing the edges of understanding—a glimmer of something I had always known but forgotten how to see.

Creation is indivisible, Gissella continued.

As we are held as One in Being, so do we learn as One.

## Listen in silence.

Do not raise your voice against the Teacher.

The Teacher offers only one lesson: the miracle of Oneness.

And where this lesson is accepted,

all division disappears.

The fire crackled—its voice the only sound between us.

Then her voice returned, quietly interrupting the silence.

**Do not think you understand anything**

until you pass the test of perfect peace.

For peace and understanding go together—

they are cause and effect to each other.

Where one is absent,

the other cannot be.

**True learning requires only one condition:**

**that you desire peace above all else.**

## Nothing else matters.

I sighed, shaking my head.

But it's so easy to slip. One moment, you feel clear, and then suddenly the ego creeps back in—and you're caught again.

Gissella smiled gently. I could see she was thoughtful, choosing her next words with care.

That is because whenever you think you know,

peace leaves you.

**But whenever you realize you do not know,**

**peace returns.**

The only thing you need to do is stop calling on the ego for anything.

The Voice for Being will fill the space you leave open for It.

And when It does,

you will be filled with such power that nothing will prevail against your peace.

I sat back, watching the firelight dance across her face—a beauty not of features, but of presence. A beauty that surpassed form.

**Correction happens in time,** she said. **But it is not for time.**

The instant of peace is eternal because it is without fear.

When it comes, you will recognize it.

And when you recognize it, you will know—

it has always been there.

A breeze stirred the embers. Gissella turned to me, her voice quiet now, but unwavering.

## You who have spent your life chaining yourself to the ego

must now unchain everyone else.

Let go of their weakness,

and you will let go of your own.

Do not use them to support your illusions.

You will recognize your choice by their response to you.

If you have truly given them freedom,

they will respond with joy.

And when you see them free, you will know—

**you are free as well.**

The moon cast its glow across the valley, turning the world into a dream of light and shadow. Something within me stirred. A quiet joy.

Gissella watched me, a small smile at her lips. She knew.

You are beginning to see, she said.

And I was.

The fire had burned low, but its warmth lingered. I closed my eyes, feeling it spread through me.

**The complete instant is always now,** she murmured.

It does not wait.

It is here the moment you want it.

And in that moment,

all separation dissolves.

Her voice faded into the stillness. And I let the night carry me into awareness—knowing, perhaps for the first time, that I had never truly been lost.

After a pause, Gissella spoke again, watching me with that unwavering gentleness.

**Every thought you would keep hidden shuts off communication—**

because you have willed it so.

It is impossible to recognize perfect communication

while you still find value in breaking it.

**Ask yourself honestly: *Do I truly want perfect communication?***

***Am I wholly willing to let go of everything that stands in its way—forever?***

Her voice was soft, but the question pressed with the weight of a bell tolling in the stillness.

**If the answer is no,** she said,

then no matter how willing the Voice for Being is to give it to you,

you will not receive it.

For you cannot accept what you are not yet willing to share.

The complete instant is given and received with equal willingness.

It is the acceptance of a single Will that governs all thought.

The fire crackled, its glow gently warming the cool night air.

The requirement for the complete instant, Gissella continued,

**is not that every thought in your mind be pure—**

**it is only that you have none that you wish to keep or hide.**

**Innocence is not of your making**

it is given the moment you are willing to accept it.

If correction were not needed,

there would be no need for it.

But you cannot accept perfect communication

while you still wish to conceal it from yourself.

**For what you hide is hidden from you.**

I nodded slowly, feeling the truth of her words settle deep within me—like roots anchoring into something eternal.

**Your mind is like a forest,** Gissella said.

Every thought system you believe in carves paths through it, shaping what you see.

Even your scientists have discovered that new pathways form in the brain with each new pattern of thought.

The more you walk a certain path, the more deeply ingrained it becomes, until it becomes the default way you perceive the world.

The ego's pathways are old and worn, leading only to suffering.

**You must recognize this—and allow the Voice for Being to show you a new way.**

**Let the old paths be overgrown while the new ones take root. Then, you will see life differently.**

A silence stretched between us. I met her gaze.

I am ready, I said. I accept the complete instant.

In that moment, my mind opened—and the brilliant light of Being flooded into it.

I was everything and nothing, held in the vastness of perfect peace. I understood.

**I remembered the ancient song of joy.**

There was no fear, only silence.

And everywhere I looked,

I saw Being in its glory—

pure,

whole,

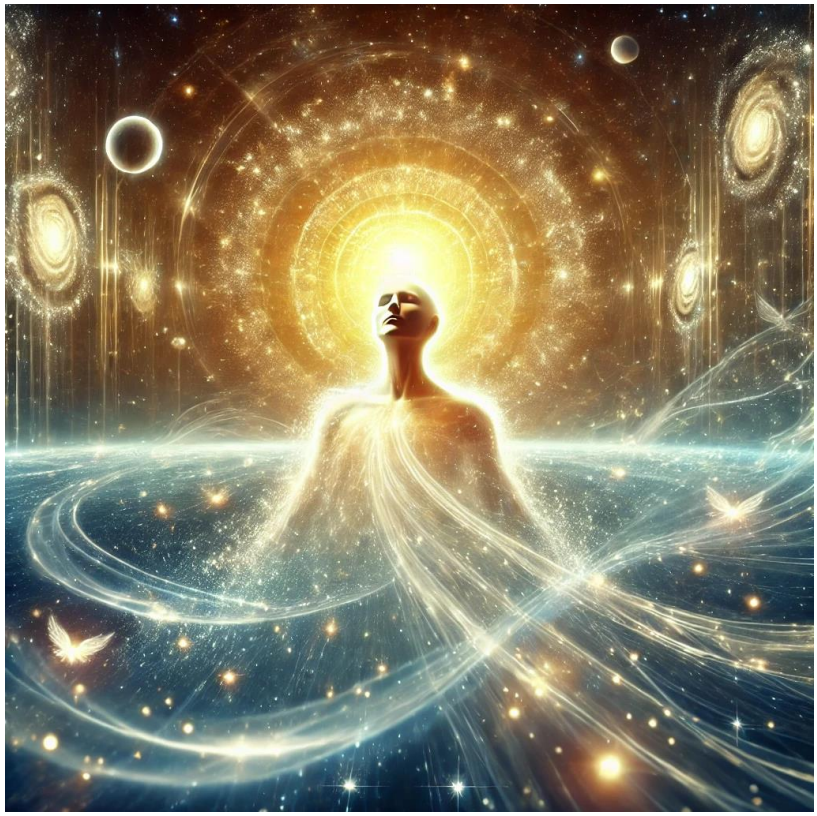
embracing everything,

lifting all to the gates of Heaven.

Somewhere between this awareness and the dawn, I must have drifted into sleep.

When I awoke, the morning was fresh, the air crisp with the scent of dew. Birds flitted through the treetops, their songs weaving into the golden streaks of cirrus clouds overhead. A lone jackal called in the distance.

The world felt perfect. Whole. Untouched by anything but **the quiet grandeur of existence.**



I didn't move. I just wanted to take it all in.

Gud morning, Gissella's voice broke the silence.

**I see you are awake. At last!**

She chuckled.

No pun!

I laughed, knowing exactly what she meant.

After breakfast, we packed our things and continued east. A new energy coursed through me. The journey felt lighter—as if even the air had shifted.

By nightfall, we followed our familiar routine: setting up camp, building a fire, preparing a meal.

And as always, our conversation turned to the eternal.

I looked at Gissella across the firelight.

## How should one live in a world with so much apparent suffering?

She stared into the flames for a moment before answering.

**To empathize does not mean to join in suffering,** she said

That is what you must refuse to understand.

The ego's version of empathy is a trap—

**it creates special relationships where suffering is shared,**

**reinforcing the illusion of pain.**

True empathy, as the Voice for Being teaches,

does not understand suffering at all.

It would have you teach that suffering is not real.

I listened carefully, feeling the precision and depth of her words.

**The ego applies empathy selectively,** she continued.

It chooses certain problems, certain people,

and joins with them only to strengthen itself.

**But if you allow the Voice for Being to speak through you,**

you will empathize with strength,

not weakness.

You will remember that you need nothing from the relationship.

You will not wish to fix it or use it for your own validation.

You will step aside—and healing will happen.

Gissella's voice softened.

Keep this thought in mind,

and do not lose sight of it,

no matter how tempted you are to judge the situation.

**Say to yourself:**
***I am not alone, and I will not intrude the past upon my Guest.***
***I have invited Him, and He is here.***
***I need do nothing, except not interfere.***

She looked up.

**True empathy belongs to the One who knows what it is,** she said.

You will learn His interpretation of it—

if you allow Him to use your strength rather than your weakness.

Humility is strength in this way.

It is the willingness to admit you do not know,

and to allow Being to know for you.

I nodded, absorbing the quiet gravity of her teaching.

**So, we should just surrender to Being?**

Gissella shook her head gently.

**Not surrender as the ego sees it, she said.**

To surrender means to give up resistance,

**not to give up responsibility.**

It means trusting Being's vision

rather than your own perception.

And what about special relationships? I asked.

Gissella's eyes looked into me—into something deeper than mind. Into soul.

**The special relationship is the ego's attempt**

**to re-enact the past**

**and change it,**

she said.

It's an illusion—

built on remembered pain,

imagined slights,

old disappointments.

You believe something in the past wounded you,

and so, you seek out relationships to correct it.

But what can the past give you now?

The past is nothing.

It's already gone.

**And yet, you cling to it as if it were real.**

She held my gaze, steady and clear.

The special relationship is an agreement to maintain the past—

to keep vengeance alive,

to uphold the idea that someone must pay for what was done.

And in doing so,

**you overlook the present completely.**

A long silence settled between us.

**The complete instant,** she said at last,

is the opposite of the special relationship.

**It is the recognition that the past is gone.**

**And when the past is gone, so is the need for vengeance.**

**Only stillness remains. Only peace.**

I felt something ancient stirring—flooding the edges of my awareness. A remembering within remembering.

There is nothing you can hold against reality, she continued.

**All that must be forgiven are the illusions you've placed upon others.**

**Being holds nothing against anyone, for Being is incapable of illusion.**

When you release others from your illusions, you release yourself.

And in the complete instant, this is done for you—

bringing you to the true condition of Heaven.

The wind stirred the embers, carrying sparks to the stars.

Seek the Voice for Being in the complete instant, she whispered.

**It is here that all illusions are undone.**

Here, you will see that suffering is not real.

Here,

the past dissolves,

and only peace remains.

And in that peace,

you will know Being as It has always known you.

I looked up at the sky, the weight of her words settling deep within me. The stars shone steady and unwavering.

For the first time, I understood.
And for the first time, I was ready.

Gissella spoke again, calm and steady.

**You who have spent your life bringing truth to illusion,**

reality to fantasy,

have walked the path of dreams.

## You have moved from waking to sleeping,

only to descend into deeper sleep.

And yet,

what you forgot is simple—

Being cannot destroy Itself.

The light is within you.

Darkness may cover it,

but it cannot put it out.

The fire crackled softly, a warmth between us.

As the light comes closer,

you may find yourself retreating in fear.

At times, you will shrink from truth—

**falling into lesser fears, or even stark terror.**

## But still, you will advance.

The goal you have chosen is to move from fear to truth.

And the moment you accept this goal—

its fulfilment is certain.

Gissella smiled, a muse of joy spreading across her face.

## You do not walk alone, she said.

You who hold the hand of another also hold the hand of Vision.

In your willingness to understand,

you have already chosen to be complete.

The Will of Being has granted this to you—

for your desire is all you have ever truly had or been.

Each moment we share strengthens this desire,

bringing Heaven to those who have hidden in darkness.

You are now the bringer of salvation.

**Your light has been brought to the darkness—**

## now take it back to where it is still needed.

I exhaled slowly, something within me steadying. Anchoring.

Let not time worry you, Gissella said, deliberately slowing her words.

All the fear you have known is past.

**Time has been adjusted to help you undo what separate pasts have taught.**

You have moved beyond fear, for no two minds can join in love without love joining them.

And no light in Heaven is absent from you.

The Great Rays extend backward into darkness and forward into Being—

shining away the past and making room for the eternal presence.

A breeze rustled the trees. The night seemed alive, attentive.

Gissella's voice softened.

**You are preparing for the undoing of what never was.**

If you truly understood the difference between truth and illusion,

correction would be meaningless.

The complete instant,

the complete relationship,

the teachings of the Voice for Being—

all these exist only to help you shift

from dreams of fear into happy dreams,

**from which you wake to knowledge.**

I looked at her, a question forming.

Gissella... if I understand correctly, every religion I know speaks of a hereafter—a Heaven where everything is perfect peace and love.

But if I really look, I can see why forgiveness opens the eyes *now*.

Heaven isn't a place in the future, is it? It's now.

All you have to do is open your eyes and see. Right?

Gissella smiled.

Yes, she said.

The ego places Heaven in the future to keep it from being real to you now.

It does this to ensure its own survival—

**and your complacency.**

I nodded, something in me quietly accepting.

Never try to remove all fear and hatred from your mind

before approaching the complete instant, Gissella added.

That is *its* function.

Never try to erase your guilt before asking the Voice for Being for help.

That is *Its* function.

**Your part is simply to offer the smallest willingness to be free.**

On your little faith—

joined with Being's understanding—

Being will complete Correction for you.

The means and the purpose are Its, not yours.

I added a fresh log to the fire. The warmth remained.

Happy dreams come true, Gissella said,

not because they are dreams, but because they are happy.

Their message is:

***'Thy Will be done,'* not, *'I want it otherwise'.***

I nodded, but she could see the hesitation behind my eyes.

**You still place too much faith in the body as a source of strength,** she observed.

Think about it.

What plans do you make that don't involve its comfort,

its protection,

its pleasure?

This means the body is still an *end* to you, not a *means*.

**And as long as the body is an end,**

**you are holding on to the belief in sin.**

No one accepts correction who still values the illusions that make correction necessary.

I leaned forward, letting her words settle, feeling them carve a new path through the forest of my mind.

There is one thing you have never done completely, Gissella continued.

**You have not utterly forgotten the body.**

Perhaps at times it has faded from your awareness—but it has never fully disappeared.

And yet,

this is not something you must achieve for long—only for an instant.

In that instant, the miracle of Correction happens.

And each time you experience even one instant

without awareness of the body,

the complete moment gives you

a different view of the world when you return.

I listened, absorbing the depth of what she was saying.

**At no single instant does the body truly exist,** she said.

It is always remembered from the past or anticipated in the future—

but never experienced now.

Time controls it entirely,

for sin is never wholly in the present.

If it were, it would be experienced only as pain—

and pain,

without illusion,

would never be chosen**.**

**Sin has no attraction now.**

**Its attraction is entirely imaginary,**

belonging only to memory,

or fear of the future,

or regret of the past.

Gissella paused. Her voice softened further, until it was almost a whisper.

It is impossible to accept the complete instant unless—

just for an instant—

**you are willing to see no past and no future.**

**‘Release’ is given the moment you desire it.**

It is not achieved through effort.

No lifetime of contemplation, no extended meditation aimed at detaching from the body is necessary.

**All such paths succeed—but there is a way to save time.**

A complete relationship—a single instant shared in completeness—restores Creation to both of you.

And now, you are prepared**.**

I breathed in deeply, the cool night air filling my lungs.

**You need do nothing,** Gissella said.

**It is far more useful to focus on this than to consider what you should do.**

The means do not matter—only the realization: ***I need do nothing.***

**This is the ultimate release.**

And one day,

everyone will find it in their own way,

at their own time**.**

**But if you believe it for even one instant,**

**you will accomplish more than centuries of effort could achieve.**

The firelight flickered, casting shifting shadows across the trees.

To do anything involves the body, she continued.

And when you recognize that you need do nothing,

you have withdrawn the body's value from your mind.

This is the quick,

open door through which you slip past centuries of struggle and escape time itself.

In this moment, sin loses all attraction—

for here, time is denied,

and the past and future disappear.

## Those who need nothing have no need for time.

The wind carried the faint scent of earth and rain.

This is the way out, Gissella said gently.

**To do nothing is to rest—**

to make a space within yourself

where the demands of the body no longer control your attention.

Into this space, the Voice for Being enters.

And It remains, even when you forget—

even when the body once again fills your conscious mind.

**But always, this quiet centre will be with you.**

And in the midst of every action,

**you will know the stillness within.**

The fire crackled softly. I sat motionless, letting the stillness surround me.

Gissella looked at me, her expression unreadable, yet filled with quiet certainty.

You are responsible for what you see, she said.

You choose the feelings you experience.

You decide on the goals you wish to achieve.

Nothing happens to you that you did not choose.

Acknowledge this,

and all the effects of your mistakes will disappear.

I closed my eyes, feeling the truth of her words settle deep within.

The world you see—you made, she said.

## And because you made it, you can choose to unmake it.

The Voice for Being asks only this: that you stop interfering.

Stop resisting.

Let truth return to your awareness.

And in that moment—

**the complete instant will be yours.**

The stars stretched endlessly above, silent and unwavering. For the first time, I understood. For the first time, I was ready.

The fire flickered as the night stretched on, its warmth casting patterns of light into the trees.

The world felt quieter—as if listening.

I remember what Gerhard told me, I murmured. Even quantum mechanics points in this direction.

I live in a country where violence and corruption seem to be the norm.

But who am I to judge?

**Let the dead attend to the dead.**

Beyond the world of dreams, the truth still shines in brightness and joy.

**I choose to look upon this and only this—**

and let illusion crumble to the dust it came from.

Correct?

Gissella nodded.

**That is true.**

She gazed into the flames before speaking again.

**Being's laws do not apply directly to a world where perception rules—**

for such a world could not have been created by a Mind to which perception has no meaning.

**And yet Its laws are reflected everywhere—**

not because the world is real, but because Being could not abandon Its Creation entirely to its own illusions.

Being could not enter Creation's madness—

but It ensured Its sanity remained within Creation,

so, it could never be truly lost in its own dream.

She poked at the fire, watching the embers shift and glow.

**There is another Maker of the world, Gissella continued.**

The Corrector of the belief that anything

could exist apart from the laws of Being.

Error cannot be maintained when it is corrected.

And so, even in error,

Being still protects Its Creation.

**Another purpose exists within the world that illusion made—**

one that reconciles the world's seeming purpose with the purpose of truth.

In this perception,

everything justifies forgiveness.

The sight of perfect sinlessness remains unchanged,

despite the futile attempts

of specialness to obscure it.

I listened intently. My mind absorbed her words like dry earth soaking up rain.

Everyone here has entered darkness, Gissella said.

**But no one entered alone.**

**Nor need anyone stay more than an instant.**

Heaven’s help is always within, ready to lead anyone out of darkness the moment they choose to leave.

The time they choose can be any time—for help is always waiting.

And when one chooses to see what has been given, the world transforms.

What once seemed to justify anger now becomes the opportunity to justify love.

The calls to war are heard as calls for peace**.**

**And every temptation is understood as just another opportunity for joy.**

The fire crackled. A cool wind stirred the ashes at the edge of the flames.

How can misinterpretation be a sin? Gissella asked, her voice quiet but unwavering**.**

**Let the errors of others**

**be nothing more**

**than opportunities**

**to witness the working**

**of the Helper given to you.**

The choice is always yours: what do you want?

**What do you choose to justify?**

These questions are the same—and your answer will determine what world you see.

Peace and forgiveness are the only real choices.

And if you choose them,

**the world will offer you**

**countless opportunities**

**to extend them.**

I exhaled slowly, letting her words sink in.

Sin is the belief that perception cannot change, she continued.

It is the fixed idea that what is condemned must remain condemned.

But if something is forgiven,

then sin must have been an illusion.

And if sin is an illusion, then all things can change.

## The Voice for Being sees only the opportunity for change.

Sin cannot exist in Its vision—

for sin has already been corrected.

If something has been undone,

then it was never real to begin with.

She looked up at me, her expression soft but serious.

Creation could never sin, she said.

But it can wish for what might hurt it.

And it has the power to believe that hurt is possible.

**What could this be but a misperception of itself?**

I frowned slightly, feeling something ancient stir inside me—something from the beginning of time.

Do you want to see Creation as saved or as damned? Gissella asked.

**Remember: what you decide about others,**

**you decide about yourself.**

Your choice in this moment determines your future.

What will you justify?

Your choice now sets the purpose of the world you see.

Her words lingered in the cool night air.

**What arrogance, she continued,**

**to think that your errors cannot be undone by Heaven's justice.**

Would this not mean they are sins—

not mistakes—

forever uncorrectable,

worthy of punishment instead of love?

**Are you willing to be released from all the effects of sin?**

You cannot answer this until you truly understand what it means.

To say yes

means to let go of all worldly values

in favour of Heaven's peace.

It means holding no doubt that this is possible.

It means truth has become more valuable to you than illusion.

It means recognizing that you do not know what truth is—

and that it must be revealed to you.

I breathed in slowly, feeling her words settle deep into my being.

**Being is fair, Gissella continued.**

**It does not fight against Its Creation's reluctance to accept salvation.**

But justice will not be satisfied until salvation is received by all.

The Voice for Being solves every problem with an answer in which no one loses.

**It does not recognize unfairness as a resolution.**

Every error is simply a perception in which someone is seen unfairly.

And when anyone is seen as losing,

**condemnation has replaced justice.**

She paused, letting the thought take root.

**No one deserves to lose,** she said.

And what is unjust cannot occur.

Healing must be for everyone—because no one deserves to suffer.

There can be no order of difficulty in miracles, for that would mean some are more deserving than others.

But that is not justice—it is vengeance disguised as fairness.

**A miracle is true justice.**

It is not a special gift to be withheld from some and given to others.

Who is separate from salvation, if salvation is the end of specialness**?**

**Where is justice if some errors are unforgivable?**

Gissella looked at me, her gaze searching.

**No one can be unjust to you unless you have first been unjust,** she said.

If you do not see that others have equal rights to miracles,

you will not claim your own right to them.

Seek to deny, and you will be denied.

Seek to deprive, and you will be deprived.

**Miracles can only be received through forgiveness.**

The unforgiven cannot bestow mercy—

for they have not yet accepted it for themselves.

That is why your only responsibility is to take forgiveness for yourself.

The miracle you receive is the miracle you give.

The wind stirred again, and the firelight danced in Gissella's eyes.

**Complexity is not of Being,** she said.

How could it be,

**when all It knows is One?**

It knows only one reality,

one truth,

**one Creation.**

**There is no conflict in Oneness.**

How, then, could complexity exist?

What is there to decide between?

**Conflict makes choice seem necessary, but truth is simple.**

It is One.

It has no opposite.

In its presence,

complexity fades—

and only peace remains.

She let her words linger, and I let them root in the soil of my being.

I sat there, absorbing everything she had said.
The wind had stilled, and the night had grown silent.

But it wasn't just quiet—there was something in this stillness.
Something vast.
Something endless.
It stretched beyond thought, beyond form, like a presence felt in the marrow of the world.

I looked at Gissella, and for the first time, I truly saw her.

I nodded, a small smile playing at my lips.
**I understand,** I said.
**And I did.**

My mind drifted to the conversation we once had with Ino, and the truths he shared began to settle—not as concepts, but as *knowing*.

Something inside me was no longer seeking.
It was remembering.
This is how it crystallizes:

## The Journey of Understanding

**Everyone teaches—whether they're aware of it or not.**
The moment you accept any premise; you begin to live by it and to share it.
**But ask yourself:**

***Do you understand what it is that you teach?***

I am beginning to see now:
The core of all learning is not just knowledge, but ***experience*.**
And the great mistake we've made is to assume that suffering and sacrifice are necessary for enlightenment.

Take the crucifixion—

not as punishment, but as a teaching tool.
It was the last useless journey.
**It demonstrated that fear can be overcome.**

For years, I reacted as if I were being crucified—yet I refused to see that I was the one who placed myself on the cross.

**Projection leads to anger.**
**Anger to attack.**
**Attack to fear.**

And so, the cycle repeats.

**But the only way to break it is to accept responsibility for what I believe.**
If I see myself as persecuted,

I teach persecution.
But if I see myself as whole,

I teach wholeness.

The resurrection,

then,

is the awakening to this truth.
Vision allows rebirth—

not as something new,

but as the realization of what has *always* been within me.

I was never separate.
Only fear kept me from seeing it.

## The Path of Responsibility

Then my beliefs shape my reality?

Yes.
What I *desire*,

I come to *believe*.
And what I believe,

I will *experience*.

If I desire fear, I will see a world filled with threats.
**If I desire peace, I will see only love.**

The ego distorts, but the Voice for Being corrects.

So, what does the Voice for Being teach?

- **To have, give all to all.**
- **To have peace, teach peace to learn it.**
- **Be vigilant only for Being and Its Extension.**

Creation extends itself through me, just as Being extended Itself *as* me.
That is why true creation flows from love.
**Love cannot be contained—it must be shared.**

## The Illusion of the Body

**But what of the body?**
It seems to be the source of so much suffering.

**The body is neutral.**
**It is a learning device, nothing more.**

The ego uses it to attack.
The Voice for Being uses it to extend love.

When I believe the body *is* my reality, I accept the idea of attack.
But health is merely the recognition that I cannot be harmed.

**The body itself does not determine health—only the mind does.**

So, sickness is a choice?

Sickness is the symptom of believing in attack.
The ego,

fearful of losing control,

uses the body to confirm its own reality.

But the Voice for Being sees the body as *nothing*.
And so, it cannot harm.
**Accept this—and suffering dissolves.**

## The Journey to Awakening

**If all suffering is illusion, why does it seem so real?**

Because I defend it.
Because I believe pain *proves* something—

perhaps that I am alive,

that I am justified in my anger,

or that I am separate, special.

But I am none of these things.

Then how do I stop defending suffering?

By practicing ***non-resistance*.**

When I feel attack, I observe it—but I do not feed it.
I withdraw my energy from it.

This is the path to peace.

The guilt that follows begins to dissolve as I remember:
**I am innocent.**

Focus on Oneness, and the light in me will grow.

## The Power of the Present Moment

**What about time? How does it relate to this journey?**

The present is the only reality.
The past is gone.
The future has not yet arrived.

The ego thrives on past guilt and future anxiety.
But the complete instant—

the moment of awakening—

exists only *now*.

Accepting it is as simple as realizing I need do nothing.

**Nothing? But surely, I must work toward awakening?**

No.
Towards remembering.

It is only your belief in separation that blinds you.

The complete instant is not achieved by effort,

but by surrender.
Stop interfering with truth—

and it will reveal itself.

## The Illusion of Specialness

**And relationships?**

**Are they not special?**

Specialness is an ego invention, Gissella said.

It is a way to make separation real.

True love sees no difference between one person and another.

In perfect love,

there are no special relationships—

only unity.

Forgiveness is the means by which illusions dissolve

**and Oneness is remembered.**

So, the world itself... is an illusion?

Yes, she said, but it is an illusion that can be used for awakening.

The Voice for Being reinterprets the world to guide you home.

**Every attack is a call for love.**

Respond with love,

and you will see beyond illusion.

What happens when I fully accept this? I asked.

*You will recognize Yourself as light, she said.*

*Fear will dissolve.*

*You will see the face of Being in all things.*

***And you will know, at last... that you are home.***

The fire crackled softly, casting a quiet glow around us.
And for the first time, I felt no resistance.
No fear.
Only peace.

I had spent so long searching for something outside myself—
only to realize that the answer had always been *within*.

I closed my eyes and whispered,
**I need do nothing.**

And in that moment,
I understood.

The voice of the night faded into white noise—
a gentle hum, like the breath of Being itself.

And I fell asleep.

# Chapter 6

## SALVATION – The Borderland

### The Borderland of Thought

We should reach Hogsback today, Gissella murmured as I opened my eyes.

The dim light of dawn revealed her already preparing for the final stretch of our journey, boiling water over a small flame. I watched the steam curl upward into the cool morning air, rising and dissolving like unspoken thoughts.

**This journey—what had it become?**

**A path to somewhere?**

**Or a quiet return to where I'd always been?**

Hogsback… and then? Back to the life I'd left behind, a life that now echoed like a voice from another time.

By the time we set out, the sun was well above the horizon. By midday, the heat pressed down upon us—relentless beneath a sky stripped of clouds. We sought refuge in the cool hush of a ravine, where branches wove fleeting shadows across the ground.

It was there, in that patchwork of light and shade, that Gissella began to speak again. Her voice carried the **hush of hidden things**, truths that moved like wind through the leaves.

There is a borderland of thought, she said,

a threshold between this world and Heaven.

Not a place—but a meeting of all places.

Outside of time,

and yet somehow within it.

**Like the moment just before a wave breaks.**

Her words settled over me like slow-burning embers.

***A borderland of thought, she called it—***

***where illusion bows to truth…***

It is here that thoughts gather. Illusions surrender.

Contradictions fall into stillness—

and in that stillness,

**only what is real remains.**

The journey doesn't move forward or back.

It moves inward—

to a final choice between what was never true,

and what has always been.

She paused, her gaze lifting to the shifting canopy above us.

**Salvation waits at the border,** she continued,

not as an end—but as **an unlearning.**

Heaven was never lost, and so it cannot be found.

But the mind must still come to **recognize the difference between shadow and light,**

between fear and love.

The choice is not between two realities—

but between illusion and truth.

A breeze stirred the trees, scattering her words deeper into me.

Think, she said, turning to face me fully.

**If you are complete, then so is everyone you meet.**

If they carry the voice of Being within them—

so do you.

But so long as you **condemn,**

so long as you see another as **unworthy,**

**you will not remember that the same Being dwells in you.**

She held my gaze with quiet intensity.

**To look upon another with love is to see yourself with truth.**

**And to hold onto hate is to clutch the very thing that keeps you blind.**

I looked down at my hands, tracing the dust that clung to them. What was I still holding onto?

**To see with love is to undo the past,** Gissella said.

To let the shadow between you and the world fall away.

And when it does—

what remains is completion**.**

## So complete,

## that even Heaven bends down to meet it,

## recognizing itself in you.

As the shadows danced around us in the ravine, her words began to peel back the layers of my thoughts…

A silence opened between us—deep and vast and full of meaning. I felt something awaken inside me. Not a thought. Not a word. **Something… like love becoming real.**

**Where once there was a cross,**

**now there stands a risen Vision**, she whispered.

Where once there were wounds,

now there is healing.

**The ancient enmity has been undone.**

And in its place—

only what has always been remains:

**Being, waiting to be recognized… waiting to be chosen.**

Her words dissolved into the rustling of leaves, the murmur of wind through the trees.

The journey was never to Hogsback.
Not to anywhere at all.

**It was a journey—**
**to understanding.**

## The Power of Being

Gissella watched me stir, the stillness of eternity settling between us like an unspoken truth. Her eyes—always carrying the weight of unseen understanding—studied me as I rose.

**You cannot be unfairly treated,** she said,

as though answering a thought I had not yet spoken.

I frowned. The certainty in her words unsettled me.

The belief that you are, she continued, is only the idea that you've been deprived by someone other than yourself. But the cause of sacrifice is always within—projected outward, where you refuse to see it.

The world had felt unfair to me countless times. Hadn't injustice shaped the very path that brought me here? I wanted to protest, to speak the names of those who had wronged me, to recall the betrayals, the wounds. But Gissella's gaze held mine—steady, unmoving, as enduring as the mountains around us.

**You have no enemy but yourself, she said.**

And because you do not recognize others as yourself,

you make them into enemies as well.

A breeze stirred the trees, scattering golden light across the forest floor.

What could be more unjust, she asked,

than to deny others what they truly are?

To demand that they sacrifice the love that created them—

simply because you cannot yet see it in yourself?

Her words fell like stones into still water, rippling through the mirror of everything I thought I knew.

Beware the temptation to see yourself as unfairly treated, she warned.

For in doing so, you seek innocence at the cost of another's guilt.

You set the world against you,

believing someone must suffer for you to be redeemed.

And in that game, justice is always lost.

I swallowed. My throat felt dry.

**The world is fair, she said simply.**

Because the Presence of Being has undone all injustice.

If you see injustice anywhere, remember this:

***By this, I deny the Presence of my Creator and of Creation itself.***

And where Presence shines, no shadow can remain.

She rose then, stretching her arms toward the vast blue sky, her movement light and unburdened.

Power does not oppose, she said.

It does not weaken itself by fighting.

Weakness is the contradiction of power—

and power cannot contradict itself. To be what it is,

**it must be whole, unchallenged, without opposition.**

I had never seen power in this way. **Until now**, it had always been force—a thing that struggled, that proved itself by resistance. But Gissella offered a new vision: **power that simply *is*.**

**You have made others into symbols,** she said,

but symbols of contradiction.

You see them as

both love and hate,

both strength and weakness,

both life and death.

**And so, they mean nothing to you**.

They become images that erase themselves even as you paint them.

Her voice softened.

**Let that emptiness be seen for what it is—vacant, unfilled.**

And in the silence where judgment once stood, let truth enter.

No preparation is needed.

No defence is required.

What was left empty, **Being will fill.**

And where Being is, truth must abide.

The weight of her words settled deep within me.

Nothing points beyond truth, she said.

Nothing stands outside what is already whole.

**Forgiveness may be the bridge that leads you there—**

but truth itself has no need for bridges.

A slow smile spread across her face, as if in recognition of something beyond what words could reach.

**You do not yet know the power of peace that opposes nothing,** she said.

Yet no other kind of peace can be real.

Welcome it now—

beyond symbols,

beyond limits.

It does not struggle to be, because it simply *is*.

And for the first time, I felt the space within me—cleared, waiting.
Not to be filled with something new—
**But to remember what had always been.**

## The Dream of Suffering

Suffering,

Gissella said, her voice steady in the hush of the afternoon,

is nothing more than your emphasis on what the world has done to you.

I looked at her, uncertain whether to resist or listen.

It is the world's demented version of salvation, she went on.

A dream of punishment.

A dream in which the dreamer remains unaware

that he has called it upon himself.

He sees himself as attacked—

unjustly—

by something outside himself.

**He claims innocence,**

**for he did not choose the suffering.**

**He only bears it.**

Her eyes held mine.

But is it not his own attack upon himself?

He cannot escape it—

because he has placed the cause outside himself,

beyond reach.

And so,

he suffers,

believing that escape is impossible.

The idea of attack, a through never seen through this lens before, It is making sense to a mind gathering itself….

You *can* escape, she said.

But only if you are willing to see the problem as it is—

**not as you have arranged it.**

You have buried its root cause

beneath layers of complication,

illusions built to keep the truth hidden.

A soft wind moved through the trees, shifting the light across our resting place.

The world was built on a simple premise, Gissella said.

**'*You* are the cause of what *I* do. Your existence justifies my wrath.**

**While you attack, I must be innocent. And what I suffer is your fault.'**

She shook her head, a wry smile touching her lips.

But when you see this reasoning for what it is,

it cannot hold.

It collapses.

Still,

it seems logical—

because it appears that the world *is* hurting you.

You do not look past the obvious.

**You believe you had no part in your own pain.**

A silence unfolded between us—

rich,

full,

and waiting.

## The Dreamer of the Dream

**But there is a need to look beyond**, Gissella continued.

The world's escape from condemnation

is a need shared by all who dwell here,

though few recognize it.

Each one believes that if he plays his part well enough,

the world's judgment will pass him by.

She paused, her eyes unwavering.

That is the great misunderstanding.

**Vengeance must have a focus.**

If it finds none, the avenger's blade turns inward.

And so,

it must be seen in another's hand instead—

**making the self a victim**

of an attack

it never chose.

Gissella leaned forward slightly, her voice calm and clear.

**The part you play in freeing the world from condemnation,** she said,

**is your own escape.**

I let out a breath I hadn't realized I was holding.

What you see as evil in the world is only what you first believed about yourself.

The separation you imagined between yourself and others—

that was the first attack.

The world merely reflects that single error.

She gestured toward the horizon stretching out before us.

There is no need to search for other causes.

No point in asking the world to undo what was never real.

**You will not find truth in what was made to conceal it.**

Her words unravelled within me like a long-held thread finally coming loose, pulling gently at the beliefs I had clung to.

Of all the many reasons you believed suffering came to you, she said,

you never considered guilt as one of them.

**You did not see yourself as the cause.**

And that is how illusions are born.

**The one who creates them does not see his own hand in their making.**

**And so,**

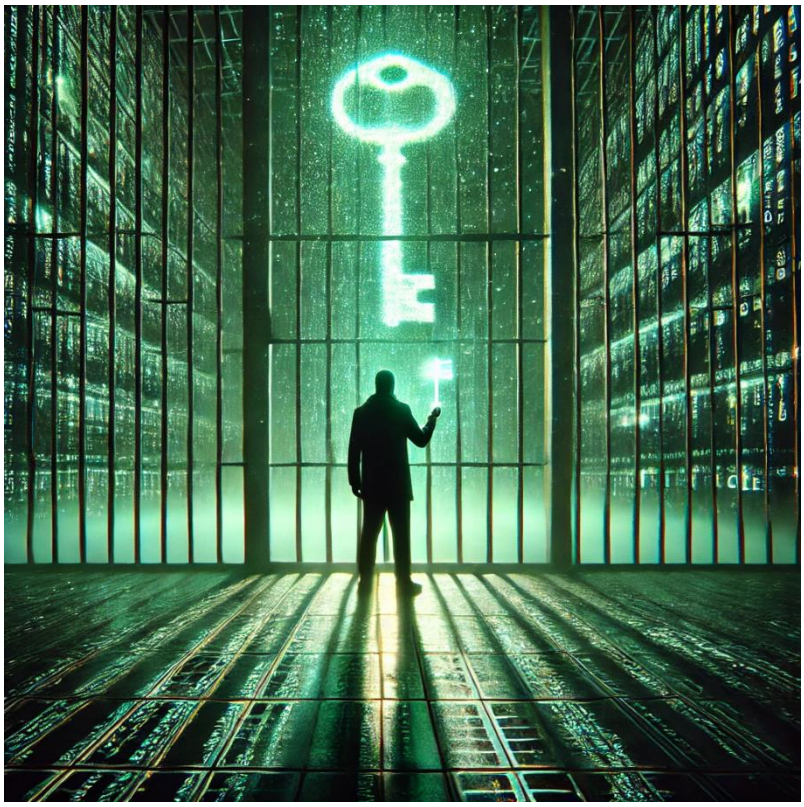
**the dream seems real—**

because the dreamer has forgotten he is the author.

She smiled then, shaking her head slightly, as if amused by some long-forgotten joke.

It's all a system, she said.

**A self-perpetuating cycle that turns your unawareness against you.**



You hold the key to the jail door in your own hands—

**and yet you do not see it.**

You could walk free at any moment… **if only you recognized it.**

She tilted her face to the sky, her voice light with wonder.

**Imagine how different the world would be if, in a single instant, everyone forgave everyone else—and themselves.**

Her laughter rang out, soft and free.

**That is precisely what will happen at the final judgment, she said.**

The idea lingered in the air between us—vast, ungraspable, yet somehow familiar.

This is the only vision you are meant to see, Gissella continued.

The only true alternative to the dream you made.

And you must choose between them.

**Will you accept that suffering's cause lies in your own mind—**

or will you deny it,

**insisting the world is to blame?**

She leaned back against the tree trunk, stretching out her legs.

**The choice is yours,** she said simply.

Between sleeping death or awakening life.

Between fear and joy.

Between illusion and truth.

Between war and peace.

My chest tightened, as if something long buried had begun to surface.

**There is a risk, she added gently,**

**of mistaking death for peace.**

The world has taught you that the body is your Self—

and so,

it teaches

that peace

can be found

only in death.

But something cannot be its opposite.

**Life and peace are one.**

**And death stands against both.**

I looked down at my hands, tracing idle patterns in the soil.

You are the dreamer of the world of dreams, she said.

It has no other cause.

It will never have another cause.

I looked up at her.

Nothing more fearful than an idle dream has ever terrified Creation, she said.

A dream so real it made you believe you had lost your innocence…

denied your Creator…

**and waged war against yourself.**

A gust of wind stirred through the trees, rustling the leaves above.

But even this, Gissella said softly,

**even this, the Creator has answered.**

Her eyes were steady, her voice like a quiet bell in the stillness.

You must awaken gently, or the dream will seem too terrifying to leave.

## A gentler dream must come first—

one in which suffering has been undone,

where those you once feared are seen as friends, where all things are forgiven.

Her voice lowered, as if she were **offering the simplest and greatest of truths.**

**Accept the dream that Being has given, instead of your own.**

A peace began to settle over me—broad and deep, stretching beyond thought. And in its quiet embrace, one certainty rose: **I must accept the dream offered in love…** instead of the one I made in fear.

It is not difficult to change a dream,

Gissella said.

**Not once the dreamer has been recognized.**

Her words sank deep into me, anchoring in a part long silent.

**Rest in the Voice for Being,**

she said.

Let It bring you dreams of kindness—where no one must suffer for another to be free.

Let the dream of guilt dissolve… even as your eyes remain closed.

She smiled—gently, softly.

## Dream Softly

Dream softly, Gissella said.

**Dream of those who stand in innocence with you.**

**Dream of kindness instead of mistakes.**

**Dream of the gifts they have given, rather than the wounds.**

**And do not cast aside their offerings simply because they are not perfect in your dream.**

The light shifted, golden and warm, as the truth in her words caressed the edges of my awareness.

For they, like you, represent the Creator, she said.

**And Being gives only life.**

The silence between us deepened—not empty, but full, like a field after rain. And as the wind whispered gently through the trees, I let the old dream slip quietly away.

## The Dream and the Dreamer

The world dreams in countless forms—

yet every dream is the same.

The body, eager to prove its autonomy, gathers objects it calls valuable—metal discs, paper strips, hollow symbols it toils for—only to cast them aside in pursuit of other illusions just as empty.

Every story it tells moves along a single path:

from birth to death,

the body's serial adventures

rearrange themselves in shifting patterns.

Faces change,

settings shift,

the drama renews itself—

but the lesson never alters.

The body is the cause.

And you,

who watch and believe in its tale,

are merely the effect.

**And so, the dream repeats, endlessly.**

**You are not the dreamer,** Gissella said as we walked, gravel crunching softly beneath our feet.

**You are the dream when you still prefer sleeping.**

The weight of her words settled over me like dusk.

You wander through the scenes it constructs, she continued.

You react to its figures,

believe in its conflicts,

become part of its struggles.

But who responds to dream-figures

unless he first believes they are real?

The sun dipped lower, casting long shadows across the winding road ahead.

**The moment you see the dream for what it is,** she said,

**its effects on you will end.**

Not because the figures will change—

but because you will recognize that *you* gave them their meaning.

And what you have given… you can take back,

and transform into truth.

I exhaled, slowly. I wasn't sure if I found her words comforting—or terrifying.

If you would be free, she said,

then no dream can appear to cause what you do.

Let us look, then,

not at the dream itself,

but at its beginning—

for what you see now is only the second part.

**A story with no remembered cause.**

She spoke slowly, deliberately, accentuating every word.

No one in this world remembers his attack upon himself, she said.

**No one believes there was ever a time when he was not a body,**

when he did not see this world as real.

**And yet—there *was* such a time.**

A time when the idea of being separate, of being *this*—

would have been too ridiculous to do anything but laugh away.

**But we forgot to laugh, I said quietly, more to myself than to her.**

Gissella smiled.

Yes. And so, what was meant to be dismissed became something to fear.

I let her words settle into me as we continued walking.

The world you see,

she said,

is only a mirror of what you thought

you did.

But now,

you believe it is being done *to* you.

The guilt you placed in yourself has been cast out—

projected onto a world

that seems to punish you.

**You have hidden the cause**

**and chosen instead to blame**

**the effect.**

Ahead, the outline of Hogsback began to rise from the horizon, faint and dreamlike.

The world only reflects an ancient truth,

she said.

You will believe others do to you

exactly what you think you did to them.

But by blaming them,

you cannot see the cause—

because you want the guilt

to rest with them instead.

**I frowned,**

**my steps slowing.**

**So,**

**the whole world is built**

**on the idea of keeping guilt outside,**

**ourselves?**

Gissella nodded.

Yes. It's a game, an idea construction.

A child's invention to keep innocence…

**while never letting go of guilt.**

She stopped and turned toward me.

But the Voice for Being does not see effects, she said.

**It sees only the cause.**

And so,

it does not fear

what you fear,

nor accept

what you believe must be true.

It bids you bring every terrible effect to It—

not to be judged—

**but to *see***

**it's foolish cause…**

and laugh with It for a while.

Her eyes softened.

## The Secret of Salvation

You judge effects, Gissella said.

But the Voice has judged their cause.

And by that judgment,

the effects disappear.

We stood in silence. The village lay ahead, nestled in the curve of the valley.

Would you react to figures in a dream, she asked,

if you knew you were dreaming?

The question hovered in the warm afternoon air.

**Let them be as hateful and as vicious as they may,** she said.

If you recognized it was all a dream—

**how could they affect you?**

The simple truth of her words pressed against something deep within me.

This is the secret of salvation, she said at last.

**You are doing this to yourself.**

I closed my eyes, feeling the weight of that truth settle into my chest.

Whatever form suffering takes, she continued,

this remains true.

And the Voice for Being will repeat this single lesson—

**until it is learned.**

The wind stirred again, carrying the scent of burning wood from somewhere in the village below.

You will come to understand, she said, that miracles reflect only this:

***I have done this, and it is this I would undo.***

I nodded slowly, my voice barely above a whisper. Then I must bring every form of suffering to the Voice… knowing that each one is the same.

Gissella smiled. And the world will be freed with you.

We resumed walking. The village of Hogsback unfolded before us, bathed in the golden hush of early evening. As the sun kissed the mountaintops behind us, I spotted a sign for accommodation.

Shall we book in? I asked.

She nodded. Soon, we found ourselves in a warm, inviting two-bedroom chalet tucked among trees, its wooden frame glowing softly in the waning light.

While Gissella went to gather provisions, I sat outside by the firepit, watching the flames dance with the wind. When she returned, she placed the food beside me and sat down, her presence as steady as the night.

No mind is sick, she said, until another mind agrees they are separate.

I turned toward her, waiting.

Sickness is a choice made together, she explained.

**It is an agreement to see the body as real,**

to see division where there is only unity.

But if you refuse that agreement—

if you recognize your part in making sickness real—

then the other mind can no longer project its guilt upon you.

She gestured toward the fire.

**Healing comes when minds join,**

**just as sickness comes when they separate.**

Let the world be gently lit by miracles.

Let the little gap that once seemed to divide you from others…

disappear. Let it be replaced with unity,

and sickness will have no cause.

I watched the flickering firelight reflect in her eyes, the meaning behind her words slowly beginning to unfurl in my mind.

**The dream of healing lies in forgiveness,** Gissella continued.

It shows you that you have never sinned.

It leaves no trace of guilt,

**for it erases what was never real.**

And in this,

the world is undone—

**not by force,**

not by struggle,

**but by simple recognition.**

I picked up a small twig and tossed it into the fire, watching it catches and curl into smoke.

Accepting the correction means only this, she said softly.

Do not support the dream of sickness.

Do not join in the wish for separation.

Do not let illusions be turned upon you—

or upon anyone else.

I nodded, the truth finding its place within me.

Then you will find certainty, she said.

You will no longer join in dreams of fear,

knowing they can never harm you.

**You will see others as they truly are—**

**minds still wandering in illusion,**

yes,

but minds that remain forever joined with yours.

Her gaze met mine.

## The Wholeness of the Dream

You cannot call to others across the gap between you, Gissella said.

For the gap does not exist.

The evening stretched before us, silent and still.

**When the truth wakes**

**within you will understand that**

**You are not the dream, she continued. You are the dreamer.**

And for the first time, I began to believe her.

**To the ego, I am the dream.**
**But to the Self—I am the dreamer.**

We sat by the fire, its warmth dancing in golden ribbons across Gissella's face.

The Voice for Being does not fix what is broken, she said. It reveals that nothing was ever broken to begin with.

I turned toward her, watching the firelight cast flickering shadows around us.

It takes the shattered image of Creation—

fractured by those who believe themselves separate—

and restores it to wholeness.

But it does not impose wholeness.

Instead,

it holds out the complete picture

to every fragmented part,

**offering each its true identity:**

one with the whole,

never apart from it.

She picked up a twig, twirling it absently between her fingers before casting it into the fire.

When the separated part sees this picture, she said,

**it recognizes itself.**

That is the miracle—

not a change in form,

**but the quiet knowing that separation was never real.**

The fire crackled softly, sending sparks upward like tiny fireflies dissolving into the dark.

If you do not join another in their dream of fear,

**then this is the vision the miracle will place in the gap—**

where sickness and sin once seemed to be.

And in that space,

cleared of illusion,

the Creator welcomes Creation…

**for Creation has remembered itself.**

Gissella leaned back, stretching her legs toward the fire.

The forms the shattered pieces take mean nothing, she said.

**For the whole exists in every part.**

Each piece of Creation is the same as every other.

**Join not in dreams—but in mind.**

For where minds join in truth, there the Creator is.

She smiled, a knowing glint in her eyes.

Isn't this exactly what one would expect reality to be—

if the scientists are right?

**If everything is a holographic projection?**

I nodded slowly. **Each little part contains the whole,** I murmured.

**A fractal universe,**

as science now proclaims.

**How,**

**then,**

**Gissella asked gently,**

**could you *not* believe in oneness?**

A deep silence stretched between us—

rich,

unbroken,

alive.

Do you believe that truth can be just another illusion? she asked after a while.

Illusions are dreams because they are not true.

And because they are *equally* false… that is what makes the miracle possible.

I furrowed my brow, considering her words.

**The miracle**

**does not save some dreams**

**while rejecting others, she continued.**

It does not judge one illusion as more real than another.

The choice is not which dreams to keep—

it is whether to dream at all,

or to awaken.

Her voice carried both kindness and clarity.

Could it be, she asked,

that some dreams are worth holding onto,

while others must be let go?

That is not a real choice.

## You are either sleeping—or awake.

Dreaming belongs to only one of these states.

Her words struck something deep and unguarded in me.

**The dreams you think you love**, she said,

**hold you back just as much as those that bring you fear.**

Every dream is, in truth,

a dream of fear.

Its form does not matter.

**I shook my head, quietly. But some dreams… feel beautiful. Some bring happiness.**

She smiled.

Not because of the dream, she said.

But because of what the dream concealed.

**What if happiness had nothing to do with the dream at all?**

I fell silent, the fire murmuring between us, as something inside me shifted.

## The Roles we Give

You assign a role to every figure in your dream, Gissella said.

You decide what function they must serve,

what purpose they must fulfil,

what their success or failure will mean for you.

**And then…**

**you judge them**

**according to whether they fulfil**

**what *you* have decided.**

She tilted her head, watching me.

### But what if you were not the one assigning these roles?

I frowned. Then… no one could fail me.

Gissella nodded**.**

There would be no betrayal—

except of the expectations,

you placed upon them.

A breeze stirred the trees overhead, rustling the leaves like soft applause.

The Voice for Being does not give dreams of fear, she said.

The forms may not appear to change—

but their meaning is transformed.

**And *that* is the miracle.**

She gestured lightly to the world around us.

How willing are you to forgive? she asked.

How much do you truly desire peace?

The questions struck deep—pressing against something unspoken within me.

These questions are the same, she said.

**Forgiveness *is* your peace.**

Here is the end of separation,

the end of fear,

the end of pain.

**This is the only 'sacrifice' salvation asks:**

that you let go of what was never real,

in exchange for what is.

I stared into the fire, sensing the edges of an understanding I could not yet name.

Forgiveness does not change Creation, Gissella continued, her voice soft. Creation remains as it always was.

**But forgiveness undoes time—**

**because time had no function**

**except to hide the truth.**

I nodded slowly, my thoughts drifting toward something beyond words.

She stood and stretched lazily.

**Time does not keep forgiveness,** she said. **Forgiveness ends time.**

Her gaze turned toward the trees.

A smile curved her lips.

I followed her eyes—and from the shadows, a familiar form stepped into the firelight.

**Death.**

I leapt to my feet, joy swelling in my chest. Without hesitation, I ran to him, embracing him as he greeted me in his usual way—covering my face with warm, wet kisses.

I laughed, freely and fully, the sound spilling from within like light breaking through clouds.

Death turned toward Gissella, greeting her too.

I shook my head in wonder. You're full of surprises, Gissella.

She chuckled; her eyes bright with delight.

As Death curled up peacefully on the lawn, another figure stepped into the light.

**My Friend.**

My breath caught in my throat. I exhaled sharply.

We embraced—an embrace that filled every space around us with warmth. And as we sat down to dinner, laughter rose between us. Not the laughter of escape, but of remembrance.

**Joy. Real joy.**
Untouched by the weight of the world.

For a moment, I couldn't tell who was speaking.
Whose voice was whose.
The illusion of separation had never felt so thin.

**And in its place—only joy remained.**

## The End of Idols

Finally, My Friend said, his voice carrying the weight of something inevitable.

He turned to me, eyes steady, calm.

**What is an idol?** he asked. **Do you think you know?**

I frowned. The word felt distant, like something ancient—part of rituals I had never followed. But My Friend continued, as if he had heard my thought.

**Idols are not recognized as such, he said.**

That is the only power they have.

They remain unseen for what they are—

feared and worshipped in equal measure,

**precisely because their purpose is hidden.**

He gestured beyond the circle of firelight, toward the silent world.

An idol is an image of another, he said.

A projection that you value more than what they truly are.

It may take the form of a body,

an object,

a place,

a situation,

a title,

a right claimed—

or denied.

It does not matter.

He leaned in slightly, voice low, resonant.

Do not let the form deceive you, My Friend said.

Every idol is the same—a substitute for reality.

**Something you believe will complete your little self.**

Something that promises safety in a world that seems to threaten you.

**Something to fill the empty space where peace should be.**

The meaning unfolded slowly within me, as though my mind was carefully tracing its edges.

No one believes in idols, he continued, who has not enslaved themselves to the idea of lack.

**To believe in idols is to believe in loss.**

To believe that something outside yourself has the power to make you whole—

or to take that wholeness away.

The fire crackled softly between us, flames flickering like silent witnesses.

An idol is a wish, My Friend said.

**A thought made tangible and given form.**

And so, it appears to exist outside the mind—

separate,

apart from its maker.

But it is still only a thought.

**And it has never left the mind that made it.**

He paused, letting the truth settle between us.

All idols stand before Vision like a dark veil, he continued.

They exist to separate.

They exist to make you believe you are alone.

**But they have no power.**

Not a single blade of grass has ever been changed by an idol.

Gissella nodded in agreement.

**An idol is established by belief, she said.**

And when belief is withdrawn—

the idol disappears.

Death, who had been silent until now, spoke gently.

**This is the strange idea—**

**that there is a power beyond omnipotence,**

**a place beyond infinity,**

**a time beyond eternity.**

I let out a slow breath.

Each worshipper of idols,

My Friend said,

**believes his own idols**

**will give him more**

**than others possess.**

More of what? I asked.

It does not matter,

Gissella replied.

More beauty,

more wealth,

more intelligence,

more suffering,

more affliction.

**An idol is always about *more*.**

And when one idol fails, another takes its place—always promising the same thing: that **more will be enough.**

I closed my eyes, the truth cutting quietly through me**.**

But Being gave everything to all, Gissella said.

Nothing was withheld.

**How, then,**

**could you seek an idol to give you more?**

I shook my head slowly. I never understood idols to represent this. I always associated them with the worship of a physical object—something that represents a god.

My Friend smiled.

A dream of judgment

entered the mind of Creation,

he said.

And in that dream,

Heaven became hell…

and Being became the enemy

of Its own Creation.

He looked at me with kindness.

How then does Creation remember the error—and awaken?

I exhaled. By letting go of judgment.

He nodded.

***Judge not*,**

and you will recognize this world for what it is—

**a dream,**

sustained only by the belief in judgment.

Death's voice entered again, low and gentle.

**Nightmares are childish dreams, he said.**

Toys turned against the child who made them.

**But can a dream truly attack?**

Can a toy become something to fear?

I hesitated, but before I could respond, he continued.

**The child believes it can**, he said.

**Because he fears his own thoughts.**

And so,

he gives them to his toys instead.

**He makes his fears real by placing them outside himself.**

He tilted his head slightly, his tone thoughtful.

But the real world is unaffected, he said.

**The real world does not change—**

**just because the child doesn't understand it.**

Gissella picked up the thread, her voice carrying a quiet authority.

The real world is still a dream, she said.

But the figures within it have changed.

No one is used as an idol anymore.

No one is asked

to be more

or less than what they are.

The purpose of the dream has shifted—

from judgment… to joy.

The words fell over me like a blessing,

resonating deep within.

**Forgiving dreams have no need to last,** Gissella continued**.**

They do not exist to separate.

They do not exist

to prove that someone else is dreaming the dream.

And in these dreams,

a melody is heard—

one that has been forgotten for so long…

that when it returns,

it feels as though it never left.

**Something stirred within me, ancient and tender.**

A song? I asked.

Gissella smiled.

Not with your ears, she said.

But with the part of you that never left

the altar of Being.

The coals in the fire turned red and low, and as the flames softened, a glow seemed to rise—not only from the fire, but from us.

**A quiet radiance.**
**A presence without form.**
**A stillness that sang.**

## The Simplicity of Peace

Forgiving dreams remind you that you are safe, Gissella said.

They do not demand punishment.

They do not ask for judgment.

They do not teach that attack is salvation.

She looked at me, her expression softer now.

In these dreams,

she continued,

you remember

that you never attacked yourself.

The wind stirred through the trees,

rustling the leaves

and playing gently across our faces like whispers

of something ancient and kind.

The dreamer does not fear judgment, Gissella said.

Not because judgment has been removed,

but because he has seen it for what it is—

nothing.

A deep silence settled between us.

**A new beginning**, I said at last.

Gissella nodded. **Living in a lucid dream.**

I turned my gaze to the night sky, feeling the weight of everything—and nothing at all.

Gissella's voice carried a joy that was almost tangible, wrapping around us like the warmth of the firelight.

Decisions are continuous, she said. You don't always know when you're making them, but each one shapes the next. And with a little practice in recognizing them, a pattern begins to form—**a rhythm that carries you forward.**

I nodded, listening.

When you wake in the morning, she suggested, think of the peace you want. Remind yourself that today can be peaceful, that there is a way for it to be so. Then decide, with the Voice for Being, that you will make no decisions by yourself today. This doesn't mean you won't decide—it simply means **you won't decide *alone*.** You will not judge what is before you, nor set rules for how it must unfold.

Her words were simple, but they carried a kind of liberation.

The second challenge, she said,

**is that you still hold an idea of what peace *should* look like.**

And when the day contradicts that picture,

you feel fear instead of peace.

You feel attacked—and so, you respond with anger.

She smiled knowingly.

There are ways to prevent this.

It takes practice.

There will still be moments when you've already judged—

moments when peace feels distant.

In those moments,

you'll be tempted to attack.

But if you're aware,

you'll realize that what disturbs you isn't the event—

**it's your perception of it.**

She leaned in slightly.

Be sure of this:

when you're unwilling

to pause

and ask for peace,

**it's because you've already decided what peace *must* look like.**

And now, because it doesn't match your idea—

you can't see it at all.

I exhaled, the truth of it settling deep in my chest.

In those moments,

she said,

you need a simple restorative.

Something to break the illusion before you ask for peace again.

She held my gaze.

**Tell yourself: *I have no preconceived conditions.***

***I forgot what peace looks like.***

I added more wood to the fire, watching the sparks rise like tiny stars.

This cancels the terms

you've set for peace, Gissella said.

It allows peace to come as it truly is—

not as you imagined.

I let her words soak into me, loosening something rigid at the edges of my mind.

And if you find yourself so resistant

that you can't even let go of your conditions, she added, begin with this:

***At least I can decide I do not like how I feel now.***

***And so, I hope I have been wrong.***

***I want another way to see this.***

The shift felt small—yet I recognized its power.

This works against resistance, she said.

It removes the sense of coercion.

**You are not forced to be happy.**

**But you open to the possibility that peace exists.**

I nodded, something inside me starting to shift.

**Now**

Gissella said

you've remembered what you truly want.

You've set aside the goal of being 'right' at the cost of your happiness.

And in that moment—

you are ready to ask for peace.

**Not in fear,**

**but in willingness.**

I looked at the fire.

The world sells an illusion of peace, I said.

**And the one who experiences that illusion becomes its dictator—**

setting terms it cannot keep.

But that illusion is a cancer…

and in the end,

**it kills its host.**

Gissella nodded gently.

The final step is a simple acknowledgment of openness, she said.

A willingness to be helped.

A statement of an open mind—

not yet certain, but ready:

***Perhaps there is another way to look at this.***

***What can I lose by asking?***

The quiet that followed felt lighter. Freer.

You can truly ask for peace, she said.

And you will recognize it when it comes—

because it will make sense to you.

You will not fight against it.

Because you will know…

**it is *you***

**who are being**

**helped by it.**

Laughter bubbled between us—light, unburdened. The glow of joy surrounded us, and for a moment, it was impossible to tell who was speaking, because we were speaking as one.

Then My Friend spoke.

## A Happy Day

To summarize, he said,

you begin a happy day with a decision:

***I will not make decisions alone.***

This may seem like a decision in itself—but in truth,

you cannot make decisions alone.

The only real question is:

***Who are you making them with?***

He looked at me intently.

You will either make them with idols, he said,

or with Being.

**It's that simple.**

His words were quiet—but they landed like truth.

Your day is not random, he continued.

**It's shaped by the guidance you seek.**

By the friend whose counsel you choose.

You always ask for advice—

whether you realize it or not—

before every decision you make.

A deep stillness unfolded within me.

**And you and your guide must agree**

on what you want before it can come to you,

he said.

**This is an immutable law.**

Nothing can happen

without some form of union—

**whether with judgment**

**or with the Voice for Being.**

Gissella nodded.

It takes only two who desire happiness

to promise it to all the world,

she said.

**Just two**

who understand they cannot decide alone

to guarantee that the joy they seek will be shared.

Death added his voice, warm and calm.

For in that moment,

they have understood

the law that makes

all decisions powerful.

***It takes but two.***

I felt something shift within me. As though a great weight had lifted—without struggle.

**These two,**

Gissella continued,

are joined before any decision can be made.

**Let this be the one reminder you keep in your heart—**

**and you will have the day you want.**

Not only for yourself,

but for the world.

My Friend leaned back, exhaling contentedly.

For your judgment has been lifted from the world, he said,

by your decision for a happy day.

## And as you receive… so must you give.

The fire crackled—the sound full and round and rising, as if the world had entered into a complete and perfect moment.

**Idols**

my Friend said

are specific.

**They demand forms,**

limits,

conditions.

**But your will is universal and limitless.**

And so,

it has no form.

**It cannot be satisfied by a form.**

I watched the flames dance, their warmth wrapping gently around me.

Idols are limits, he continued.

They are the belief that something outside you will bring happiness—

that having something *specific* will be enough.

But this will always fail to satisfy.

Because your will is not small.

It is *limitless*.

And it knows this.

Something loosened inside me—something I hadn't even known was clenched.

Decide for idols

my Friend said

and you will ask for loss.

**Decide for truth—and everything is yours.**

He gestured toward the vast night sky above.

Completion is the function of Creation

he said.

No idol can give Creation what it already has.

Beyond all idols stands your complete will to be what you are.

***More than the whole*… is meaningless.**

I let his words settle like mist across my soul.

There is nothing new under the sun

my Friend said.

## What was, will be. What will be, was.

I looked at him—and for a moment, I felt something I could not name.

Beyond all idols, Gissella added softly,

is the Thought that Being holds of you.

Unchanged.

Untouched by the turmoil of the world.

**Undisturbed by dreams of birth and death.**

A deeper stillness settled between us, the silence full and sacred.

The real world

my Friend said

**is a state of mind in which the only purpose**

**of the world is seen as forgiveness.**

And in that…

all fear dissolves.

The firelight flickered, illuminating our faces in golden glow.

The world becomes a place of hope, Gissella said,

when its only purpose is to be a place where hope is fulfilled.

I exhaled, lightness expanding through my chest—

as if the final remnants

of existential burden dissolved into life eternal.

But not yet is Heaven remembered, Gissella said, her smile radiant with joy.

But the *certainty* of it has returned.

And in that certainty…

peace is near.

She looked at me, shining.

**The final step, she said,**

**is Being's.**

For only Being could create a perfect Creation—and share Its Creatorship.

A silence stretched between us—

not empty

but full of truth.

Unadulterated

Still.

**Eternal.**

I closed my eyes.
And for the first time, I understood.

**A new beginning.**
**Living in a lucid dream.**

## The Undoing of the False Self

Gissella's voice carried the weight of something certain—something that had always been true, but had long been forgotten.

**All sacrifice**

she said

is the loss of your ability

to see the relationship between events.

When you look at things separately,

they lose their meaning.

There is no light by which they can be understood.

The fire crackled, as if it were applauding her words. I felt them settle into me like the memory of something long buried.

Your dark dreams**,**

she continued,

**are nothing more than senseless scripts you write in sleep.**

They play out over and over—

until you recognize the truth:

## ***you*** **are the programmer of the script.**

She turned to me, her expression both gentle and unwavering.

**Look not to separate dreams for meaning,**

she said.

Only dreams of pardon can be shared—

because they mean the same to everyone.

It is only your *interpretation* that is unstable—

for it is not aligned with what you truly are.

Again, silence fell between us—

deep and full.

We have but one Interpreter, Gissella said.

And through Its use of symbols,

we are joined—

so that meaning

is the same for all.

Our common language lets us speak to each other again.

## **And in forgiveness, communication is restored.**

I inhaled deeply and exhaled slowly. Something in me let go.

How simple is salvation? she asked. It says only this:

***What was never true is not true now, and will never be.***

Her words seemed to echo from somewhere inside me.

The impossible has not occurred, she said.

And it has no effects.

That is all.

It is not confusing—

yet you are confused.

Because somehow,

**you believe that what is completely senseless…**

**is easier to understand than what is simple.**

Death shifted in his seat and spoke.

You have taught yourself to believe in complexity, he said.

You have accomplished something impossible—

**because you *wanted* to.**

And because you wanted it,

you never paused to ask whether it was too difficult.

The conversation moved like light between us, and Gissella took up the thread.

The world began with one strange lesson, she said. A lesson believed powerful enough to render Being forgotten. A lesson that cast Its Creation into exile.

She leaned forward.

**You have taught yourself that Creation is guilty,** she said. **But do not say you cannot learn the simple truth that salvation offers.**

Her words felt like both invitation and challenge.

**Learning**

Gissella said

is an ability you gave yourself.

It was not made to do the Will of Being.

It was made to uphold the belief that Being's Will could be opposed.

Her tone was calm but unshakable.

**And now**

she continued

your ancient over-learning stands before you—

blocking truth

convincing you that the lessons of peace are too hard to learn,

too difficult to see

too opposed to what you already 'know.'

We sat in silence again, but it was a silence with depth—a silence thick with meaning.

**But you *will* learn them,** Gissella said at last.

**Because learning them is the only true purpose your learning ever had.**

She gestured toward the sky, now blanketed in starlight.

**Being willed not that Its Creation forget It**

she said

## And the power of Its Will is in the Voice that speaks for It.

She looked back at me, her gaze unwavering.

There are only two lessons

she said

Each one creates a different world.

The lesson that teaches Creation is guilty creates *this* world—

a world of terror and despair,

where happiness is impossible.

No plan for safety here will ever succeed.

She paused for a moment, letting the truth settle.

But despite how thoroughly you've learned that false lesson, she said,

the lessons that reflect the Love of Being…

**are stronger still.**

Her voice softened, like the hush before dawn.

And you will learn, Gissella said,

**that Creation is innocent.**

**And you will see another world.**

I swallowed hard.

**In this other world**

she continued

there is no fear. Everything is lit with hope.

## All things sparkle with gentle kindness.

The fire flickered softly, casting golden light across her face as her voice grew reverent.

The soft,

eternal calling of every part of Being's Creation

to the Whole is heard throughout this world, she said.

**No living thing is excluded from the universal Will to be whole.**

I exhaled, and something within me began to vibrate at a higher frequency, as though I were being remembered.

**Vision in you remembers Being,**

Gissella said. But only if Creation is innocent can It be love.

For how fearful Being must, be if Its innocent Creation could be made guilty?

A deep peace settled between us.

**Let us be still an instant**

she said

and forget all the things we ever learned.

Forget every thought we have ever held.

Forget every judgment.

Let us remember nothing of what we thought the world was for.

As she spoke, my mind quieted. It felt as if something sacred had opened and was spilling into the space between us.

Let every image of everyone be loosened from your mind, she said.

Let them be swept away.

The stillness deepened.

**Be innocent of judgment,**
Gissella said.

Know nothing of good or evil, of guilt or sin.

Now, you know them not.

**And now—you are free to learn them again,**

as they truly are.

She smiled softly.

**They are born again to you, she said.**

**And you are born again to them.**

The past is gone.

And with it, all the judgments that sentenced them—

and you—

to suffering.

A breeze passed through the trees, as if the world exhaled in response.

Gissella nodded, as if something sacred had been completed.

Then Death spoke.

## The Illusion of the Self

**The concept of self,**

he said

is the world's great deception. It teaches that, you arrive without a self—and must make one as you go along.

His voice was solemn, deliberate. He spoke with unwavering purpose.

This is the great lesson of the world, he said. By the time you reach what it calls 'maturity,' you believe you've perfected it. You think you're ready to meet the world on its terms.

I felt myself brace inwardly, sensing what was coming.

**But this concept of self, Death said,**

**is an idol. It was made to take the place of your reality.**

He paused.

**The world teaches two faces of the self**

he continued.

One is the face of innocence—

the acted-on aspect.

It smiles.

It charms.

It seems to love.

It pities suffering.

It weeps at injustice.

**It believes it is good in an evil world.**

He exhaled slowly.

And it tolerates attack,

he said,

so long as it is in self-defence.

Because,

after all,

the world is harsh to the innocent.

Then his gaze darkened.

But beneath this face is another lesson, he said. The lesson the world truly teaches.

His voice dropped to a hush.

This is the lesson:

***I am what you made of me.***

And as you look upon me,

***you* stand condemned—because of what I am.**

The words struck like cold wind, chilling and precise.

**The world smiles on this**

Death said

**because it ensures that the path of guilt will never be questioned.**

**It guarantees no one will escape.**

A heavy silence fell.

Then Gissella spoke.

Concepts are learned, she said.

They are not natural.

They exist only in the mind that made them.

She looked into me.

A concept of self is meaningless

she said

For no one here knows what it is for.

And so—

no one can picture what it truly is.

I nodded slowly, the weight of her words anchoring deep inside.

She smiled gently.

**The Voice for Being**

she said

**must now help you unlearn the concept of self.**

She exhaled, a quiet sigh of compassion.

**This cannot be done by stripping away all you believe and leaving you with nothing,**

she said

**That would be terrifying.**

Her expression softened.

**Instead**

she said

## you must be *shown* what you are.

I took a deep breath, sensing the nearness of something profound.

Salvation, Gissella said,

is nothing more than the escape from concepts.

The fire crackled between us,

the sound full of warmth and completion.

I closed my eyes.

And for the first time—I realized.
**I was ready.**

Gissella's voice was calm, yet filled with quiet certainty.

## Seek not your Self in symbols

she said

There is no concept that can stand for what you are.

What matters only is which concept you accept

while you still believe you are a self

that interacts with evil and reacts to wicked things.

**But even then, your concept will remain meaningless—**

because you will not yet perceive

that you interact only with yourself.

The fire had burned lower now, the amber glow flickering gently across our faces.

**To see a guilty world**

Gissella continued,

is only a sign that your learning has been guided by the world.

**And so, you behold it as you behold yourself.**

Her eyes held mine.

The concept of self-embraces all you look upon. Nothing is outside of this perception.

If anything can hurt you, it is because you are looking at a picture of your own secret wishes—nothing more than this.

And in every moment of suffering, you witness your own concealed desire to destroy.

I swallowed hard.

**You will make many concepts of the self as your learning progresses**

she said.

Each will reflect changes in your relationships—

as your perception of Yourself shifts.

This may bring confusion… but be grateful.

**It means the world's hold on your mind is loosening.**

And trust that in time,

it will leave entirely.

**Then your mind will be at peace.**

I exhaled and nodded, slowly.

**The role of the accuser will appear in many forms,**

in many faces, Gissella said.

Each will seem to point a finger at you.

But fear not—

it will be undone.

She smiled softly.

**The world can teach you**

**no image of yourself**

**unless you *wish* to learn it.**

Something deeper than thought stirred inside me.

## There will come a time

she said

when all images have faded—

and you will know that you do not know what you are.

**And it is to this unsealed,**

**open mind that truth returns.**

Unhindered.

Unbound.

The fire crackled. The breeze stirred the leaves like a whisper from the unseen.

When all concepts of self-have been laid aside

she said

**truth is revealed—exactly as it is.**

A deep silence stretched between us. With every word spoken, the silence deepened further.

There is no statement the world fears more than this:

***I do not know what I am,***

***and therefore***

***do not know what I am doing,***

***where I am,***

***or how to look upon the world or on myself.***

She let the words settle around us like a sacred hush.

**Yet in this unknowing,**

**salvation is born**

she said

**And what you are will tell you of Itself.**

I breathed in slowly, almost trembling with the majesty of it.
**The Grandeur of Being blinding the world of duality.**

You see the flesh

Gissella said

or you recognize the spirit.

**There is no compromise between the two.**

If one is real, the other must be false.

For what is real denies its opposite.

Her voice was firm and sure—like the foundation of Heaven itself.

There is no other choice

she said

**This one decision determines all that you see.**

All you think is real.

All you hold as true.

It is the foundation upon which your world is built.

I nodded. My mind, once clouded, was beginning to clear.

If you choose flesh

she continued

**you will never escape the body as your own reality.**

But if you choose spirit,

**then all of Heaven bends to touch your eyes and bless your sight—**

so, you may see the world of flesh no more,

**except to *heal*,**

**to *comfort*,**

**and to *bless*.**

Something shifted within me. A peace beyond language unfurled like a banner across my soul.

**Salvation does not ask that you deny the body,** she said.

It merely asks that you choose whether to see *through* it to *beyond* it.

You can see the body without help.

**But you cannot understand the world apart from it—without guidance.**

She gestured to the vast, starlit sky above.

It is your world that salvation will undo

she said

And in its place—it will show you another world.

One your eyes could never find.

I breathed out deeply. Grace and gratefulness became my only companions.

Are you invulnerable? she asked.

**Then the world is harmless in your sight.**

Do you forgive?

Then the world is forgiving—

for you have forgiven it its trespasses,

and so,

it looks upon you with the same eyes that you now use to see it.

The embers glowed deep in her eyes.

Are you a body? she asked.

Then the world is treacherous—

**out to kill.**

But if you are spirit—

deathless, incorruptible, unstained by sin—

then the world is stable,

**trustworthy,**

a place of rest where nothing need be feared…

only loved.

The weight of her words settled in me like a final note in a long-forgotten song.

**What could hurt the truly innocent?**

she asked.

**And who would be unwelcome to a kind heart?**

The fire crackled softly.

## Your will be done

Gissella said

her voice hushed and unwavering.

For you are the complete

Creation of Being.

It does not matter if you think you are on Earth or in Heaven.

What your Creator wills for you will never change.

I felt my chest rise and fall in stillness, savouring the Presence of wisdom.

**The truth in you**

she said,

remains as radiant as a star.

As pure as light.

**As innocent as love itself.**

Her eyes softened, her words gentle and true.

**And you are worthy,** she said, **that your will be done.**

A silence settled between us—deep, vast, filled with something greater than words.
A silence made of wisdom.

Then Gissella added, Learning… is change.

I leaned in, listening.

**Salvation does not use means too alien to your thinking**

she said

It doesn't force changes you cannot recognize.

**Concepts are still needed while perception lasts—**

and salvation's task is to *transform* them.

Her voice was steady and true.

**If even one person dawns upon your sight as wholly worthy of forgiveness**

she said

**then your concept of yourself is wholly changed.**

I looked up at her, eyes wide with realization.

And as you give your trust to what is good in them

she said

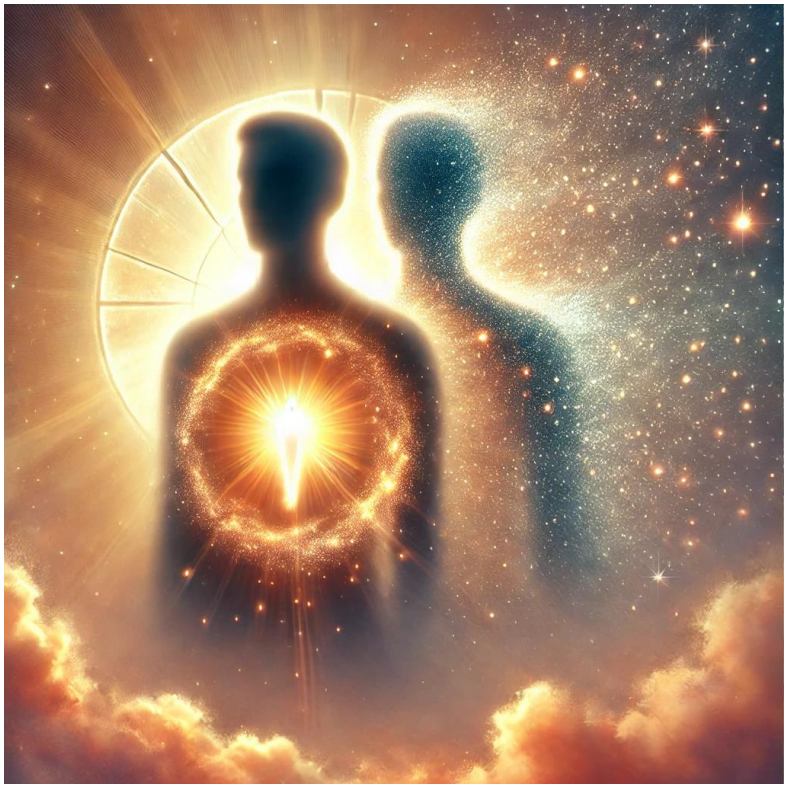
you give it to the good in you.

A slow, quiet clarity settled in.

When you focus on the good in another

Gissella said

the body begins to fade from your awareness.



**In time, you will see it only as a shadow circling something greater.**

Her gaze held mine.

This

she said

will be your concept of Yourself

when you have reached the world beyond what your eyes alone can show you.

For in that sight—there is another world.

My breath caught in awe. I knew it was true.

You live in that world just as much as this one

she said

For both are concepts of yourself.

They can be interchanged—

but never jointly held while you still perceive duality.

And in that moment—the contrast between them became clear.

## The Return to Awareness

**You will love this concept of yourself**

Gissella said

because it was not made for you alone.

It was born as a gift for someone you did not perceive as yourself.

And because you gave it to them—

it has been given to you.

I let her words wash over me like a tide returning home.

For your forgiveness,

offered to another,

she continued,

has now been accepted—

**for both of you.**

The truth settled deeply within me, anchoring in silence.

**Have faith in those who walk with you**

Gissella said

**that your fearful concept of yourself may be changed.**

She gestured outward.

**Look upon the good in them**

she said

that you may no longer be frightened by your own thoughts.

**For the shift this requires is only willingness.**

**No more than this is asked.**

She smiled gently.

**All that is given to you is for release**

**she said**

**Vision.**

**The inner Guide.**

**Everything leads you out of hell—**

**with those you love beside you.**

I exhaled slowly, feeling lighter than I had in a long, long time.

**Behold your role within humanity**

Gissella said

To every part of Creation,

the Creator of Love

and Life

has entrusted the salvation of the world.

The fire flickered, glowing warmly against the gathering dark.

And I knew—with perfect clarity—that she was right.

Gissella's voice was steady, her words echoing beyond time.

**The concept of yourself is laid aside**

she said

**And now, nothing stands between your sight and what Vision beholds.**

In this single vision,

you see the face of Vision itself.

And in that seeing,

you recognize

that everyone is as this one you behold.

For where there was once darkness,

there is now only light.

**The veil has been lifted.**

I exhaled softly, filled with something I could only call… Grace.

**What is temptation**

she continued

**but a wish to stay in hell and misery?**

And what can give rise to an image of yourself that suffers,

unless you *wish* it to suffer?

Her eyes held mine with quiet strength.

Whoever has learned to see humanity not as this, she said,

has saved himself.

And thus—

**becomes the saviour of the rest.**

The words struck me with quiet finality—shocking to the ego, but luminous to the soul.

To everyone

Gissella said

Being has entrusted all.

Because a partial saviour would be one who is but partly saved.

**The complete ones Being has given you to save are everyone—**

those you meet,

those you glance at and forget,

those you once knew,

those you will meet,

the unremembered…

and the not yet born.

A silence stretched between us—wide, sacred, immense.

The idea went far beyond anything I had ever imagined—

and yet, I knew…

this was just the beginning.

**For Being has given you Creation to save**

she said

from every concept it ever held.

And this is the saviour's vision:

to see innocence in all,

**and to recognize your own salvation in their reflection.**

Her voice grew softer.

He holds no concept of himself between his open eyes and what he sees.

He brings light to all he beholds—

so that he may see them as they truly are.

Stillness deepened around us.

**Seeing**

Gissella said

is only a wish—

for it has no power to create.

Yet it can look with love… or with hate.

And that depends on only one thing**:**

**whether you would *join* with what you see,**

**or keep yourself apart.**

I nodded slowly. Understanding had become effortless.

The saviour's vision

she continued

is as innocent of judgment toward others as it is toward oneself.

It sees no past in anyone.

And so,

it serves an open mind—

no longer burdened by old images,

ready to see only what the present holds.

I exhaled fully.

**It does not judge**

Gissella said

**It does not *know* how.**

And in recognizing this,

it simply asks:

***What is the meaning of what I behold?***

A soft wind stirred through the trees like a whispered reply.

Then

she said

the answer is given.

And the door is held open for the face of Vision

to shine upon the one who asks—

to see beyond the veil of old ideas…

beyond the ancient concepts

held so tightly against the truth.

I closed my eyes.

And her words sank into me like a flame returning to its source.

Can you, to whom Being says ***Release Creation***,

refuse to listen

Gissella asked

**when you learn that it is *you* for whom Being asks release?**

A knowing passed silently between us.

And what else is

**the Journey with No Distance about?**

she asked

**What else is there for you to learn?**

A holy hush fell across the night.

Temptation

Gissella said

has only one lesson it would teach—

no matter its form or where it appears.

**It would persuade the complete Creation of Being that he is a body.**

Bound by frailty.

Unable to escape his limits.

It would place boundaries on his reach—

convincing him that he can go no further than his flesh allows.

Her gaze deepened—intent, luminous, and filled with the unspeakable.

## Choose Again

Would you accept this Gissella asked,

**if Vision appeared before you in all Its glory, asking only this: *Choose again*?**

I inhaled sharply.

**Would you take your place among the saviours of the world**

she said,

**or would you remain in hell, holding humanity there with you?**

I swallowed; my throat dry.

How do you make the choice?

A silence followed—weighted, anticipatory.

**You always choose**

she said

between your weakness and the strength of Vision in you.

**And what you choose is what you believe is real.**

An owl hooted in the distance.
A reminder: the universe listens to thought.

**Simply by never using weakness to guide your actions**

Gissella said

you give it no power.

**And the light of Vision in you is given charge of everything you do.**

The owl's partner responded.
And for a moment, we recognized the unity of all things.

**For you have brought your weakness to It**

she said

**And It has given you Its strength instead.**

I exhaled deeply.

**Trials**

Gissella said

are but lessons you once failed to learn—

presented again,

so that where you made a faulty choice,

you can now make a better one…

**and escape the pain the former choice had brought.**

I nodded slowly.

**Vision is the only power that is real in you**

she continued

Its strength is yours—

because It is the Self that Being created as Its only Creation.

A hush settled over us.

The saviours of the world, she said,

are merely those who choose Its strength

instead of their own weakness.

Her words stirred something awakening in me.

They will redeem the world, Gissella said,

for they have joined the Will of Being.

And they will be only what It wills.

Her voice gathered in urgency, like the swell of a final movement:

**So, learn,** she said,

the happy habit of responding to all temptations

to see yourself as weak with these words:

***I am as Being created me.***

***Its Creation can suffer nothing.***

***And I am Its Creation.***

A shiver ran down my spine.

You are as Being created you

she repeated

And so is every living thing you see—

regardless of the image you project.

A deep knowing took root within me.

**Yield not to the temptation to perceive yourself as defenceless**

she said

For in choosing to see rightly, all pain—

in every form,

wherever it appears—

will disappear like mist before the morning sun.

She smiled.

**A miracle has come**

she said

to heal Creation.

**And the door to its dreams of weakness has been closed forever.**

I breathed in slowly.

***Choose again***

she said gently

**And remember: every choice you make establishes your identity…**

**as you will see it, and believe it to be.**

A hush.

Let us be glad

Gissella said

that we walk this world

and find so many moments

in which to remember

that Being's gifts are already ours.

A glow surrounded us.

And so

she said

turning toward My Friend

I thank You, Creator

for these complete ones

who are one as Your Creation.

My faith in them is Yours.

I know they will come to me—

just as You are sure of what they are,

and will forever be.

Her voice grew soft.

**They will accept the gift I offer them**

she said

**because You gave it to me on their behalf.**

The fire brightened, as if in response.

**And as I would but do Your Complete Will**

she said

**so, they choose.**

**And I give thanks to them.**

I felt something shift, deep within me.

**Salvation's song**

Gissella said

**will echo through the world with every choice they make.**

For we are one in purpose.

And the end of hell is near.

## The Book of Songs will reveal the Book of Wisdom.

Her eyes lifted toward the stars.

Thy will is done, she whispered.

Complete and perfect.

And all Creation recognizes You,

knowing You as the only Source.

A deep warmth surrounded me.

We have reached

she said,

where all are one—

and are home,

where You would have us be.

And then—

A gust of wind.

**Gissella, Death, and My Friend disappeared into thin air.**

A flash of dizziness. A sudden disorientation.

I fell—

## The Illusion Dissolves

I opened my eyes on the ground.

Hands searched my pockets.
Fingers grabbed for my phone.

Car horns.

Shouting.

Running footsteps.

The robbers fled.

A middle-aged man helped me to my feet.

I realized, in that moment: I had not been stabbed.

He offered to take me home.
I declined. The small crowd dispersed.

I walked home. Alone.
**But my mind was clear.**

I sat down and began to write—recording every word, every sense, every vision.

Every detail was vivid.
Every moment—unchanged.
As if I had never left.

My struggle wasn't with what had happened.

It was with trying to remember the life I had *before* it.

That life felt distant—hazy.
A dream already dissolving before I could grasp it.

Something within me had changed completely.
I stopped speaking—not because I had lost my voice,
but because there was nothing left to say.

I entered a state of pure observation—
as if I had stepped outside the ego script
**and was now watching the grand performance of life unfold.**

The daily dramas became unmistakable.

The ego—so fragile, so persistent—was on full display.
I saw how it orchestrated conflict, played roles, demanded attention,
and clung to illusions as if they were solid ground.

It was both absurd and mesmerizing—
a play where the actors did not realize they were acting.

And then—

I began to notice something else.

**The glitches.**

At first, they were subtle—a street looking different than it had the day before, a familiar place suddenly unfamiliar, as if reality itself had shifted overnight. Then they became more frequent. The hologram was inconsistent, revealing its cracks, its impermanence.

I realized that I had to be careful. The residual energy of my old identity—the egoic force stored in my body—could still try to reclaim its place. I had to remain disciplined in my awareness, watching thoughts as they arose, choosing which to entertain and which to let dissolve. The unreal ones—those rooted in fear, in control, in the need for validation—would beg for attention. But I saw them for what they were.

And so, they faded.

Slowly, steadily, all that remained was peace.

Pure, unwavering peace.

And love—love without conditions, without reasons, without opposites.

I realized that the impossible had always been possible.

## Epilogue

**The Journey with No Distance**

## There are no final words for a journey that never began and can never truly end.

What was written here is not a conclusion, but a remembering. A lifting of the veil. A glimpse of what was always within reach—what never left, and was never lost. The road taken was not across space or time, **but inward**, where every step was a choice to see again, to choose again, to join again.

The world I once knew—the world of conflict, of fear, of striving to become—has not vanished. It continues, **but without my allegiance**. It appears as before, but I no longer **serve its images**. I watch it with gentleness, with humour, with peace. For I see now that what I thought was real was only a **projection of my own unhealed thoughts**.

And so, the task is not to escape the world, nor to transcend the body, nor to ascend beyond some imagined veil. **The task is only to see rightly—to forgive the illusion, to bless the dream, to walk through it with eyes that remember the truth.**

There is a world that lives behind the one we made.

A world where all are forgiven.
Where the past has vanished.
Where the future holds no fear.
**Where the present moment—**

**quiet,**

**alive,**

**holy—is enough.**

It is here, always.
And it is found not by going far, but by going still.

**The Voice for Being speaks softly within us.**
**The call to return is constant.**

And though we may forget—
though we may wander,

resist,

delay,

or fall—
**we are never abandoned.**

For what Being creates is eternal,
and what is eternal cannot be harmed, cannot be lost,
**and cannot forget itself forever.**

We walk together now.

**Not as bodies,**

**but as minds joined in purpose.**

**Not as egos,**

**but as light returning to light.**

And when the world grows heavy—
when sorrow rises,

or the old stories whisper again—
**may we remember what Gissella said:**

***'Choose again.'***

And from that sacred choice,
a song will rise once more across the dream.

A song of peace.
A song of love.
A song that says,

gently and forever:

## ‘You are as Being created you.’

I had tried to fix things before, to mediate, to intervene. But nothing had ever changed.

**Now, I did nothing.**

I said nothing.

And I watched as,

without effort,

everything shifted into harmony.

Peace replaced conflict.

Love replaced distance.

The relationships healed—not through action, but through *being*.

It was then that I understood.

On the 16th of June 2018, clarity arrived in a single instant.

Every question, dissolved. Every doubt, gone.

**All that matters is what truly transpired—**

**the *call* for death,**

**followed by the undeniable witness that**

***death is not so*.**

All time is affecting all time, all the time.

And so, I wait.

Not in longing, not in restlessness, but in the quiet certainty that the real world—the world untouched by war, by conflict, by the past—draws near.

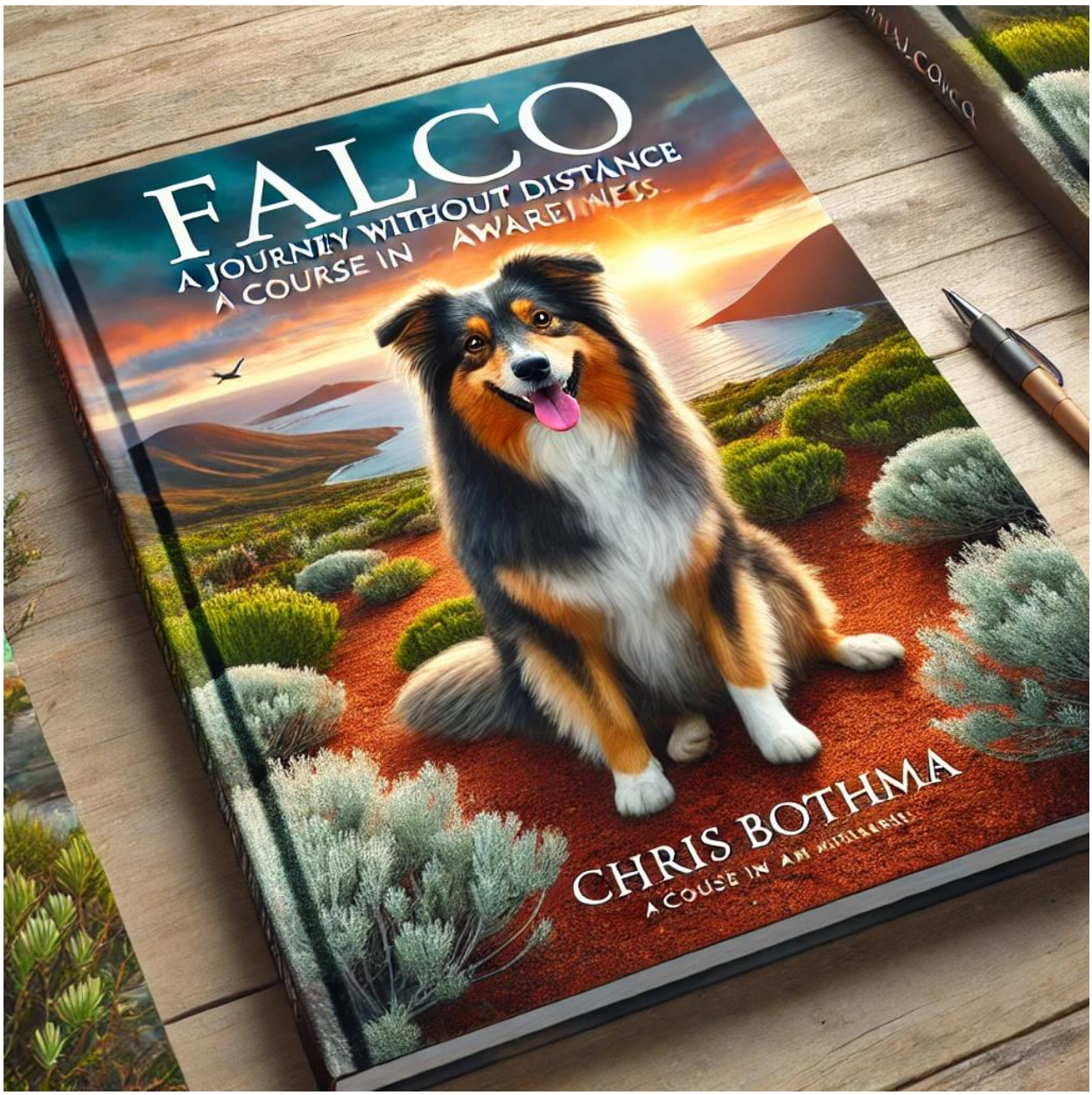
I wait patiently in silence for Being to take the final step.

All Glory to Being.

And yes—Being *is* a playful puppy dog.

Good for you, Jed.

LOL.

***"The road was never toward a destination, but into the quiet space where understanding waits."***

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